

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

DOWN THE RED RIVER OF THE NORTH.



GETTING INTO WINNIPEG.

LEAVING the beautiful region of lakes and forests in Southern Minnesota, of which we had a last glimpse at sunset after a shower, when great billows of lilac-colored clouds reared themselves against a soft pink-and-blue sky and were reproduced in half a dozen silvery water-mirrors that we passed in the course of half an hour, our swift-going train entered upon that vast Northern plain which stretches twelve hundred miles east and west, and which we designed to traverse in a northwesterly direction five hundred miles to Winnipeg, the capital of the province of Manitoba.

At dusk we passed a small stream with

clumps of willows on its banks and smooth-stemmed elms with their clinging, moss-like foliage.

"What is this?" inquired a gentleman, who, having the country before him instead of its map, was "at sea" in his geography.

"This, sah," said our obliging Jasper with a ready wit by which he had long ago distinguished himself, "is the Father of Waters."

"Why, he is only a child himself!" laughed the gentleman.

"Very true, sah," said Jasper: "he hasn't got his growth heah as he has down at St. Louis."

At daybreak our eyes opened upon the Illimitable. Before us and behind, as far as our glances enabled us to see, stretched the iron track, as straight as a surveyor's chain, along which we were speeding with such a smooth, swift, jarless motion that our progress seemed like the flight of a bird. Everybody was tired and sunburnt from having spent the whole previous day upon Lake Minnetonka, and the breakfast which was spread in our Pullman car was a long time in progress. "We must make the most of everything," said the Philosopher; "otherwise, the day will be as monotonous as these prairies."

The great plain stretched away in all directions without a single undulation. Standing on the rear platform, we could fix our eyes upon a mile-post and keep it in view until another shot by us. There were no stoppages; our train was a special one, and only once or twice in the course of that long day were we obliged to switch off on to a side-track and allow other trains to pass.

At Glyndon, the first station north of Breckenridge,—near which is the source of the Red River,—the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad is crossed by the Northern Pacific. These roads, for which there is now so little use, have both been built in anticipation of the day, not far distant perhaps, when this broad sea of country will all be parcelled out in farms and homesteads. Even now the ploughmen are at work here and there with ox-teams, turning up the sod in anticipation of "the good time coming." You can see their little half-boarded cabins standing up against the sky and adding to the solitariness of the scene. Here are the future wheat-fields of North America, which will demand the utilization of more of the tremendous power of the Falls of St. Anthony in the manufacture of bread-material. Some one points in the direction of the Dalrymple farm of six thousand acres, every acre this year sown in wheat, and enough reaping-machines transported to it to make a small fortune for the manufacturer. Now and then we see two or three comfortable frame houses grouped together on the edge of

a small belt of timber through which some little stream makes its way westward to the Red River, from which we are distant, most of the time, from three to twenty miles.

"Happiness is in us," said the Philosopher tritely; "otherwise, who could support existence in a country like this?"

"No theatres or churches or any kind of amusements," soliloquized Jasper; and added with the pathetic melancholy which characterizes his race, "I wish I was back in St. Louis; or even St. Paul would do." He went outside and hummed "'Way down upon the Suwanee River."

About nine o'clock we saw the rare phenomenon of a prairie *mirage*,—a great body of water far to the east, bordered with shadowy trees.

"I am sure I see a ship upon the water!" exclaimed Leah delightedly.

"I am afraid your imagination furnishes that spectacle," said Mr. S.

"Do not disturb her conceit," interposed the Philosopher; "a picture of the imagination is certainly as tangible and as enjoyable as an optical delusion. How we do strain after the marvellous!" he added, adjusting his glass.

At sunset we took our camp-stools and went on the platform. The sky was remarkably blue and clear and the air cool and invigorating. It was delightful to skim over the smooth expanse at such a rapid rate. We were surprised to see a young woman walking beside the track.

"But yonder comes her husband," said Mr. S.

Far away across the plain came a slow, plodding team; ahead of us, half a mile or more, stood a new prairie-cottage.

"She has come to meet him," said the Philosopher thoughtfully; "and how glad they will be to see each other! Picture this scene a century hence," he added, "when for every mile-post there will be a handsome farm-house. But what money and labor must be expended upon drainage!"

The ditches on either side of the track—about four feet in width—were full of standing water. One might paddle a birch-bark canoe for miles along these miniature canals.

"Do you see that smoke over yonder in the direction of the Red River?" asked Mr. S.

"Yes," said I. "What does it mean?"

A great herd of cattle were making toward it at full speed with their tails high in air.

"It is a smudge to drive off the mosquitoes; the cattle all understand it, and will gallop a mile to thrust their heads into it."

A little later we crossed the British line. Here the track was new and not yet ballasted, and the jolting and swaying of the train were frightful to persons of weak nerves. Some time in the night we were side-tracked and left standing close beside the Red River, near St. Boniface (a Roman Catholic mission), opposite the city of Winnipeg. At daybreak—being the 22d of June, the sun in this high latitude was up at a few minutes past three—we were visited by a most terrific storm: a "Manitoba wave" had burst upon us; unimaginable thunders rolled overhead, and vivid flashes of lightning, like glittering blades, struck down into the muddy, turbulent river. Great frozen bullets bombarded the train and lay upon the ground an inch and a half thick.

"What does this mean?" cried an awakened tourist from behind his green curtain.

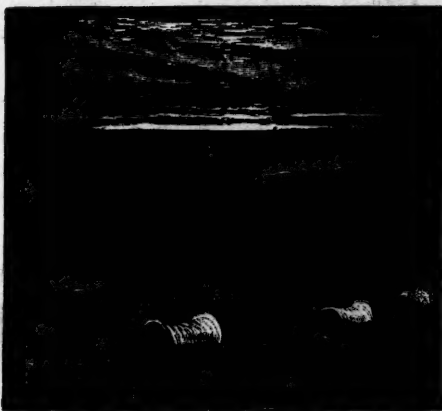
"Why," said the ever-ready Jasper, running down the aisle and clapping to the transoms with a long rod, "we are in Her Majesty's dominions now, an' I 'spect it means 'Hail to the Queen.'"

"Well," grumbled the complainant, "if this is the way they celebrate here, I suppose it's all right."

However, in the course of half an hour the sun came out amazingly warm and bright. Two gentlemen had met us at St. Vincent the evening before, having come up from Winnipeg to inform us—very unexpectedly—that we were to be "received" at that capital as representatives of "the States," and that there would be a coach over to the train to take us

across the ferry to breakfast in the city in case we needed that refreshment. This was a superfluous kindness, as we had a very good commissariat on board. However, it was decided that some of the gentlemen should go. Shortly after the storm subsided the promised vehicle appeared,—a large, heavy wagon with a white canvas covering. The mud on its ponderous wheels attested the deplorable condition of the road. We now learned that we had chosen a very inopportune time for our visit to the Northwest.

"June is our rainy month," said the Canadian driver, "and the roads are awful at this time o' year."

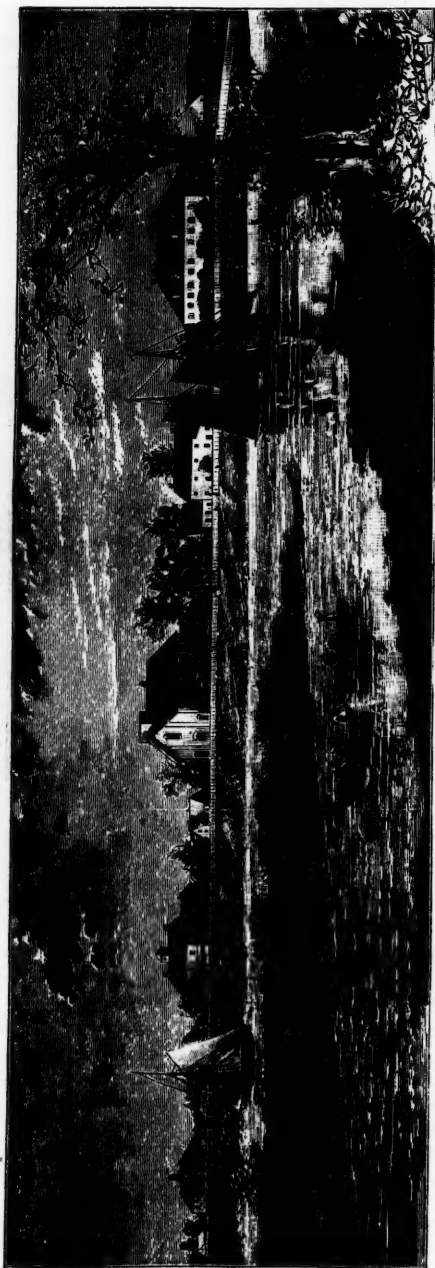


PRAIRIE LANDSCAPE.

Before reaching the city, which was about two miles distant from our station, the coach got stuck in the mire, and the gentlemen were requested to alight and lend a hand in extricating it, which, after a rueful glance at the row of patent-leather boots Jasper had sat up half the night to polish for effect in Winnipeg, they did with commendable alacrity.

"We walked the rest of the way," said the Philosopher in explaining the circumstances to those who were left behind, "and by dint of pushing and lifting we brought our conveyance triumphantly into port. But," he added, "the next time I go into Winnipeg I shall go afoot."

The soil is a rich black loam, from four to six feet in depth, affording a very unstable foundation for large buildings



MISSION OF ST. BONIFACE.

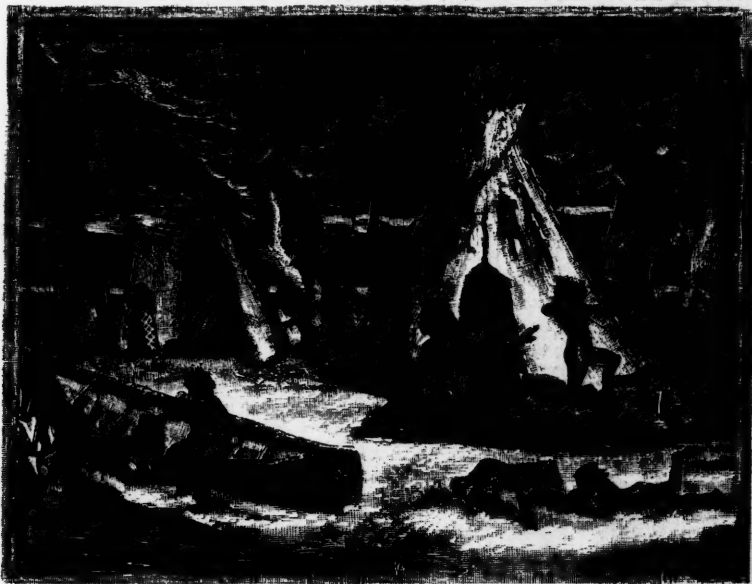
unless they are set upon wooden piles driven deep into the ground. I noticed that the steeple and bells of the cathedral at the Bishop's Court had been removed, and was told that it was on account of the insecurity of the earth upon which the structure rests.

All about the railroad-station there was an air of wildness and singular newness. When the breath of our engine died away there was a silence that showed we were far removed from the noisy, tumultuous activities of great cities. Behind us lay the broad plain that separated us by more than five hundred miles from St. Paul, and ahead the eternal repose of the frozen North. Low, wooded bluffs rolled away from the river, crowded with Indian tents, poor cabins of French half-breeds, and Icelanders' huts.

Mrs. P., a lady belonging to our party, who was fond of romantic incidents and had written a letter home to her husband on a piece of birch-bark, stole off by herself to the Indian tents and tried to induce a dusky boatman to row her across the river in his airy canoe. But no persuasion could avail: he probably did not understand a word she said; and, becoming frightened at the sombre-faced throng that gathered curiously around her, she sped back to the train. However, there was no cause for fear; the most amicable feeling exists among all these people. They are so graded down from full-blooded whites to full-blooded Indians that the distinctive line between the races is lost. The Canadian government has taken advantage of this fact, and counts upon the half-breeds as a sort of mutual friend between the races, and as the *avant-coureurs* of civilization in its march up the great valleys to the mountains. Perhaps it is to be regretted that our own government has had no such mediator.

About nine o'clock the "Manitoba," having on board the United States consul, His Worship the Mayor of Winnipeg, some custom-house officers, the editors and reporters of the local press, and a number of ladies, steamed up to the landing near which we were stationed, and, a plank walk having been hastily

laid down to protect our feet from the mud, we were invited to embark for a little excursion up and down the river. On board everybody was delightfully genial and pleasant. From the consul, who greeted us with brotherly affection, and the mayor, who shook hands with us all in rotation at the door of the state-room,



INDIAN CAMP.

down to the deck-hands, all seemed anxious to extend through us the hand of fellowship to "the States." Manitoba is using all the means in her power to encourage immigration, and the city of Winnipeg is the gateway through which many of our countrymen have already entered the great Northwest territory. Mr. Lyon—who stands at the head of the mercantile business in Winnipeg, and whose trade extends a thousand miles west, several hundred east, as far north as any private trade, and far south into Minnesota—was born and brought up in New York, but is now a naturalized British subject.

It occurred to me that these people, overflowing with good-will and hospitable feeling, would be at a loss, particularly

at this muddy season, for means to entertain a company of visitors without the aid of the rivers and the steamboats. Nothing is of so much consequence here as navigable water. In the first apportionment of lands to the early French settlers each family was entitled to so many hundred feet of water-frontage, with the privilege of extending the claim two miles back: so that in passing up and down the rivers the country seems thickly populated, but in going by rail it appears almost entirely uninhabited.

There was a banquet served on board the "Manitoba," and there were after-dinner speeches; but, the day being the Sabbath and Her Majesty's provincial subjects very strict in the observance of it, there was no music or other impressive

demonstration, except that the Dominion flag floated from the main-mast and the union jack from the mizzen, reminding us that we were no longer under the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

One cannot help observing that in the British provinces the government machinery is more *visible*—if the expression is permissible—than with us. There are reminders on every hand that there is law in the land and that Victoria reigns; and the dignity and majesty that emanate from her flow down through all the departments of her great empire and give "tone" to the lowest officer that holds in his fingers a thread of government. A custom-house official is treated with more outward respect by the populace than is the mayor of a great city in the United States. This may be owing partly to the fact that positions held by British officials are life-long, and that when such a position is once secured there is not much fear on the part of the occupant that he

day an absolute Sabbath stillness. The churches, of course, are very influential, especially the English Church and the Roman Catholic; and swarms of dusky figures congregate for worship, the faces all wearing that stoical Indian gravity which approaches so near to the deepest melancholy, and which is seen even in features that are otherwise pure Anglo-Saxon. I particularly noticed one tall, muscular English half-breed with a very fair complexion and light, sandy hair, but with the unmistakable expression of the Indian countenance. He was the sheriff of the county.

Notwithstanding the rigid enforcement of discipline, however, human nature is still human nature. Our Philosopher, who, as I have stated, had gone over to breakfast in the coach, stepped into a Methodist Sunday-school, and was invited—on the recommendation of his intelligent, benevolent face, he assured us—to teach a class. In the course of the lesson he drew as striking a comparison between "good" and "bad" boys as the subject would admit of, and ended by stating it to be his conviction that there were none but good boys in that class. He was answered by an honest little fellow with big round eyes, who pointed to his opposite neighbor and said, "That's a bad boy."

"Oh, no, surely not," said the *pro tem.* teacher, putting on an incredulous look.

"Yes, but he is, though," persisted the boy. "The superintendent had to turn him out last Sunday."

"You better keep still, or I'll punch yer head fur ye!" exclaimed the accused, doubling up his fists. It required all the diplomacy our friend could summon to make him master of the situation.

"Boys will be boys," was his trite reflection upon this occurrence; "and I do not see but what Young Dominion is fully up with Young America."

We passed the mouth of the Assiniboine River, a deep narrow stream which was last spring navigated for the first time the distance of seven hundred miles as steamers travel, though only about three hundred and thirty according to land-sur-



JASPER.

will ever be required to step down except through his own misdemeanors.

The police in their dark-blue uniforms, with white helmet, gravely patrol the streets hour after hour; and, despite the throngs of Indians and half-breeds that pour into Winnipeg, there is on the Sun-

vey. Sixty miles west of Winnipeg the Assiniboine is connected with the Saskatchewan by a railway portage twelve miles in extent, across which goods are transported in horse-cars: so that there is direct communication between Winnipeg and Fort Edmonton, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, the distance being above a thousand miles. There is a mail between these two terminal points and intermediate places once in every three weeks, carried by wagons in summer and dog-trains in winter. According to all prophecy, Fort Edmonton will some day be a famous trade-centre. There is a railroad projected—and in some parts contracted for and even completed—from Thunder Bay, Lake Superior, *via* Winnipeg and Fort Edmonton, through to the Pacific coast, the distance being about two thousand two hundred miles. The labor of construction is estimated to be much less than that of the Union and Central Pacific line in the United States, the greatest elevation, at Yellowhead Pass, being less than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, while the Union and Central route shows four summits the lowest of which is more than six thousand feet. The most difficult part of the route, except some portions of the Rocky Mountains, lies midway between Thunder Bay and Winnipeg. It embraces a great deal of rock-cutting and bridging. We met an elderly gentleman from North Adams, Massachusetts, who is engaged in the business of transporting nitro-glycerine to this point for blasting-purposes. The dangerous fluid is packed in ice and carried across the country in carts driven by Indians and half-breeds.

"Before starting them out," said the old gentleman, "I took great pains to enlighten them in regard to the nature of the fluid. After going some little distance they all turned round and came back. In answer to my astonished inquiries, they demanded a *guaranty*.—'A guaranty!' said I. 'Why, have I not contracted with you? What sort of guaranty?—

'That if our luggage explodes we shall not be held accountable,' they answered. I gave the 'guaranty,' and they went off satisfied."

The water-communications of the Canadian Northwest are very extensive,



DEMANDING A GUARANTY.

the system which includes Lake Winnipeg and its tributaries affording something near five thousand miles of navigation; and the ambitious hopes of the people point to a connection with the great lakes through a canal, existing in imagination, between Red River and Lake Superior. There is still another possible route, by the Nelson River, to and through Hudson Bay.

When a country has grown old and settled, and has folded its hands after its own laborious achievements, it looks on with something of surprise at the spirit of indomitable energy and perseverance that is pushing things forward in newer places. But as fast as the world sees its necessities human enthusiasm rises up to meet the demand. So it is possible that the ambitious dreams of the people of these Northern provinces will have their realization some time in the future.

The Legislature of Manitoba, consisting of twenty-four members, represents two

parties, which may be styled respectively the Conservative and the Reform. The Conservatives, now in power, are in favor of a high tariff and of a general line of policy designed to make their country independent of the United States, practically to the point of non-intercourse, in pursuance of which large sums of money are being expended in the construction of the aforesaid Canada-Pacific Railroad. The Reform party favor the cultivation of intimate commercial relations with our country, and generally uphold a liberal policy in the development of the province.

The Legislature was in session during our sojourn in Winnipeg, and we looked in upon its deliberations. The Speaker, in black gown and white gloves, occupied the seat upon the canopied throne, in front of which stood a large table covered with a scarlet cloth, at which were seated the French and English secretaries, who also wore black gowns. Opposite

the Speaker sat the sergeant-at-arms, whose business it was, whenever the House resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to remove, with gloved hands, the emblematic mace from its blue velvet cushion on top of the table and place it underneath, and to replace it when the Speaker resumed his throne. The building in which this grave body assembled for the transaction of business was a dilapidated frame edifice. This fact, in connection with the formalities and ceremonies that are everywhere identical with British legislation, makes the provincial Parliament almost a laughably crude imitation of the Dominion Parliament.

The University of Manitoba consists of three colleges,—St. John's, St. Boniface, and Manitoba. Manitoba College, situated within the precincts of the city of Winnipeg, is the most important educational agency of the Presbyterian Church in the Northwest. It is, however, un-



MANITOBA COLLEGE, OPPOSITE WINNIPEG.

sectarian in its regular and commercial courses, and is accorded liberal subscription and patronage by citizens outside the pale of the Church.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the views from the pilot-deck of

our steamer as we floated up and down these Northern rivers. On the south bank of the Assiniboine, at the point of its confluence with the Red, is the site of old Fort La Rouge (from which Red River takes its name), built by Veran-

drye, and known as early as 1762 as an acknowledged trading-post, frequented by the *coureurs des bois* from the French settlement at Mackinac on Lake Michigan, who came here to trade with the Indians. Opposite, on the north bank of

the river, stands Fort Garry, with its impregnable stone walls and bastions, stripped of all its military glory except a ghostly presence that hangs about the old brass cannon rusting in long disuse. It is the chief *dépôt* of supplies of the



FORT GARRY, OPPOSITE ST. BONIFACE.

Hudson Bay Company, and is literally crammed with merchandise, from the finest laces and silks demanded by the Winnipeg belles down to the coarse and gaudy woollen and cotton goods admired by the wigwam beauties. Some of the old buildings are filled from floor to ceiling with barrels of pork or bacon for the Northwestern trade; others are devoted to furs of all the kinds known in North America, heads and horns of animals, riding-whips, paper-knives, etc., with handles made from the hoofs of young elk and deer.

The employés of the company are numerous and a vast business is carried on, but nobody seems to be in a hurry. Dusky faces are everywhere present, sombre and grave, and dusky forms, in half-savage, half-civilized dress, are lounging about in unconscious idleness. The pulse of a visitor who has been rushed away from the whirl of an Eastern city comes almost to a stand-still. He finds

himself examining things leisurely and listlessly, and occasionally wondering if the world has stopped moving. Within the stone walls is the governor's mansion, an old frame building with small green window-blinds, and from the portcullis over the gate floats continually the flag of St. George.

Fort Garry stands at the foot of the main street of the city of Winnipeg, which, including its "floating population," numbers about ten thousand inhabitants. The majority of these are half-breeds, many of whom stand high in official and social positions. Some of the daughters of English and French half-breeds are handsome and intelligent and have a taste in dress, the faint beginnings of which are seen in savage tribes. Every dusky girl-face I saw had its border of "banged" hair and frizzettes *à la mode*. Many of the men crimp their hair by braiding it tight and afterward combing it out. The nephew of

Sitting Bull, Wild Elk,—which picturesque name is the English interpretation of an unpronounceable Indian cognomen (Hayechargah Natogalie),—had his profuse black hair arranged artistically in masses of long, glossy curls, which may have been natural, his father having been a white man; his mother is the sister of the Bloody Chief. This young man is remarkably intelligent, besides being a classical scholar, having been educated at the Jesuit mission-schools, which have led the van of civilization all through the great Northwest. He had come down from his far-away home at Wood Mountain Post to try to enter into negotiations, through Consul Taylor, with the authorities at Washington for the return of Sitting Bull and his savage tribes to the United States. He uses the English language with surprising correctness, making no contractions, such as "don't" for "do not," etc.; and, rich as our mother-tongue is in words and phrases already strung together,—so that in half our ordinary conversation certain formulas are used and we are saved the trouble of constructing language,—he employed the simplest expressions. When an ambitious stranger begged to know if he had any objections to writing his autograph in a little book he carried for that purpose, he replied with a grave, unadorned "No," instead of the suave and more elaborate form of compliance used in polite society. Several other persons present immediately produced cards and note-books and begged the like favor, but the young chief, with a haughty shrug, turned on his heel and walked away muttering a laconic and forcible English oath.

The aristocracy of Winnipeg is made up chiefly of retired employes of the Hudson Bay Company, whose families are almost invariably of mixed blood. Owing to the peculiar management of this great company, whose vast and long-continued operations have been carried on with so much wisdom, kindness, and generosity, its servants, after a term of years, are permitted to enter into the partnership of the fur-trade and retire upon a safe and comfortable income.

For miles up the Assiniboine River its banks are crowded with Indian encampments. It is just the time of year for the long lines of fur-traders to come down from the far Northwest with their heavy, two-wheeled wooden carts packed with costly furs, which they will exchange in Winnipeg, or chiefly in Fort Garry, for their winter supplies of clothing, hard-tack, pork, pemmican, and tobacco. These carts are wholly destitute of iron, and are tired with tough leather. But, clumsy as they are, they serve the purpose well for which they are constructed. The breadth of the wheels prevents their sinking into the mud, and in crossing the swollen streams they float upon the water. Each cart is drawn by a single ox, harnessed like a horse between two shafts fastened to the axle-tree.

Time does not seem to be a precious commodity with the Indian traders. They spend without compunction the long summer months in the journey down from the mountains and the return. Many of them bring their families and pitch their tents—genuine wigwams made of bark or of dressed skins—along the river-banks and take their "summer vacation," if a life that is all Bohemian can admit of such a thing. They are a little suspicious of strangers and appear sullen and uncommunicative, but manifest absolute confidence in the employes of the Hudson Bay Company, who are scrupulously exact in all their dealings, and maintain a system of book-keeping easily understood by the uncultivated Indian intellect. The least unfairness on the part of a clerk or salesman is soon detected, and the injured party will return a distance of several hundred miles to rectify a mistake of a few dollars.

Besides all these transient visitors and traders, one of the natural features of the landscape all the way down the Red River from Winnipeg to the lake is the Indian wigwam pitched in some shady nook, the Indian himself and his family reclining on the grass before it, and his birch-bark canoe tied to the bank below.

Nothing is more restful to the eye and the imagination than a continuation of

such scenes as the steamer cuts its way through the quiet water of a sunny afternoon. The tumultuous, busy, bustling world is so far away (and consciously so to us who have put so many lonely miles between it and ourselves) that it vanishes into the misty borders of Dreamland, or some other vague and shadowy realm. A short time ago, when the first steamer floated up the Assiniboine above Portage la Prairie, the wild people of the woods fled away at the sound of the whistle like frightened deer.

It is still early spring here, and the trees and grasses and all vegetation show a delicate, fresh greenness. Yet Nature is making a mighty effort, and the gardens, sloping down to the water's edge, have a very thrifty appearance. The ground is not entirely thawed out, and the hot sun, drawing up moisture from the frozen earth beneath, assists greatly, we are assured, in the growth of plants. This seems plausible enough, as the frost is six feet below the surface.

Selkirk, a point on Red River about twenty miles from Lake Winnipeg, is the

northern terminus of the railroad. It was here that the enterprising and benevolent Lord Selkirk made his first attempt at settlement in 1812, and erected Lower Fort Garry. Indians are here in abundance, and Icelanders, and Mennonites from Russia; but we had the felicity of convoying the first "colored gentleman" into the town. Our Jasper recounts with gleeful pride, "I wuz de fust niggah dat evah penetrated so far norf as Winnipeg Lake,"—a fact that the Philosopher thinks will become historical, and takes some credit to himself for being instrumental in bringing about.

The steamers that run up to the mouth of the Red River seldom venture out into the lake, on account of the heavy seas, which require, for this comparatively small body of water that makes so little display upon the map, vessels built something like ocean-steamers. The Saskatchewan, a difficult stream, is navigated by the steel steamer "Lily," constructed in England and transported hither in sections.

ALICE LIGENFRITZ.

A CELESTIAL COLONY.

LET not the reader imagine that he is to be introduced into some superterrestrial region or be presented to some heavenly hierarchy. We shall ramble in a much more mundane world than that described by St. Bernard: our feet must press cobble-stones instead of jasper and sardonyx; the streets we shall traverse are neither very narrow nor very clean, the multitudes that throng them are cork-soled, blue-bloused, and pig-tailed. The words which bewilderingly fall on our ears, although neither harsh nor ill sounding, will be strange and confusing,—the sights and signs and general local coloring wholly Oriental and utterly alien to our Anglo-Saxon senses,—and yet this settlement is but a step off

San Francisco's "Broadway," Kearney Street. In a word, we propose to take a stroll through "Chinatown," a colloquial designation for the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, which has become such a familiar term to all Americans that no further excuse is offered for inviting companionship.

It is a veritable slice of the "Middle Kingdom," and lies under the very shadow of the imperial wing, represented by the Chinese consul, whose unpretentious brick house is just outside the northern boundary-line of his small territory. So steep is this portion of Clay Street that, in case of any serious disturbance necessitating a closing of ranks, we can easily imagine the consular quarters sliding

down into the midst of the colony, and the curious, oblong, hieroglyphical sign and yellow-and-blue dragon-flag serving as a rallying-point for the threatened children of the Flowery Land.

The Chinese quarter of San Francisco may be broadly defined as lying within the limits of Stockton and Kearney and California and Jackson Streets and embracing in all some eight squares. Although in places overstepping these boundaries and trenching on fully-recognized aristocratic Caucasian neighborhoods, it is mainly confined to the parallelogram described by these streets, and is perched on this eastern slope of Russian Hill in irregular and intricate masses of oddly-arranged, gayly-bedizened, and variously-metamorphosed American-built houses.

Whether it is that the Western American eye pines for a little color in the midst of its sombre gray, brown, and black street-pictures, or that unaccustomed linear and chromatic arrangement attracts notice, I know not: certain it is that a most pleasing sense of decorative effects creeps over the perceptive organ of color as we turn into Dupont Street. The instinct for bright hues inherited from Celtic and Teutonic ancestry not having been entirely bred out of me, I plead guilty to a decided pleasure in the combination of colors—red, white, green, and gold predominating—exhibited by the hundreds of sign-boards. Chinese signs are hung vertically, as their characters are read from top to bottom. Like the French, who frequently employ for their store-name some novel and persuasive expression, such as "*Au Diable Rouge*," "*A la Pensée*," "*Au Bon Marché*," the Chinese generally indicate by their sign-boards the character of their occupation or the personal fancy of the owner. Among us a firm-name is often retained even when none of the original members of a house remain. So, also, these *noms de boutique* are kept throughout changes of partnership, and, under such auspicious ideographs as "Perpetual Success" and "Celestial Influence," Ah Fay and Sam Won will continue to transact the business inaugurated by

Foo Chow and Yun Lee. Many of the stores have a small sign with the title of the firm in both Chinese and English. This is placed horizontally over the lintel of the door, while the characteristic device, according to national custom, swings vertically at the side, inscribed on both sides, so that it may be read by those passing in either direction.

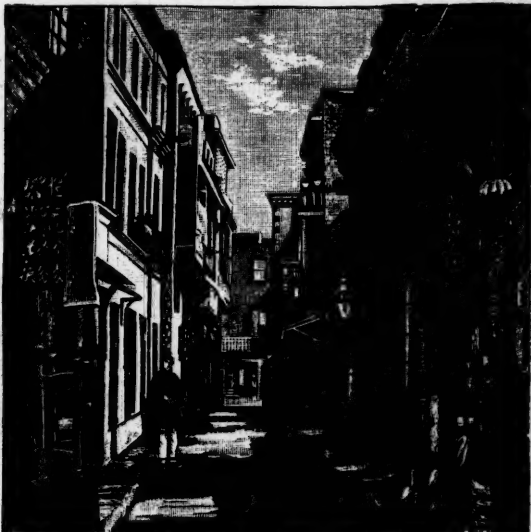
Here is a physician, who proclaims his skill in mixing draughts and administering pills in these words: "Dr. — feels pulses and writes prescriptions for internal and external diseases." An apothecary, under the shop-sign of the "Hall of the Approved Medicines of every Province and every Land," assures his would-be customers that they can procure "decoctions prepared with care from fragrant drugs." Restaurants where merchants of the better class dine have such devices as "Almond-Flower Chamber," "Garden of the Golden Valley," etc. Gambling-places display alluring invitations in phrases like these: "Get Rich. Please come in," "Riches ever Flowing," "Lucky and Happy." A manufacturer of cigars solicits patronage under the attractive combination of "Harmony and Profit;" while pork, sausages, fish, vegetables, and various peculiar viands are recommended by such devices as "Brotherly Union" and "Virtue and Harmony." Opium-dens hang out their red signs with the assurance that "Opium pipes and lamps are always ready," and add thereto the seductive motto, "Celestial Influence." The undertaker's legend, swinging beside the large glass window through which can be seen his funeral wares, is "Everlasting Life." Pawnbrokers' signs are a disk and a species of shield combined, and are as well known as the "three balls" of more civilized usurers; these circular signs allure by such combinations as "Mutual Benefit," "Honest Profit," "Small Interest." Nor are the temples behind the secular establishments in the brilliancy of their sign-boards; one on Waverley Place displays two: over the door mystic characters indicate that within are to be found "Serious

Secrets," and above is a second dedicating the building to the "Queen of Heaven."

Within the shops, especially those patronized by the commoner class of Chinese, such an odd array of commodities may be seen as nowhere else,—tin canisters, bamboo-tied packages, little jars and big jars, mysterious articles of food, bundles of sugar-cane, piles of skinned eels, baskets of shrimps and collections of crabs, lines of bacon and pork of every shape and size; while hanging from the ceiling, from the front rafters, from the top of the door,—in fact, from every conceivable place where a hook can be driven or a nail inserted,—dangle strings of onions, of herbs, of dried peppers and fruit, of red paper and tinsel flowers. The stalls extend beyond their legitimate limits on to the sidewalks, and extra baskets and bales are heaped up below, beside, and above them, so that the unwary passer-by is in danger of carrying off unwittingly, attached to an innocent button or breadth of fringe, some uncoveted or unpaid-for article, or of making an ignominious fall over some obtrusive crate temporarily deposited on the sidewalk by a food-peddler.

Many of the houses have covered balconies at the second story, and from the front of both roof and lower railing a number of colored lanterns and paper globes are suspended. Flowers in pots are set in the windows and on the balcony-rails, and dishes of the Chinese lily linger in a favorite bright corner for a long time after the New-Year festival. Red being the Chinese festive color, and numerous holidays and feasts occurring during the year, scarlet cotton streamers and colored papers, inscribed with public notices or philosophical sentences, form a

prominent feature in the street architecture, which is made to look still gayer on the main streets by a little bright paint on semi-public buildings. The sections of streets given up to the wholesale and better-class retail merchants are less thoroughly national in appearance, red lanterns and small sign-boards without, and a strange blending of domestic and



ALLEY IN CHINATOWN.

mercantile interests in the interior arrangement of the stores, being the main features.

Turning into a narrow thoroughfare, we come upon a fortune-teller, who, for the modest fee of ten or twenty-five cents, will, by the aid of little slips of wood and small rolls of red paper marked with cabalistic symbols,—in a word, "the Eight Diagrams,"—throw light on the mysterious future in connection with such matters as "gold-digging," "gambling," "sickness and health," "travelling," "domestic matters," "well-being of friends," etc. "The Eight Diagrams," which form the principal means of divination with all Chinese fortune-tellers, are merely "trinities of straight lines, upon which has been founded a system of ethics deduced by giving names to each diagram and

then associating the meanings of these names according to the changes which can be rung upon sixty-four combinations." A few paces beyond, at a quiet corner, is seated a journeyman cobbler, gray-haired, skin-shrivelled, bent, spectacled, slow, but steady-going, and apparently not devoid of customers, as evidenced by the motley collection of toeless, heelless, soleless foot-coverings beside him.

The Chinese restaurants have been so often described that we will hasten by this tempting "Almond-Flower Chamber" to a wide side-street, where we find ourselves in front of a joss-house. Here in a lower room is a school attended by the sons of merchants. Could anything be droller than the glimpse we catch of the small dull room where the Chinese classics are faithfully doled out to incipient literati? Such a hubbub reigns as would render a Caucasian pedagogue deaf within a month, but the rather handsome, dignified-looking old schoolmaster who dispenses maxims from the "Four Books", seems entirely unaffected by the "buzz, buzz," made by some twenty young voices. The boys are studying aloud from the books and rolls before them, and two little fellows have their fingers in their ears in true school-boy fashion. Separate small tables, at each of which three or four boys are seated, serve as desks; while the master, before a small table in his commanding corner, helps some bewildered would-be followers of Confucius and Mencius to unravel wise sentences which at present are beyond their budding capacity. Long perpendicular scrolls hang against the wall, and a screen marks off a portion of the room. The master does not look encouragingly at our scrutiny through the glass door over the top of the red curtains: so we will leave him to his monotonous task.

Those familiar with Chinese religious customs know that what is called Confucianism, or the worship of ancestors, is universally observed by all Chinese. There are also three other forms of faith practised in the Celestial Empire,—Buddhism, Taoism, and Mohammedanism. I am not aware that any followers of the

last-mentioned faith have come to our shores, but there are about a dozen Taoist temples in San Francisco, and several Buddhist ones. They are served by some forty or fifty priests, not of a very high order, who owe their living to the fees and gifts of those requiring their services. As a rule, the upper floor of a former American dwelling-house serves as a Mongolian shrine. The temples are not crowded save on festival occasions, and the rites are not kept up with much magnificence, but one or two possess good specimens of wood-carving, and their double and treble altars and bright tinsel-robed figures of gods and heroes, their hanging lamps, rows of faded silk banners and rusty weapons, votive sentences and embroidered canopies, render them a unique evidence of the presence of heathendom at our very threshold.

There are many hours in the day when a visitor to the Chinese quarter will encounter very few pedestrians and must look for life and activity within the stores, among the busy hives of tailors, shoemakers, and male seamstresses, or penetrate to the rear alleys and underground workrooms, where tobacco is being rolled into cigars and cigarettes, and countless blue cotton blouses and overalls are made up for the thousands of out-door laborers scattered through the State, mining, grading railroads, and harvesting wheat and wine. But about noon, when all toilers seek their mid-day meal, or late in the afternoon, when work has ceased and the hands are returning home, Sacramento, Clay, and Dupont Streets, with their connecting places and alleys, literally swarm with human beings, and the air is redolent with a peculiar odor. From every side come the sound of happy voices and the joyous cackle of Celestial laughter. The Chinese are a cheerful people, and when together appear to keep up a continual stream of fun and repartee. The quiet mouse-like Hong Lee who waits so solemnly in your dining-room is an entirely different creature among his own countrymen and speaking his own language. They are personally a very cleanly people, and regularly indulge in evening ablutions

when the day's work is over. It is then that they take their comfort, and the doorsteps, sidewalks, even curbstones and streets, are crowded with factory-hands, chatting, smoking, laughing, in knots and groups. The open provision-stalls are crowded with frugal purchasers, and the barber-shops—the least pretentious ones eight or ten feet below the level of the sidewalk—present rows of shining heads undergoing the operation of the tonsure. From innumerable doorways proceeds the grateful odor of boiling tea, besides many other culinary fumes neither so well known nor so agreeable to our olfactories. Both curiosity and duty have taken me into "Chinatown" at various hours of the day and as late as ten o'clock at night, and honesty compels me to confess that my eyes, ears, and nose have been less seriously offended in this quarter than by what they have encountered in squalid but less closely-packed parts of San Francisco entirely occupied by people of European extraction.

The census report of 1880 gives twenty-two thousand as the number of Chinese in San Francisco, officially and effectually setting at rest all disputes on the matter. Allowing about seven thousand for those employed throughout other portions of the city as household servants, vegetable-gardeners, laundrymen, etc., we have fifteen thousand as the approximate population of Chinatown. What is the life of this strange colony? A considerable percentage are engaged in mercantile business and petty trade, while many, who have their meagre sleeping-accommodations here, are employed during the day as servants by whites, and only return to Chinatown about eight or nine o'clock. But cigar-, boot-, shoe-, slipper-, and shirt-factories and laundries employ the chief portion of the Chinese workmen, the rest being scattered among match-box-, canning-, and soap-factories, acid-, smelting-, and glass-works, woollen- and jute-mills, bucket- and woodenware-factories. There is unvarying testimony in favor of their skill, sobriety, and industry; and the point which was plainly brought out in the evidence educed by

Kearney's investigating committee last year was that Chinese are employed so extensively not so much because they underbid local white labor as because they supply a demand which finds no response from any other source, and accept wages which, though called "cheap" in California, would not be so denominated elsewhere, thus enabling California manufacturers to compete with Eastern firms and not be undersold in their own market.

If viewed solely through the spectacles of architectural art and sanitary science, Chinatown cannot be described as a model place of abode, but it is certainly amusing, picturesque, and not entirely devoid of instruction to the thoughtful



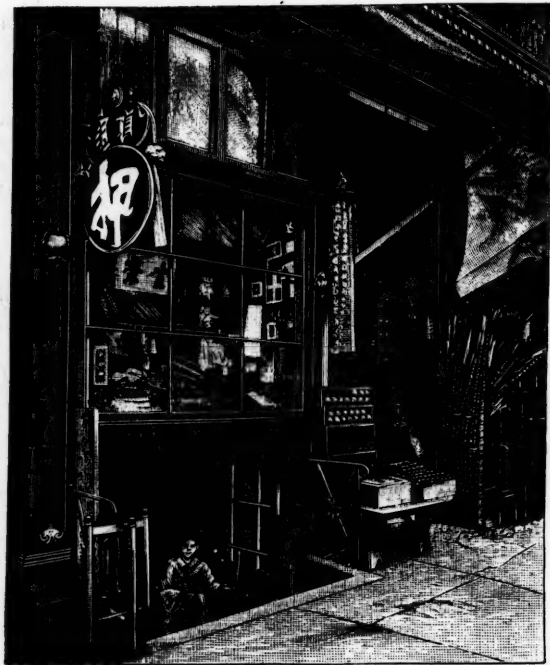
MRS. SUN TONG, WIFE OF THE CHINESE CONSUL,
SAN FRANCISCO.

and observant visitor from less thickly populated but not more healthy portions of the city. In 1876, when the Congressional investigating committee visited California for the purpose of collecting facts in connection with the Chinese question, printed circulars were sent to all the district attorneys in the State requesting them to give the number of

arrests and convictions, with the number of foreign cases, and that of Mongolian cases. The results showed "that the proportion of Chinese adults arrested is far less than that of the corresponding portion of the foreign population anywhere in the State." This statistical evidence, controverting the popular assertions touching the debased character

nese; of five hundred and five at the almshouse, one Chinese; at the insane asylum, but fourteen Chinese. When we investigate the causes of death among them, we find data which strangely refute the accusations of the very body from whose reports we get our figures. There is an almost total absence of the diseases induced by bad drainage, filth, and im-

pure air. For the two years ending June 30, 1880, under the heading of zymotic diseases, including typhoid fever, malarial fever, diphtheria, etc., out of twelve hundred and ninety-five deaths, thirteen were Chinese. Out of seven hundred and eighty-three deaths in public institutions during the two years, but six were Mongolians. Under the heading of deaths from alcoholism there is not a single entry against the Chinese. The record of the City Receiving Hospital is a fair gauge of the character and nationality of the floating population. In 1879, of one thousand and two cases admitted, thirty were Chinese; of thirteen deaths, one Chinese. Whilst there are between six and



STORE-WINDOW AND UNDERGROUND BARBER-SHOP.

of our Chinese immigrants, is studiously avoided in the common discussions of the matter; yet the most cursory perusal of municipal and State reports for any year since then will bear out the above statement. The official reports of the San Francisco Board of Health, city and county hospital, almshouse, and State insane asylum for 1879 and 1880 prove that no section of our population is so slightly burdensome to the public treasury. During the year ending June 30, 1879, the record shows that, of thirty-one hundred and seventy-four cases admitted to the hospital, eight were Chi-

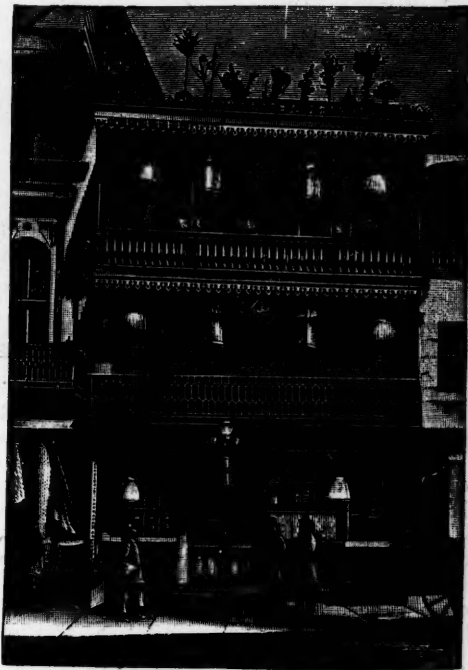
seven thousand arrests yearly for drunkenness, we do not find a dozen Chinese among these disturbers of the peace.

It may be objected that this merely surface-outline picture of "Chinatown" ignores phases of life which are a disgrace to modern civilization and a plague-spot on the fair face of the city called after the holy ascetic of Assisi,—haunts where vice hides itself and reeking sensuality destroys bodies and souls. But whose fault is it that such exist? Are they not tolerated and winked at by the authorities? Not the Chinese "authorities,"—who are accredited with much

more power than they actually possess and with fewer efforts at reform than they make,—but the American powers that be, who possess the right to cleanse moral cesspools, as well as to whitewash dirty walls and flush sluggish sewers, and fail to do so. And, alas! is it only in "Chinatown" and in San Francisco that there are opium-dens and gambling-hells and brothels? Is it not a notorious and shameful fact that in this nineteenth century such places exist in every large city,—in some, indeed, licensed and made a source of revenue, municipal expenses being defrayed by a tax on vice, the burdens of good citizens lightened by the proceeds from legalized sin? The worst evils of "Chinatown" are encouraged by Caucasians, and on them should fall the onus of punishment and contempt. Within the past few years as many Chinese have left the State as have come into it; the people of California have it in their own power, by common sense, justice, and truth, to control the Asiatic immigration and properly direct the energies of those here. Illegal legislation, lawless action springing from race-hatred, and unjust and discriminating administration of law, may put an end to the present cordial relations between the two governments, which, if preserved and judiciously managed, must eventually redound to the benefit of the industrial interests of America and the increase of the commerce of the Queen City of the Pacific.

One word more. Side by side with the intensely Asiatic life we have been observing, and daily growing more important in their influence, are some earnest Christian households, working from different bases and with slightly varying means, but all animated by the same determined loving spirit. Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians are all engaged in missionary work, and, although they

encounter at the very initial stage the difficulty of reconciling in the minds of their pupils the theories of Christianity as taught by the Master's life and words with the conduct of his modern followers in San Francisco, there are at this present time several hundred genuine converts, and a still larger number under instruction. Every convert sent back to China will become an agent in disseminating the same influence at home. We are forever raising money to propagate Christianity by means of missionaries. When the "heathen" comes to our

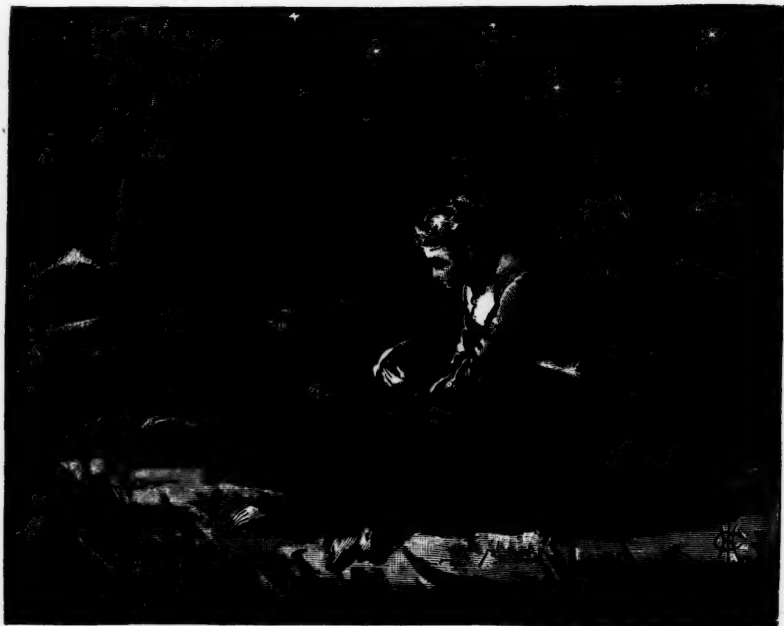


CHINESE RESTAURANT.

own door and waits to be instructed, are we to reject the opportunity thus offered? China, partly at our instigation, has abandoned her policy of isolation. Shall we now force her to take a retrograde step and renounce her intercourse with those who will then merit the title of "outside barbarians"?

C. BALDWIN.

LILITH.



"HER HANDS WERE ON EACH SIDE OF AN UNCONSCIOUS MAN'S HEAD."—Page 137.

CHAPTER VI.

PAM.

AT her usual early hour Pamela retired to her chamber, and moved quietly about, making her toilet for the night. She loosened her hair, and, standing before the panel of mirror, brushed the tresses carefully, as her mother had taught her to do. Then, taking off her afternoon dress, which had been protected by an apron, she put on a wrapper to be ready for Cousin Lilith's return.

Pam had no idea how restful a creature she was to the eye, in comparison with Lilith's feverish, electrical nature. Pam had no tragedy. She was a green and tender pastoral; she was a shepherdess whom the lambs would follow. Babies' heads were the ornaments for Pam's shoulders; the very meditation in her eye was housewifely.

Since her mother's death she had kept

closely to the traditions of the Johnsons as memory preserved them. Her only journeys out of the house were to the neighboring town. From the unpolished society around her Pam shrunk with an exclusiveness which nothing could overcome, preserving a speech and manner much above the standard of the region.

Her life was even and dormant. She was nearly twenty-two and had had no lovers. Such young men as saw her dared not address her. Pam could be contented in a small space: perhaps she suspected there had been a lack of spice and excitement in her life when Oscar Marsh and Lilith poured the joining streams of their influence upon her. She was her father's housekeeper,—his only comfort in his ruined fortunes,—and she was fast becoming as ripe and prim a young old maid as any society girl with a talent for devotion, when

these disturbing powers came to shake her out of her ordinary ways.

She put her lamp on a bracket, and, sitting down on a low rocker, began braiding her hair. It was so abundant and burnished to such lustre that its owner could not repress a grave satisfaction in it. An impalpable wonder floated through her mind, like the gossamer which skims along the air and catches across one's face in clear summer mornings, why Cousin Lilith's charms should seem more powerful than her own. Cousin Lilith's hair was fluffy, but she had no wasteful abundance of it; and Pam was of two minds concerning her face: sometimes it seemed homely. "But there's something very strong and sweeping about her," meditated the girl. "She seems to put a spell on people. And I'm not sure," solemnly, "that I like it. Mamma used to say young ladies ought to behave very discreetly; if young men paid them attention, they could accept it if agreeable, but they never ought to seek it. Still, the fashions may have changed. I don't know how folks do now, and Cousin Lilith has seen a great deal of the world; father says she has travelled in every country. But I do think she has got something on her mind; and mamma used to say secrets were harmful things. Still, there is something about Cousin Lilith that I like. Maybe Dr. Marsh would never have thought himself of asking her to ride. He never asked me to ride before she came."

Pam was so innocent and virginal that half her maidenly meditations puzzled her, and she now blushed without any cause. She got on her knees with a prayer-book and read her evening devotions. Then she crept gingerly on the edge of the tremendous feather-bed, lest it should be too tumbled for Lilith, and lay down with a shawl over her to await her cousin's return. So she fell asleep.

It seemed far in the night when she was awakened by the creaking of wagon-wheels, and just as she sprang up to peep through the shutter some one outside rapped on it. "Cousin Pamela!" said the voice of Lilith.

"Yes, cousin; I'm awake."

Pamela went to the veranda-door and opened it. Outside stood a wagon, from which one of the Bounds boys and the doctor were carefully lifting a body. The moon sailed high, giving a phosphorescent look to everything, even the face of Lilith, who stood on the veranda. She said, "We have brought a wounded man back with us, Cousin Pamela. He is in a critical state. Where can we put him quickest?"

Pam's mind flashed over all the rooms in the house. There were but two sleeping-rooms on the first floor,—her father's and her own. "In our room," she answered instantly; "you and I can go up-stairs. I will turn back the bed and change the sheets." She disappeared, and Lilith guided the procession through the house.

The men laid their load in the bed, which had been prepared, and carefully undressed him. In the mean time Pam kindled a fire and heated water: in all cases of sickness she knew it was proper to kindle a fire and heat water. Her lamp burned dimly on its bracket, and, returning to the room, she shaded it from the unconscious man's face. She almost imperceptibly removed her own belongings from the room, and then began to carry away Lilith's. The Bounds boy withdrew with Feeffe, who had been in charge of the horses, and Johnson's Folly resumed its night quiet.

Lilith was standing by the bedside. "Has this removal injured his chances?" she murmured to Marsh.

"Not at all, I think."

"And he will live?"

"That depends on his own recuperative power. We have done our best for him."

"Thank you,—deeply."

"Not at all. I suppose," he added, "you will never forget how willing I was that he should not owe his life to me?"

"I shall remember how you tried to save a fellow-man."

Pamela hesitated on the threshold with another lamp in her hand. "I will sit up with the man, doctor," she murmured, "if you will tell me what to do. Cousin Lilith and you must be needing rest." It struck the doctor what a quiet, sensible girl she

was, to make everything so comfortable without clamoring to know all about it. "Cousin Lilith," she went on, "I have put our things in the cedar room,—the fourth door from the front of the hall. You can take this lamp."

Lilith went outside the door with Pam, and closed it after them. "I shall stay by him to-night," she said. "But come up-stairs, cousin: I have something to tell you."

"Is there anything more wanted in the room?"

"Nothing, I am sure. The wound has been cleaned and dressed, and it is necessary now to keep him quiet."

They went with cat-footfalls up the broad, bare stairway, reached the wide bare upper hall, and entered the cedar room. It was high and imposing, with carved wood-work, but with less furniture, if possible, than the room below.

"This room was meant for mamma," said Pam reverently; "father thought the smell of the wood might be good for her. After she died I took almost all her things over to the oak room. It was cheerfuller, and, somehow, I would rather see them in there. This room and her things together made it too sorrowful. We might go to the oak room, but the water-pipes leak in there. Father is always intending to fix them." She set her lamp upon a small stand and turned expectantly to Lilith: "Who is that man, cousin? How did he get hurt? Hadn't I really better stay by him to-night? You look sick."

"No; I ought to stay by him," said Lilith. "The man was shot at Harker's by some of the constable's party." She looked steadily in front of her with a face the younger girl never forgot, and added, "I am his wife."

Pamela stood upright and still as a statue. A death-watch in the wall began to beat. It seemed to Lilith to be beating in the centre of her head. "I am his wife," she repeated.

"I did not know you were married," returned Pam stiffly.

"There are many things you don't know about me. I am a tragedy, and nobody knows how I am going to end."

"You are not happy," said Pam with a note of compassion.

"Happy!" Lilith uttered the word in a sharp, hysterical cry. "Pam, keep me still! My strength is breaking within me. Oh, do clench my hands and help me to hold myself back!" She trembled, crushing Pamela's knuckles in a cold, painful grasp.

"Cousin," urged Pam, "you are sick; your eyes look dreadful. Let me go and get you some hot drink or a morphine powder. Do, cousin!"

But Lilith crushed silently Pam's enduring hands until her own grew more steady: "There! that's choked. Don't pity me, Cousin Pam; I don't want to be pitied. There have been women with worse troubles. I am not a well-balanced creature: I go wrong. Yes, that man down-stairs is married to me. He is very bad: you won't want to know him. We have not lived together for several years."

"It is terrible!" breathed Pam.

"Yes."

"Why did you marry him?"

"I suppose it was my fate: he could mask very well. Some day a man may come to you with a wounded heart and induce you to take pity on him."

A faint color of wild roses showed itself in Pam's face, but she shook her head: "I am going to be an old maid."

"You don't know anything about love?"

With unabated color Pam shook her head more decidedly. "I think it's foolish," she said primly and shyly.

Lilith laughed. "I didn't believe in it. I was a boyish girl, being so much my own guardian. Why, Pam, I used to sneer at sentimental tales. After my experience with this man down-stairs, all of his sex seemed disgusting. Love was a name to be struck out of the language: it was mere sound; it was absurdity."

"But do you believe in it now?"

Lilith was staring at the polished wainscot. "Do I believe in it?" she repeated. "I believe now it is a fire which can consume body and spirit; I believe now it is too powerful for human strength to withstand; I believe it is the only real

thing in the universe. Everything else is visionary: it is a fixed, awful fact. Oh, Pam," she cried in a suppressed voice, "I love, I love, I love! No ear but yours has ever heard me make the confession. Take my hands again; let me tell you that I love him. I love him! Even when hundreds of miles lie between us, his moods move me, his power is on me, me, Lilith the defiant,—the boy. And I can feel there is danger in approaching him."

It went against Pam's upright nature to quite endorse any woman in wasting devoted affection on a criminal. Still, it was a woman's duty to love her husband, whatever he might be. Various tales of woman's influence on fallen men flashed through her mind. Lilith's devotion to a miserable wretch seemed, on the whole, the correct thing. "Don't fret," she urged maternally, stroking her cousin's hard-clasped hands. "Maybe he isn't in as bad a state as he appears to be. We'll nurse him well; and they say folks often repent on a sick-bed."

"Did you think I meant that creature down-stairs?"

"Why, yes, of course! You don't—"

"But I do! I love—a man who is married to another woman!"

Pamela recoiled. She was not prepared for such depravity. She stood some feet from Lilith, who slid down in a hopeless attitude on the floor, rested her head against the bed, and pulled her hair over her cheeks. "Why, cousin," said Pam as soon as her horror would allow her to speak, "don't you know that's very wrong?"

The innocent, orthodox tone touched Lilith's risibilities. She laughed in what seemed to Pamela a demoniac fashion: "Wrong! Cousin Pam, don't I know it's ruin and degradation and untold suffering? No, it isn't!" she cried, spreading her arms. "It is heaven, it is hope, —it is life itself!"

Pam eyed her in consternation. "Cousin?" she ejaculated with a volume of questions in the one word.

"Yes," replied Lilith. "I will tell you. I am very bad,—not in the coarse meaning of that word, understand, Cousin

Pamela, but tempestuous, without that mental equilibrium which some people call prudence and others judgment. I said that man down-stairs made me hate men."

"Cousin," reasoned Pam, "I think you ought to have got a legal separation from him. I remember hearing mamma say such things were perfectly right when a woman had been deceived into marrying a scoundrel."

Lilith was gazing straight into her eyes with a tender, brooding look. The pinched expression of anguish had left her face; a childlike sweetness curved the corners of her mouth; her hair fluffed. It was one of her most alluring guises. The younger woman watched her metamorphosis. "It was about six months ago that I first saw him."

"The one?" hinted Pam.

"Yes. I was giving drawing-lessons. You don't know how I live, do you, Pam?"

"I know you paint pictures in a room you call your studio."

"Yes, and plaques and china. And I also give lessons. His wife came to me for lessons. I didn't like her; she was personally disagreeable to me,—one of these wiry blondes with a nose like a stork's bill and sharp chill eyes. That sounds mean, but I will say for her that she worked hard, though she hadn't any talent. The end of the short autumn days would find her busy with her pencils, and her husband would call for her on his way home from his office. The first evening he came it was I who opened the door for him: my studio is a private one. There were only his wife and myself left in the room. I was tired and wished her away, and I suppose I looked flushed. No matter how I looked, though: it was the man standing in the door who looked as I can never describe. An electric flash seemed to pass from one of us to the other. Since then I have furtively studied his *physique*, and know every line and shade of feature and color. But he was to me that instant nothing but a soul that had met and grasped mine."

"My gracious! How awful!" murmured Pam.

"Awful?" Lilith's eyes dilated. "I had never fully lived before that instant. It was like a flood of light. It was rapture."

"But didn't his wife notice?" urged Pam.

"I don't know. He came in, and she introduced him, and I busied myself cleaning my brushes, and we did not talk. After he went away I turned it over in my mind, and felt almost terrified. I was miserable till her lesson-day came again. But that morning I laughed at myself. 'Now,' I said, 'we'll see what this mysterious influence is.' Pam, do you know I had an evil fear that that woman would go home early and he wouldn't call for her? I didn't realize wanting anything except to see him and test the spell he had cast on me.

"But she didn't go home, and he called, and I was busy and let her answer his rap. He came in, and the room swam before me. My picture looked a blur, and, almost in appeal, I lifted my eyes and met his again. And then, Pam, I saw the trouble was real and terrible, and as much so for him as for me. He came straight over to me—it seemed as if there was a blinding flash between us as he came—and stood looking at my picture, while his wife gathered up her materials and got ready to go. We said some commonplace things. I was shaking like a leaf, and when he picked up a brush which I dropped I saw his hand shaking too."

Pam sat down, and leaned on the back of a chair. "How did he look?" she inquired at this pause.

"He looked like a man with a mind playing all over his face. I have thought sometimes in my miserable hunger it would be enough just to watch his face. I suppose all these things would sound absurd to a properly-trained woman. We never said anything but commonplaces, and always in the presence of others. He is a journalist. He came to the studio once with some art-critics. My work was kindly commented on in his paper. I think he was wretched with his wife.

"Do you know, Pamela Johnson, I have caught at even chance resemblances

to shake this madness from me? I have said to myself so was Goul,—that man down-stairs. I told you he was a widower when I married him, didn't I,—unhappy with *his* first wife? Men may be much alike. If I had this idol of mine, maybe it would be only a rehearsal of my old experience. Yes, I have even dared to slander him to myself that I may be free. But I love him, Pam,—I adore him,—and it is killing me. Not that life is too sweet, though I am only twenty-eight, and see how strong, how fine, my *physique* is! How beautiful life might be! I had such high standards of purity and mental muscle, and meant to bring myself up to them, but see what I am: wife to a criminal, and lover of another woman's husband!" She turned herself over on the floor and laid her hair in the dust.

"Cousin Lilith," said Pam with a perception which seemed mature in her, "I think you're whipping yourself more than you deserve. You've acted so strange I felt half afraid of you. But it looks to me as if you were more unfortunate than wicked. You haven't *done* anything wrong, and you are better to that bad man than he deserves. We all of us have our troubles," continued Pam, falling into a homiletic strain. "When mamma died I thought I never *could* bear it, and that my heart would break." Two softly-welling tears slid down her cheeks.

Lilith turned her face and looked at this fair, quiet creature, whose life and woes lay so entirely within the pales of eternal fitness and propriety. Her own lurid wretchedness seemed a thing of another world: "I have said saltless Eves were not to my taste, but I do respect and love you, Pam, and you are a sort of Eve living secluded and sinless in your garden. You would make a nice mother, Pam. All the domestic spirits really guard you."

Pam bit her lip to repress more tears, wiped her cheeks carefully, and shook her head. Her eccentric cousin had now approached many degrees nearer, and she blotted from her mind any strictures she had made upon her.

Lilith rose: "I have worried you

enough and made confessions enough for one night. Dr. Marsh knows that the man below is married to me, and you may tell your father in the morning. Good-night. I hope your sleep is not broken up?"

"If there is any change or you want me, be sure to call me," said Pamela, following her to the door.

"I will."

Lilith was on the second step, when her cousin's soft voice arrested her: "Did you go out to-night because you thought this man—you thought you might see him?"

"Yes."

Pam held the lamp in her hand, and its light showed her eyes tender with compassion. "Poor girl!" she breathed, and stood like a Madonna in a niche until Lilith reached the lower floor.

CHAPTER VII.

"THEY ARE ALL OUT NOW."

LILITH sat by the patient's bed all night, giving him medicine at intervals. He breathed in a hoarse, irregular way, but Marsh, coming in at daylight, pronounced him better. The doctor rode away early on his professional rounds.

Uncle Johnson tiptoed into the walnut room and beckoned Lilith to come to breakfast. She went toward him with a flickering smile. He looked at the man on the pillows and wrinkled his forehead, taking Lilith's hand in his and smoothing her arm from the shoulder down. It was his way of comforting Pamela when she was disturbed.

"I have brought trouble into your house," said Lilith, speaking low; "but you know I am a proud woman, and I will not burden you." She had a roll of money in her hand. It was her habit to carry surplus funds in her bosom as a defence against sudden emergencies.

Uncle Johnson shook his head: "What we've got you're welcome to, child."

"But you will know best what money is needed for. At least, keep it for me."

Uncle Johnson shook his head: "I didn't know how to keep my own."

"But can't you hire me a good, reliable woman in the neighborhood who will help with this nursing and be of use to Cousin Pam?"

Uncle Johnson pushed back his dirty wool hat and pondered: "I don't know of anybody but Granny Miller. She's old, but she's wiry, and always anxious to turn a penny. They say the old woman's a pretty good nurse, too."

"Then please have her come."

"I will; I'll get her here right off. She's done a good deal of cleaning and washing in the house at odd times."

Granny Miller appeared promptly with a small shawl pinned under her chin and a long apron tied round her waist. She knew all about fevers, cuts, sore eyes, erysipelas, and had nursed a large family past nearly all the enemies of life, including "the typhoid." She took charge of the man with an air of importance. With the omniscience of a country neighbor, she already knew "the particulars."

Lilith went up-stairs and fell exhausted on her bed, where Pamela wrapped and dosed her and the fragrant wood seemed to steep her in its odor until everything was blotted from her mind by profound sleep. She lay all day without stirring. Pamela crept in several times to look at her. She scarcely breathed.

When Marsh returned in the afternoon he found his patient still unconscious, but in a promising condition. The fever in the wound had abated, and his respiration was easy.

Pamela, her father, and the doctor sat down to supper together. Granny Miller had already regaled herself in the pantry with a bountiful meal and strong tea.

"Them Harker boys run off last night," said Mr. Johnson; "I knew they would."

"And the constable has a bad arm. Instead of getting it dressed, he rode several miles chasing Babe."

"What was it they did to this—this man here?" inquired Uncle Johnson delicately. "I've heard two or three stories, and the neighborhood seems pretty warm against the Harkers. 'Pears as if they were to blame." Uncle Johnson humped over his plate and

parted his shaggy moustache for a draught of coffee.

Marsh gave Feeffe Flick's account of the proceedings at Harker's and the sequel in which he had himself taken part.

At midnight Lilith sat bolt upright in bed, an actual physical shock passing through her heart. Her nerves quivered under some unseen influence. A little later Pamela turned slowly, pushing her long braids away from her sleep-flushed cheek, but, with her guardian instinct awake, before settling to sleep again she extended a hand over Lilith. It sunk into an empty place.

Drowsiness deserted her. Pam's was a very healthy nature, in good normal condition, but the morbid *verve* of Lilith was not without its effect on her. She lay still an instant, listening, and then rose and threw on some clothing, feeling all the time the shadow of some catastrophe.

She approached the window to open a shutter for more light, but distinguished through the downward-sloping chinks a black figure gliding down the avenue. It was bright moonlight. "That's strange!" murmured Pamela, with a pin in her mouth as she hurried her dressing. "It looks like cousin, but what in the world can she mean, starting off somewhere in the middle of the night in such a hurry, and on foot, too? Maybe the man is worse and Dr. Marsh was called away and she's going after him. But she ought to have waked father and me. There might have been an earthquake without my knowing it, I've slept so sound."

Pam promptly slipped into the sick-room. Granny Miller was bobbing her head up and down in front of the open fire. The patient's face was turned from the light, and his easy breathing was the only sound to be heard. His arm was lying over the coverlet; everything about him indicated his present comfort and probable convalescence. As far as Pam could see, there had been no cause for alarm.

The old woman started and blinked up at her: "What's the matter, Pameley?"

"That's what I want to ask you. Has he been worse?"

"No. Sleepin' away reg'lar as you see him. I give 'im his medicine pat as the hour come round, and I ain't shet my eyes to-night."

"Was my cousin in here?"

"No. There ain't nobody been in sence the doctor he come to see how the feller was a-doin' when he got home, about bedtime."

"Isn't she down-stairs? Didn't you hear her open the door and go out?"

"Why, law, no! There ain't been *nobody* down here, and I've been as wide awake as I could be. Don't you know where she is?"

"I thought I saw her in front of the house; but I may have been mistaken."

The nurse blinked to clear her eyes as she gazed solemnly at Pam: "What did it look like, Pameley? Mebby you've seen a warnin'. If you have, that there man won't git well. Fry's wife, the night before their child died, she looked out of the winder and see it walkin' across the porch. I knowed it wouldn't git well, from that minute; and it didn't. When there's sickness in the house and a warnin' comes thataway, 'tain't no use."

Pam smiled incredulously as she withdrew, but the nurse roused up to think more about warnings.

The veranda-door was unlocked. With real apprehension Pamela looked out, and after a little hesitation ran down the lawn. When she reached the road no figure was in sight. The country girl climbed upon a fence, and, with her hand resting on a post, swept the mellow landscape in each direction. She was so certain Lilith had come down to the road that she cautiously called her cousin's name several times. And, sure enough, the black-coated figure could be seen skirting fence-corners toward the south.

Pam was puzzled and frightened, but she dared to follow as fast as possible: "Maybe she's walking in her sleep. I have heard of such things when people were troubled in their minds. And she might get on the railroad and some of the night-trains run over her, or wake up away from the house in some awful fright. Oh, I wish I had time to go back and get father!"

The road dipped between woods which cast dark shadows on it. Here Pamela lost the wraith she was following, and hesitated, half deciding to go back and wake her father. It was so trying to be a young girl abroad at that hour of the night, shuddering at every sound, even the movement of a dry leaf or the sighing of cattle in a field. What if Lilith had returned by some circuit to the house? What if Something should come along and seize her? The vast, sad night is so oppressive! She stood in distress, like an unskilled rower who has ventured too far from shore, terrified as she looked back at the distance and shadows between herself and the Folly.

A roaring sound was coming from the south. It must be the Peru express. The railway was just beyond that angle in the road which Pam dreaded to turn. It rushed over her that Lilith was surely ahead, and perhaps in danger from that train. She ran on, and it was with almost maternal pangs that she saw the yellow headlight bearing swiftly down upon a figure on the track.

Pamela uttered scream after scream, but the whistle of the engine giving warning at the crossing drowned her voice. The train came straight on, a gigantic, sinuous thing, its rows of windows glittering like burnished scales, its stately crest upright, its breath blackening the sky, a magnificent serpent of the rail.

She sunk down with one arm over her eyes, uttering half-articulate prayers of "God!" and "God have mercy!" and "Oh, save her!"

There was a scream too terrible for anything of human strength to utter, and a crash as if the world were shattered.

Pam looked and saw the head of the stately serpent rolling over, spilling its fire and sending white hisses to the very tree-tops, car piling upon car and human figures thrusting themselves half through the reeling windows with cries such as break the heart. It seemed some nightmare picture of the last judgment. She knelt in dumb helplessness, and could not believe what she saw.

"Cousin Pam," exclaimed Lilith,

shaking her and standing strangely unhurt beside her, "somebody has fixed an obstruction and wrecked that train. I tried to stop it. The people are dying. Come on!"

Pam followed the hand dragging her, and the numbness left her faculties. She was pulling children out of car-windows and growing more collected and methodical every moment. The train consisted of one baggage-car, two coaches, and a sleeping-car. The engine had set the first on fire. One coach lay on its side; but the sleeper, faring worst of any, had been dashed violently off the track among trees.

Before long, farmers of the populous neighborhood were assisting. The upper station was aroused, and even women came hurrying down the track. Pamela saw Lilith, a swift black shape with bare arms, thrusting herself into every place where a voice cried for help.

There were fewer of the passengers hurt than had at first seemed probable. Those in the cars nearest the engine, and the train-employés, received the first attention. The engine, with its steam-valve open, kept up a long mournful wail which was heart-rending.

Thus it happened that the sleeping-car, lying detached among trees, was searched last. Several occupants crawled out unassisted, but those in the crushed end had fared hardly.

Pamela saw Lilith sitting on the ground and supporting a man's head. "Don't you think the people are all out now?" shouted Pam above the constant wail of the engine.

"I think they are."

"I'll run for father and the wagon. We'll have to take some to our house."

Lilith sat silent in the midst of glare and darting shapes. Her hands were on each side of an unconscious man's head.

CHAPTER VIII.

Goul.

"It was a powerful bad piece of work," said Mr. Johnson next morning to Granny Miller as she hurriedly took

her coffee: there was more than one patient for her now.

"I heered the noise, so I did," observed the nurse, "but I didn't know what it was."

Mr. Johnson's torpid blood was strongly stirred. Though circulating in an eddy away from the larger world, he was still public-spirited, and an outrage exasperated him. He was also at that age when a man, if shorn of the dignity of serious business, pours out all his solicitude on the common good: "With a force of men workin', that track won't be clear before noon to-day. Such a sight the people were last night, some of 'em more scar't than hurt. When I got there with my wagon, there was men from all 'round with theirs, but not a doctor on the spot till Marsh come. All them that went up to the station has gone on the relief-train. Our three folks won't go for some time, though, I guess."

"No, I 'low they won't," assented Granny Miller, who experienced a certain satisfaction in suffering. "But the man he's worse hurt than the wimmin-folks."

"Well, we must do what we can for 'em."

"How did you happen to bring those three, father?" quietly asked Pam.

"Well, I took the first I come across, and Lilith happened to be by them, and I could make them into a comfortable load. I went back for another load, but everybody was looked after that needed it, and them that wasn't hurt wanted to wait for a special train at the station. We'd have filled the house with 'em if they were needing shelter."

"Law, yes!" assented Granny Miller generously. "But who done it, d'ye s'pose?"

"I don't know who to lay it on but the Harker boys," grumbled Mr. Johnson. "There was talk of officers comin' after them on that train, and I think the old folks are scared, too."

"But the' didn't nobody see 'em do it?"

"No: whoever 'twas was 'cute enough. Pam's cousin saw the rails laid across, but the train was comin' then."

"Laws! When Pameley come in and ast me if she'd gone out the house I thought the child was dreamin'. How did she come to git up and walk to the railroad at the dead o' night?"

"Well, I don't know. Pam's cousin is very high-strung, and she was pretty much excited by that business in the woods over by Harker's. She appeared to dream there was a train wrecked, and started out on the strength o' that."

"I knowed there was some warnin' seed last night," said Granny Miller in a sort of oracular chant. She took a cautious bite of turkey with her gums. "And whenever there's a warnin' there's somethin' sure to happen. Folks may laugh at it, but I'm an old woman, and I never see it fail. The night my Mandy died the' was a dog howled round the house all night, and we couldn't drive 'im off. 'Twasn't one of our dogs, either. I felt that bad when I heard it! 'Pap,' says I, 'that child's a-gorn to die.'—'Oh, pshaw!' says he.—'You mark my word,' says I; 'we'll lose her.'—'No, we won't,' says he. 'You're done out a-losin' sleep, and everything skeers ye.'—'We're gorn to lose her,' says I. And we did."

The nurse was hurried to her work by Pam, who had come in looking pale.

Mr. Johnson took hold of his girl's hand and smoothed her arm: "You mustn't let these excitements worry you down, Pam. I'm afraid you're over-doin' yourself. While there's so many folks in the house, hadn't I better bring over Alfaretty Bounds to wait on you some? Doc says she's over her misery, and her mother's up and willin' for her to come. He seems to think you ought to have a girl to help you."

"Thank you, father. If you think so."

Still the disturbed look did not leave Pam's eyes. She was terrified by the elements there were in the house. Not that she distrusted Lilith. Her belief was hearty in this erratic, changeful woman, over whom she yearned with maternal solicitude. But there was a power possessing Lilith much greater than herself. Wind goes over the grain-fields, and the

grain rises pliant again: so did Lilith. But when the wind becomes a storm—Pam rubbed her china and went over in her mind that morning's scene in the cedar room.

Two of her guests, the gentleman and his wife, occupied the oak room. Their companion, the old lady, had been put in a room on the opposite side of the hall. Pam and her father and Marsh had been in and out attending on them, and Granny Miller had been up-stairs and down-stairs.

Everybody bestirred himself for the new-comers except Lilith, who stayed by her own patient until the nurse relieved her to go to breakfast. Then she went up-stairs, and Pam considerably followed with a tempting tray. Lilith unlocked the door to let her into the cedar room.

"Aren't you ever going to eat anything, Cousin Lilith? You hardly touched what I brought you yesterday, and I don't know where you've got anything since. Here are some eggs and coffee and hot cakes and maple syrup."

"I am eating," said Lilith. Her eyes were brilliant. "Oh, Pam, I am so happy!"

"My gracious, cousin! are you crazy?" Pam put the tray down and looked at her.

"Oh, Pam, he is in this house with me! I slipped past the door awhile ago, and touched it with my hand, and kissed it. I may kiss the barriers between us, not—"

Pam turned faint and sat down: "Lilith Van Arden, is that man the one?"

"Yes, Pam. Should I have known of anybody else's danger?"

"Cousin Lilith, I believe you are going to have a fever or something. You seem to be under a spell. I never saw anything like it."

"No, you never did, Pam. You don't know anything about the rapture of this dreadful sin."

"You haven't committed sin," exclaimed Pam jealously. "If you just wouldn't let your mind dwell on the subject!"

"If we just wouldn't let ourselves

breathe the air! But it's the law of our lungs. I existed that I might meet him. It is glory to love as I love."

"Cousin, you're setting up a god of clay for yourself. Mamma used to say it was wicked to worship any human being."

"A woman like me must worship or die."

With the nearest approach to ferocity she had ever reached, Pam exclaimed, "You'd better die—you'd better indeed—than give up to this."

"I know it. But death couldn't blot it from me. Oh, do you think I would ever go so far away into the universe as to risk getting lost from him? What would the universe be to me without him?"

For the first time in Pamela's knowledge of her, Lilith burst into a storm of crying. The younger girl had never dreamed of such tropical passion. Lilith's clenched hands and sheet-lightning face, her strangling sobs and cries, the abandonment of herself upon the floor, made her terrible to Pamela, who shut her eyes and turned her head aside.

This tempest passed over and left its victim lying exhausted. Then the round curves took possession of her cheeks and the corners of her mouth got back their earliest baby-like sweetness.

"Now I am born again, Pam," she breathed slowly. "That was a geological period, and I am a new earth."

"I hope to gracious you are," murmured her cousin. She drew Lilith up, walked her to the bed, pushed her upon it, and covered her up.

"I will eat something now, Pam. Thundering and lightning my sins out makes me faint. And I must go down-stairs, for you have too much on your hands."

Pam bathed her face and fed her, and then went out and locked the door upon her. It was this scene and this last view of the exhausted girl lying listless and motionless which troubled her as she went about her morning work. Every revelation of Lilith startled her more.

"Father," said Pam to Mr. Johnson as he still lingered in the kitchen, "do

you think the gentleman up-stairs will be long getting well?"

"I hope not, poor fellow! But when Doc set his collar-bone last night he said he was shaken up worse than the women-folks."

"I don't think there was much the matter with the old lady. When I took her her breakfast she talked about getting up and going to look after the others."

"Mebby she's got internal hurts. You can't always tell at first. He may have inward hurts too."

"Father, Cousin Lilith's— The other man is better, isn't he?"

"Considerable."

"Don't you think she could take him away soon?"

Her father looked at her surprised: "Why, daughter! But, poor girl! it's likely so many of them are worrying you to death."

"No, it isn't that," exclaimed Pam. "Yes, it is, too," she amended as hurriedly. With one furtive hand she wiped a tear from her eye.

"Dear child, I wouldn't turn either of the men out till he was able and anxious to go, for anything in the world. I ain't the person I once was, but this house was built for hospitality, and we'd deserve more reverses if we begrudged a thing we could do for any one in it now. You've got too much upon you: I see that. I'll hitch up the gray and go for Alfaretty Bounds right off."

"You're a good man, father." Pamela's dark eyes dwelt on him fondly.

"No, I'm a poor excuse. I've never done by you as I meant to, and now I'm at a stand-still for the rest of my days, and you haven't the society and the means I ought to give you."

"I don't mind such things, father, and you mustn't."

"But I do. Well, you sort o' leave things. I'll be back as soon as I can."

He started on his errand. Pamela leaned her head against a pantry-shelf and stanchied her eyes. She saw it was impossible to make any changes. Lilith could not and would not go away and leave her charge upon the hands of her relatives.

A few gentle spring drops relieved Pam. Matters might jog along very smoothly. Lilith wisely avoided these new people, and Lilith had a strong will. Pam proceeded on her housewifely way with more cheer.

In an hour or two Alfaretta Bounds put in a shy, stooping appearance. Her furtive eyes took in the kitchen of the Folly, with all its perfect appointments, which she had so often heard ridiculed. Pamela never used the grand dining-room, which opened with leaved doors into a series of cobweb-furnished drawing-rooms. It seemed so remote, and on chilly days the dampest room in the house.

Alfaretta slid out of her shawl and sun-bonnet, and without a word took immediately from Pam's hand the task she was doing. While listening to directions, her silent, misery-shaken mind was making continual exclamations and comments: "Laws to gracious! pour water in that place and let it run off eenunder the floor some'r! A pump to pump water right in the room! No wonder she looks so well. I 'low she never got a misery in her breast a-packin' from the crick. I never see such nice fixin's as these afore. If *pap* had 'a broke up buildin' a house!"

Being thus relieved, Pamela went to look after her hospital up-stairs. She paused first at what might have vaguely presented itself to her mind as the insane ward,—Lilith's room.

Lilith had scarcely stirred, but she rose as Pam opened the door and came in: "I've formed my new crust, Pam. The monstrous growths of the last period are slain. I shall try to put on verdure and grow trees."

"You'll act the right way," said Pam without any figures of speech.

Lilith bathed her face and dressed her hair; then she went down-stairs. Granny Miller was coming out of the walnut room with both hands full of glasses and spoons. These Lilith mechanically took from her and carried into the kitchen.

Alfaretta was droning over her vegetable-cleaning a song she had picked up from her brothers,—some doggerel in the

George Barnwell style purporting to be the confessions of a prisoner. Without noticing the silent entrance of Lilith, to whom her back was turned as she stood at the sink, Alfaretta droned on :

"She'd ben alive to-day no doubt,
Had I not met Miss Hetty Stout.

"Oh, I remember well the day
When Hetty stole my heart away.

"And it was her own jealous will
That forced me-e my wife to kill!"

A shiver ran down Lilith's spine. The grewsome chant went on :

"She give to me one tender look,
And in her hands the p'ison took.

"My hands about her neck I la-aid,
Till life from—her body sped!"

"How disgusting!" shivered Lilith under her breath. A red flood of shame overspread her forehead. She put the glasses down and returned to the walnut room.

"He seems kind o' in his mind," said the nurse from the bedside.

Lilith was startled. She had grown accustomed, within two days, to her patient's helpless and inoffensive presence. If he was now conscious, what would he do and say? She came toward him softened, anxious to do her duty, and condemning herself. "I will attend to him," she said to Granny Miller. "You'd better go up-stairs to Miss Johnson. I know she wants you there."

The door closed behind the old woman. Lilith's husband lay staring at her.

Suffering had sponged away some of his grossness. She touched his head with a maternal motion. If he would be barely endurable, there might yet be a chance of conventional living,—which, after all, is safest,—if of nothing better. He looked more like the man she had married than like any of his later selves.

"Do you feel better?"

He slightly lifted his brows and focused the pupils of his eyes on her: "What's been done with me?" The voice was a heavy bass. His mind was laboring back to its last recollection.

"Don't try to think: be very quiet. If there is anything you want to eat, I will bring it to you."

"Better say anything to drink. Get me some brandy."

"When the doctor comes, perhaps."

"Who's the doctor? It's none of his business." She was silent, and his mind still labored back: "Somebody shot me. How did you get here?"

"I heard of it and went after you."

"This isn't the place. What place is this?"

"My uncle's house."

"Who's your uncle? Does he know anything about me?"

"Nothing, except what was necessary. Please be quiet."

"Have you been making a devil of a complaint?"

"I think not. Everybody is friendly toward you here."

If she included Marsh with everybody, he did not include himself. He entered as she spoke, and proceeded to lay out his remedies on a table. His eyes and the sick man's met. He came up to the bedside, trying to look merely professional: it was as though he and Lilith had receded even farther from each other.

Goul watched him furtively: "Isn't there anything about this place for a man to drink?"

"Plenty," replied Marsh shortly, "if the man lies still and obeys orders."

"He is getting on well, isn't he, doctor?" said Lilith.

"Very," replied the doctor.

He, so strong and pure in *physique* and humanly selfish, saw with reluctance how rapidly the fellow was getting on, and he was bound to continue assisting him on the high-road to health.

Goul muttered two or three strong words and asked again for brandy.

Marsh said in an undertone to Lilith, "You may mix him some hot brandy or wine,—weak."

"Is there anything of the kind in the house?" inquired Lilith.

"Yes: down cellar in some tall black bottles which Miss Pam allows me to keep there. I often have to be my own druggist. I'll show you where they are."

"What are you whispering about?" demanded the patient.

"Just about your breakfast," soothed Lilith.

He looked at her with keen anxiety, and started as the door-knob turned and the door squeaked slowly open.

Feeffe Flick stuck his head in. "Is Lyler in here?" he inquired in a hissing whisper.

"Whom are you talking about?" said Marsh sharply.

"Lyler. This yere woman," returned Feeffe.

"Yes, I'm here. What is it?"

"Jes' wanted to see ye. How's the feller?" craning his neck toward the bed with a strong retrospective relish of the "feller's" late obsequies.

"He's much better. You may stay with him while I am out of the room, if you will be very still."

She went with Marsh, and the boy crept along on his dirty toes to the hearth. There he stood, inclining his whole body toward the occupant of the bed. He had a rag around one toe.

Goul stirred uneasily and frowned at him: "Who the devil are you?"

Feeffe drew his arm under his nose before replying: "I'm that Flick young one that lives at Boundses."

"Well, Flick, can't you do anything but gape at me?"

Feeffe grinned, and polished his nose again. "I helped pull ye out," he added, to further identify himself with the man.

"Out of what?"

"Out o' that grave."

"Grave? Who put me in a grave?"

"Harkerses folks."

Pallor deepened under the man's stubble beard: "What did they do that for?"

"'Cause you was dead. You got shot. They kivered the dirt all level over ye, and I see 'em and tole Doc, and me and him and Lyler got ye out, and he brung you to." Goul looked ghastly. "F we hadn't been smart about it, too," continued the hero with pride, "you'd be cold meat now."

In due time Lilith returned, and found her husband lying with his eyes closed and drops of weakness on his forehead.

The brandy revived him. "Send that boy out of the room," he begged, as Li-

lith arranged the pillows. She sent Feeffe away.

Men of Goul's stamp are whipped occasionally by remorse, but it is able to drive them only to lamentations. His horrors had seized him, and he shut his eyes groaning. "You'd better have left me under ground," said he.

Lilith looked at him with compassion. She knew his maudlin fits, and that there was nothing spiritually promising in them. Still, his piteous helplessness made her tender. She pressed close to the bedside, and put his sins out of her memory and looked at her own. Her face became actually eager: "Oh, no! Think how much there may be in life."

"There's nothing for me."

"But there may be. Feeffe has been talking to you, and I told him not to."

He changed his position and looked at her. While she wiped away the tears running down his face, he inquired fiercely, "What did you come here for, anyway?"

"To look after you."

"I knew you did! You're trying to injure me. You've always tried to make me appear as bad as you could."

She laughed pacifically, and put a soothing hand on his eyelids: "Go to sleep and dream better things. If you are not quiet, you may get worse."

"I want some more brandy, and not any of that sugar-and-water business, either. Damn you! stop fumbling around."

Lilith folded her hands. In spite of his generous *physique* she thought him base and small, and he saw in her eyes what she thought. Under cover of a sick man's frenzy, he doubled his fist and struck her on the mouth. Many a man in the delirium of fever has hurt the one he loved and groped in agony at half-consciousness of it. But this one struck the woman he claimed as wife, with real satisfaction in having her larger nature at bay before his weakness: "Now look that way at me again, will you?"

She started back, putting her hands to her face. Her lip was gashed between his knuckles and her strong white teeth. A drop of blood trickled from her chin

and fell upon his sulky face as she stood over him pressing him down with a tiger's strength: "What have you done? You have broken down the very last plank between home and you and me. Why shouldn't I have let you die,—or even kill you?"

But instantly she took her hands from him, and went to the hearth sick and

trembling. She saw her face reflected in the panel of looking-glass. There seemed nothing of it but burning eyes and swollen lip. Laughing under her breath, she whispered scornfully, "Quite a little domestic scene!"

Goul pulled the covering to his ears and pretended to go to sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WELSH WOMEN.

THAT in a region so small as Wales there should still be distinct types of different nationalities cannot but seem strange to one who is familiar with the quick and comprehensive amalgamation of races commonly seen in the United States. It is, however, true that of the half-dozen originally differing races who peopled Wales the fusion is still sufficiently imperceptible to give the subject ethnological interest. In many rural villages of Wales—villages where

to be born and die

Of rich and poor makes all the history—

the population remains virtually unchanged from age to age. Only a bare fraction ever go away from the place where they were born, and marriages rarely occur in these primitive communities except among life-long neighbors. They live and die on the spot where their ancestors lived and died. A conspicuous instance is the borough of Aberavon, in Glamorganshire, which has been termed "the community of Joneses." The patriarchal owner of the valley of Cwm Avon lately said of it in a letter to the *London Times*, "Few who came to Cwm Avon ever cared to leave it, and you find the families so intermixed that it is difficult to tell the remote and intricate degrees of relationship which exist." This modern Arcadia is not pastoral, as it happens; it is a mining community of some eight thousand souls, and exists within a mile and a half of a railway-

station, an hour's drive from Cardiff, the Welsh metropolis; yet the population is known to have remained almost unchanged, except by the process of Nature, for the past two hundred years. It is held that the Welsh language is to-day in its radical elements just what it was a thousand years before Christ came; and it may be said of the population of Wales that, considering the proximity of the most powerful and all-prevailing race on earth, the Anglo-Saxon, the changes it has undergone in the lapse of ages are wonderfully small. There are parishes in Pembrokeshire which, lying side by side, were peopled many centuries ago by races as distinct as are the French and the Germans; and for seven hundred years, with a tenacity almost incredible, these people have retained their separate languages and generic characteristics. Villages are pointed out in that part of Wales where a line may be drawn through the quiet streets on one side of which are people who cannot understand what is said by people on the other side of it; and precisely thus it has been there for many centuries. In an old Cambrian magazine I read that "when a man of Gower"—a small district of Glamorganshire—"is asked the residence of one in Llangevelach, which is on the Welsh side of the line, it is a common reply, 'I donna knaw; a lives somewhere in the Welshery;' as if he had spoken of the piggery or the rookery."

In the next county, Carmarthenshire, I have been struck with the prevalence of a certain Herculean type of woman, slow and ponderous of movement, and of a height which, when exaggerated by the tall beaver hat of the peasantry, is simply gigantic in effect. In Glamorganshire this type is apparently absent. I recall a giantess of this description whom I saw at a Carmarthen cattle-show selling cakes from a basket which stood on the ground before her. She had had the misfortune to lose an eye, and the effect upon a face not originally strong in loveliness, though very strong indeed in character, was not prepossessing. She had a voice, too, of a strength and depth quite in keeping with her masculine figure and weatherbeaten face. If she had been in male attire, that would have been a bold policeman who should have ventured on the conclusion that she was a woman, and a bolder who should have attempted to arrest her for masquerading in a garb not of her sex. If this giantess could not have shouldered the average policeman and walked off with him, her appearance belied her. She was engaged in an intellectual struggle with a young man who seemed about a foot shorter than herself,—not a particularly small man, either,—to whom she was bent on selling a pennyworth of cakes. The customer protested in good strong Welsh that there were not enough cakes in her hand for a penny (there were six), and the giantess in turn protested she would be ruined if she gave more. Then she added a seventh cake and pushed the young man in the breast with them, bidding him take them and begone. Still the Welshman shook his head; and the giantess added an eighth cake to the pile in her huge hand. Two giggling girls, friends of the hesitating customer, stood watching this contest of wits, stuffing their shawls in their mouths to smother their laughter. They were on the blind side of the giantess, who, therefore, did not see them. For full half an hour the struggle was prolonged, at the end of which time the pile of cakes had mounted to twelve in number; and now the young man (who had been as grave as a

judge up to this moment) took the cakes, piled them in the arms of the giggling girls, paid his penny, and went off doubled up with laughter. The giantess glared after him with her Cyclopean eye in dangerous fashion for a moment, then looked at the girls with their mouths stuffed with her sacrificed cakes, and herself burst into a roar of laughter that might have been heard a mile away.

But this example should not be taken as a fair specimen of the gigantic women of Carmarthenshire. For the most part, these have a comeliness good to look at. One I especially noticed at this same cattle-show who in a more elegant class of life would have been pronounced a queen among her sex. She was six feet tall, and her figure was superbly rounded; her head was small proportionately, thus increasing her apparent height; her eyes were large and black as sloes, and her pencilled eyebrows formed a perfect arch. She had black, curling hair, a complexion of alabaster, and a ripe, rich rosebud of a mouth with teeth like the whitest ivory. I have never in life seen more than two or three women of such magnificent beauty, and these were in every case renowned for their looks. I have no great respect for mere size of flesh and bone in men or in women, but when it is seen in a woman of this superb loveliness it is a positive power. This beautiful Carmarthen giantess seemed a jolly soul. She chatted in friendliest Welsh with her companions, and went off at night (I saw her later at the railway-station), with her arms full of grocer's packages, to her humble home somewhere in the mountains with a serene and majestic mien worthy of the Juno Ludovisi at Rome.

There is a Roman type, too, among the Welsh women. Many inhabitants of Conwyl Caio parish, Pembrokeshire, are said to pride themselves on their Roman descent, and Roman names prevail among them. I have heard of two families in Wales of the name of Aurelius, and another of the name of Cornelius, whose features in both cases closely resemble the ancient Roman type. The resemblance holds good in both the

men and the women. This may be mere coincidence, but it is suggestive in a country where types are so marked as here. It is not wholly fanciful to suppose that the names and the facial features have in this instance been continued for sixty generations. A certain ruddy-skinned, red-haired race in Merionethshire called *Cochion* ("red ones") is traced distinctly back as far as the early half of the sixteenth century, and they were then just what they are now, unique, intermarrying among themselves. They are now fewer and less savage than of old, but they are still noted for their personal strength, pugnacity, and high temper. They used anciently to be a terror not only to others, but to each other when there was no one else to fight, at the fairs of the country and like gatherings. They were also in their earlier days considered an uncanny race, and were called "*Y Gwylliad Cochion*,"—the red goblins or fairies. They lived chiefly on plunder, dwelt in dens, built no houses, and in 1534 Baron Owen hung a hundred of them. Their descendants have the same marked physical traits then ascribed to them,—a ruddy skin, red hair, very projecting teeth, and a receding brow.

The total disappearance in Wales of the ancient Norman families is a circumstance of curious import. Welsh names are everywhere, Norman nowhere. Of this proud, cruel, and violent race none remain among the wealthy landholders; Norman names, where they exist at all, are chiefly borne by the poorer classes. In front of the American consulate at Cardiff, over the way, there is a cab-stand, and in the row of shabby cabs, each with a name painted on the door,—generally the name of the cabby himself,—may be read such cognomens as Mortimer, Tibault, De Vere, and the like. The Welsh love to think—those of them who are especially democratic in their views—that time thus takes its revenges on the marauders who robbed the people of their estates seven hundred years ago. But this law of evanishment is not confined to Norman lords. "There must be a period and an end to names and titles and all things terrene," said Lord

Chief Justice Crewe; "and where is Bohun? where's Mortimer? and, more and most of all, where's Plantagenet?" Blue-blooded Campbells sell calicoes; Granvilles and Dudleys keep pork-shops and bakeries; in my morning paper I observe at this moment that Thomas Tudor, a laborer, was drunk and obstreperous in a railway-carriage yesterday. The Tudors were not Normans: they were pure-blooded Welshmen. But the grand and knightly Norman families that ages ago ruled in Glamorganshire—the De Breoses, De Londres, Humfrevilles, Bronvilles, Fitz Hamons, De Clares—five only in the annals of old time and in storm-battered effigies on ancient tombs. Their very names are heard no more except in poetry and romance.

The commonest form of female beauty in Wales, according to my observation, is this: a light, slim, girlish figure; an oval face, with mouth and nose finely cut; small, regular teeth, very white; brown or black eyes; hair of the deepest and glossiest imaginable black. The eyes are alert and sparkling rather than soft and voluptuous, and the forehead is usually low, or, rather, the hair grows low upon it,—a charming effect, but indicative of a somewhat impulsive disposition. You see this type wherever you go, and in young people it is very fascinating. Beyond the age of thirty it too generally fades. The Welsh language, like the English, has no word equivalent to the elegant French *brunette*. The *brunette* Angharad of the court of Arthur was called Angharad don Velen,—Angharad of the yellow skin. Another famed Welsh *brunette* beauty was called Gwladys Ddu,—Black Gwladys.

That type of Welsh beauty known as the auburn blonde is sometimes very fascinating. The skin is as white as alabaster (but does not suggest anything so hard,—a soft white, as one might say); the figure short and graceful, though not slender, save as to the waist, which is often surprisingly small; the hair auburn and more or less curly; the eyes sometimes blue and sometimes a lovely reddish-brown, with an expression than which nothing could be more tender and

loving. One meets this type constantly in Wales, but it does not seem to figure in the pages of poet and romancer: perhaps it is too common. Probably of this type was Nell Gwynne, the little Welsh mistress of Charles II.

The girls of Wales are taught, directly to some extent and very largely in an indirect way, to avoid the "stranger." The Welsh girl does not contemplate her possible lover as coming from afar: he is to be one of her neighbors, out of this or that well-known family. Though Welsh literature presents the most complete ideal of knighthood romance ever drew, a dream of chivalry of unrivalled splendor, the practical young woman of the period troubles herself very little about forms of manhood differing from those she sees about her daily. It is not merely dark-browed Italians, moustachioed Frenchmen, swarthy Spaniards, blanched Norwegians, who represent to her the undesirable wooer: even the Welshman from the next county is not quite the correct thing; the Welshman from North Wales is at a downright disadvantage in South Wales, and *vice versa*; and, as for the Englishman, he need have very positive virtues to overcome the weight he carries in the race for a Welsh girl's hand by the mere fact that he is English. Exceptions aside, the strange Englishman in a Welsh village is viewed askance by mothers who have daughters; they cluck their pretty chickens under their wings with no uncertain call at sight of him. Here is an affiliation case which came up in the Cardiff police-court the other day: Polly Bwlchmaen is the complainant, and she is cross-questioned about Benjamin Butt, when this comes out:

Question. Where did you meet this man first?

Answer. He went home with me from Caerphilly Fair.

Q. He is an Englishman?

A. He is; but he knows a little Welsh. My father and mother were not willing I should keep company with him, because he was a stranger.

Q. Your parents objected to him?

A. They did,—because he was an Englishman.

The observer of life in Wales encounters this sort of thing constantly. Yet it is a prejudice purely personal and local. The women of Wales are as loyal to the English queen as any women in Her Majesty's domain; nor have they any dislike to England,—quite the contrary. "In no country," says Macaulay, "has the enmity of race been carried farther than in England; in no country has that enmity been more completely effaced." Indeed, Macaulay, if you will notice, ignores throughout his work the existence to-day of any such creature as a Welshman, except in the light of an Englishman. The feeling of the Welsh, men and women, is no doubt succinctly expressed in the phrase which I have heard used, "Dear England!—dearer Wales!" Beyond that, we all know that in every land, and beneath every sun, "our town" is superior to a town which labors under the drawback of not being "our town." What a modern writer has spoken of as the absurd fetich we call by the name of a nation has its worshippers everywhere. Those who consider *chauvinisme* "womanish" will at least not question the right of women to be womanish; and the Cambrian girls love to sing no songs so well as those which touch a gentle patriotic feeling, all the more tender and true, perhaps, because the nation as a nation is no more and the source of the feeling is shadowy and mournful. England is a magnificent old lioness whose veins are full of fire, whose realm is mighty and splendid, and whose subjects are heartily proud of her: shall not the Cambrian maiden all the more keep a warm and tender corner in her heart for poor dear little Wales?

Welsh women of the middle and lower classes are very independent in their ways. You meet them constantly in the rural roads, driving about in their carts, quite alone, and mistresses of the situation. They handle the reins with the careless ease of long use, and pull up for a chat with a neighbor in as quiet and off-hand fashion as any male in the land might do. Nor is their chat petty scandal or idle gossip. They take less interest in the dinners and bonnets of their neighbors

than in questions of fat cattle, good milch-cows, the best breed of pigs, and the like. But with their independence of character goes the inevitable accompaniment of such independence in this world—viz., hard work. "Married women among the operative classes in the United States," says James Henderson, an English factory-inspector, "have been fairly successful in emancipating themselves from much of the drudgery which it is still the lot of their sisters of the same class in Great Britain to bear. Rather than submit to it, a large proportion of American women are content to remain unmarried." Passing strange is this view of the subject to one who has been hearing for the past ten years (as every American has) the current talk of public women of "emancipating" their sex from the prejudices which close to them so many avenues of labor. To the Welsh woman the avenues of labor are very wide open,—too wide for her ease if her ease she chance to love. Although she has more independence, she is not so well taken care of. It happens in the matrimonial partnership that she bears the reputation of being "the better man of the two" with a frequency which is quite wonderful. Occasionally the struggle for marital supremacy is prolonged and bitter, leading to scenes as ludicrous to observers as they are serious to the actors. An amusing illustration comes to me, as I write, of a middle-aged and thrifty couple at the famous old town of Pontypridd, who are of one mind only in their frugality and industry, but constantly at loggerheads as to who shall be master. When the wifely storm becomes too severe for the husband, he has an aggravating way of shutting himself up in his stable, refusing to hear his wife's remarks. Recently he thus fortified himself against the enemy, and remained there till two o'clock in the morning, when he set out with his horse and cart for Castell Coch limekilns. The wife, anticipating this move, had hidden herself under the straw in the cart, and when well out on the road she sat up and began to explain to her amazed husband the precise state of her mind. For a moment the man was staggered by this

strategic movement, but, quickly rallying, he suddenly pulled out the pin and caused the cart to tip; so that the voluble woman was shot into the road in the midst of her observations. The disgraceful creature in the shape of a man then whipped up his horse and went rattling down the road, leaving the poor woman to get home as she best could.

It is possible that some considerable proportion of the wife-beating we hear so much of among the lower orders in Great Britain is due to the fact that the wife is ordinarily quite able to hold her own in a fair, square fight. With a good cause at her back, a Welsh woman of the collier class is a formidable antagonist; it is she who is most active in those expressions of neighborhood feeling which often take place where immorality or injustice has aroused rebuke. Recently three married women of a border village formed themselves into a vigilance committee for the purpose of tarring a grocer whose practices had offended the community. As he was going from house to house on a collecting-tour they waylaid him in a cottage, dragged him into the road, and daubed him with tar from head to foot. One of them then took up the tar-pot and emptied its contents down the back of his neck. After tying a dirty cloth around his shoulders they set him free and "turfed" him as he went,—i.e., pelted him with turf and stones. The women were subsequently tried for the assault, and the court-room was turned into a scene of merriment at the man's expense. The women were fined a few shillings and ordered to pay for the grocer's spoiled clothes. They indignantly declared they would go to jail first; but their husbands, respectable-looking workmen, stepped forward and paid the money amid the applause of the court-room.

Exploits of this sort demand not only pluck, but physical strength; and for physical strength Welsh women of this class are celebrated, and have been for ages. Past records are full of this. Among the laws of Howell Dda (tenth century) was one to this effect: When a woman was married, the tail of a year-old

bullock was greased and put into her hand, and she was given the bullock for her dowry if she could hold it while two men goaded it on either side. The indication here of personal strength is prodigiously suggestive.

There is an ancient custom called the *ceffyl pren*, or wooden horse, still occasionally encountered in Wales, whose purpose is the punishment of scolding wives. The virago is ridden in effigy thereon and subjected to such indignities as being pelted with addled eggs. This has been called the Welsh lynch law, and its spirit still survives actively; but, instead of being evoked for the punishment of viragoes, its chief service nowadays is to serve the cause of morality in graver matters. Aggravated adultery, outraging the community and exciting deep and bitter indignation, especially among the women, is extremely liable to be met with punishment of this sort. The ancient laws of the Welsh regarding chastity were peculiarly severe, and will not always bear repeating in these polite times. They called a pal a pal in those old days, *pal* being the Welsh for spade.

The rights of married Welsh women were more liberal than those of English women, and a result of the less dependent position of the former may be seen, perhaps, in the very general prevalence of occupations for wives distinct from those of their husbands, by which they add to the common income and have a more potent voice in its management and expenditure than is usually the case elsewhere. By the old laws of Wales a wife became legal owner of a part of her husband's effects immediately on marrying him, and had the separate control of her own property, with the sole disposal thereof, even during her husband's life. A debt from a husband to a wife was as binding on him and his heirs and executors as a debt to any other person. After the English laws were introduced into Wales, innumerable disputes arose on this ground, the Welsh woman being persistent in her determination to cling to her old rights, English law or no English law; and for nearly two centuries her will was stronger

than the will of English legislators in this matter, as legal records prove.

The range of employments for women in Wales is very wide. Among the miscellaneous occupations of the sex are some which women nowhere else in Britain engage in. Welsh women are not only field-laborers, milk-peddlers, market-women, pit-women, and the like, but they are sometimes letter-carriers, ticket-takers in theatres (ticket-sellers are common), cockle-wives, mussel-diggers, oyster-peddlers, and the like. Field-labor is engaged in by women in all parts of Wales,—not merely the lighter labor of the market-garden, but the heavy work of the broad fields. You may see a cluster of women at work in the fields wherever you drive, wheeling heavy barrow-loads of manure or earth, digging, cutting wood, shouldering bags of potatoes, etc. Not infrequently women past the age of threescore-and-ten are seen thus employed, and working with an alacrity and a cheerfulness that are simply astonishing. In Norway and other countries where women work in the fields, it has been noticed that the practice of so much outdoor labor results in the houses looking less tidy. This does not appear to be the case in Wales. The house of a Welsh peasant, as a rule, is neat; the practice is virtually universal of whitening not only the stone floor, but the doorstep outside, and scrubbing is rarely shirked. I have seen an old Welsh woman who had been working all day in the fields trudge home three miles afterward, knitting all the way, and fall to scrubbing the doorstep while the teakettle was boiling.

Welsh market-women deal in everything salable, from toys to butcher's meat, but most often their line is vegetarian. The point wherein an American observer notes that they differ absolutely from the market-women of the United States is that they are generally the producers or gatherers of the things they sell. On the morning of a market-day you may meet on the high-road—if you chance to be up early enough—a constant procession of market-women setting toward the market-town. There are men in this procession, but

women are in the majority. They are of every age and of varying conditions, and they bear to market all sorts of farm-produce, as well as shell-fish, which they have gathered by the sea. One day, as I was returning from a visit to a friend who lives in one of the ancient castles on the southern coast of Glamorganshire, I passed a group of seven women striding along with a good swinging gait, each leaning far forward under the weight of a huge basket laden with water-cresses. From the attitude far out of the perpendicular forced upon the women by these baskets on their backs, it was clear they were quite as heavy as the average full travelling-trunk which American railway-porters hurl and shoulder about with Herculean abandon, and which British ditto carefully place on hand-trucks and trundle before them as if they were baby go-carts with a living baby in every one. These women were in a jolly mood, and chaffingly asked us to give them a lift with their baskets: "Let us put 'em on your trap, master, won't you, now? *Wff!* they're so heavy!" My driver, who was of the neighborhood, told me these women had been to a point some distance beyond St. Donat's Castle after their water-cresses,—that is to say, twenty miles from Cardiff. Every week they made this journey, walking all night Thursday, gathering their cresses from certain lakes and pools by the roadsides on Friday, then walking back to Cardiff and making their appearance in the market early on Saturday morning. Such sleep as they had was got in the open air under the hedge-rows. This was in the last week of October, and it was pretty cold for such lodgings. For their forty miles' tramp, their discomfort, and their labor in gathering and selling, they would realize perhaps seven or eight shillings the basket.

A somewhat similar industry is that of the cockle-wives. These women—who, although thus generically dubbed wives, are often young girls, and handsome ones—are to be met with in great numbers at various points on the Welsh coast. At the little village of Penclawdd, in Glamorganshire, countless tons of cockles

are gathered and despatched by rail to all parts of England. Women alone do this work: men are absent from the scene, and spectators are not wanted. But it is a unique spectacle when the sand-bank is lined with the cockle-wives, bent over with their heads near the ground and their bright-hued drapery flying in the fresh ocean breeze, "scraping" for cockles. The tide here recedes for as much as a mile, sometimes farther, leaving exposed acres upon acres of sand in which the cockles are embedded. The great day for this business is Friday,—the day when nothing is doing, Saturday; both facts accounted for by the potent influence of Saturday's market. The habits of the cockle are very similar to those of the American clam, and he is caught in much the same manner. The searcher for cockles finds the sand dotted with thousands of little holes about as large as if pierced with knitting-needles; the cockle is there, embedded a couple of inches below the surface. The cockle-wife is armed with a "scraper" made from an old reaping-hook, and a deft Penclawdd lassie will pick up the cockles as fast as a farmer can dig potatoes. Some of the women have little carts or pannier-laden donkeys, but the majority bear their baskets on their heads. They can earn in good times three or four shillings a day.

Precisely similar is the occupation of the mussel-gatherers; but, as the mussel clings to rocks instead of burrowing in the sand, he is gathered in a somewhat different fashion. Both these little shell-fish are palatable eating, though rather indigestible, like their bigger American cousin, the clam. The mussel, indeed, is a somewhat risky customer to swallow, for he acts as a poison on some stomachs and at certain seasons. He is sold in his thin black shell, whereas the cockle, being much smaller, is boiled out of his shell and sold by measure. The itinerant venders of these shell-fish are a stalwart race, like the diggers, and make nothing of walking ten miles in the morning to market or fair, thankful to walk ten back again at night if the basket be empty. They have strong frames, and many of them

are handsome with a ruddiness of cheek good to see; and for the most part they are respectable and worthy members of society, good wives and daughters. Occasional examples exist, of course, of cockle-wives who have gone wrong,—as it is in poor human nature to do, irrespective of vocation,—and then they are toughish customers to deal with.

Perhaps the roughest work which women do in Wales is that of the tip-girls. They are indifferently called tip-girls or pit-women, their work being to make themselves useful at the mines. The same class exist in other parts of Britain, and any one who has read the clever story called "That Lass o' Lowrie's" is familiar with the class as it exists out of Wales. In Wales it is beyond question better,—less ignorant, more moral, less abject. The girl "Joan" would not be quite the exceptional character in a Welsh mining-town that she is seen to be in Lancashire. The Welsh pit-woman, like the Welsh miner, is commonly a worthy church-going person, not infrequently possessed of a rosy prosperity of aspect one would hardly expect to see in such a class. There is even beauty among them; I have seen more than one tip-girl whose face was really fascinating. Of course a certain coarseness prevails as a rule; refinement and coal-dust are naturally not quite synonymes. The work of the tip-girl is at the bank or pit's mouth in the colliery, where she watches carefully every tram that comes to the top, and knocks off with a pick the slag or stone that may have been unobserved by the collier, and throws out any stones that are tipped into the wagons. She is also useful at odd hours in waiting on the miners in various ways. During the depression which recently prevailed in the Welsh coal trade, many collieries being idle, the tip-girls in large numbers found their occupation gone, and their Mentors advised them to refine themselves a little with a view to qualifying themselves for the higher post of domestic servant.

That any employment for women should rank below that of domestic servant in popular estimation is an idea which strikes the American mind as quite a novelty.

An American girl will do almost anything rather than be a servant. A factory-girl ranks in the United States as a far more important member of society than a domestic servant. This is not the case in Wales, nor, I believe, in Great Britain generally. The servant-girl holds herself far higher in the social scale than the tip-girl, or indeed any other girl who works with her hands, unless it be the girl "in business," as the phrase is. A girl "in business" is what Americans politely call a "sales-lady," though in Great Britain she is not infrequently a seller of gin and beer,—in other words, a barmaid. Barkeepers of the masculine gender, it may be remarked by the way, are nearly unknown in Wales, unless as an exotic of American origin. The masculine bartender of America is an outgrowth of Western pioneer roughness,—a condition of society in which pistols and bowie-knives are many and women few.

There is hardly a better servant in the world than a really good Welsh maid. She more nearly approaches the best French model than any other I have known. Of course she has not the training in certain polished customs which the French servant has, but her deftness, alacrity, and politeness are equally great. The politeness of a servant to an employer is as clean and fair a thing as any politeness on earth. Its absence is a great loss to both parties; in America it is very generally absent, its expression being thought servility. The servant in Wales who is not polite is thought to be lacking in the social culture befitting his or her station. The wages of servants, while very much below those common in the United States, are, as a rule, better than the earnings of any other women on their social plane. The Countess of Dunraven, in seeking a kitchen-maid a summer or two ago, suggested that from a pecuniary point of view it is better to be a good kitchen-maid than a poor curate or an indifferent actress. For a first-rate cook for a large establishment she offered forty pounds a year and "all found." This, however, is far above the wages usually paid servants in Wales. For a good general servant twelve pounds a year and

found are good wages. Female farm-servants, when in great demand and very scarce, will receive a trifle more than this, good dairy-maids getting sometimes as high as fifteen pounds; but second-rate girls will not get above eight or ten pounds. Farm-servants are not always found in food and lodgings, but are paid by the week, and in good times their earnings will average three to eight shillings a week. These seem small wages for farm-work, but they are the best the history of Wales has ever known, and as compared with the earnings of the "good old times"—three or four hundred years ago—they are large. In 1444 the wages of a female farm-servant were limited by Parliament to ten shillings a year, with food and drink, and four shillings for clothing; for daily wages fourpence a day, without food and drink. But any consideration of the value of earnings must of course include a survey of the cost of living; and at that period you could buy a fat hog for three shillings and twopence, or a pound of butter for a penny.

What amount of satisfaction a Welsh woman may derive from the fact that she fills a more active place in the bread-winning scheme than women do in some other lands I am not prepared to say. Views probably differ. If home-keeping wives are sometimes discontented in all spheres of life, wives who go off to their work as regularly every morning as their husbands (and not along with them, either) might present a case of hardship more pitiful than the other. The wife of the workingman in Wales is generally a most devoted helpmate, whether she go out to work or stay at home. She is often the treasurer of the marital firm, and gives her husband such portion of his wages to spend for beer on a Saturday night as she thinks right. Of course disputes grow out of this custom, but generally the man has the sense to see the good of it. He is usually content, indeed, to be treated as a big baby by his wife in his home,—to be washed, brushed, and kept in order, to have his boots cleaned and his hair combed, by the woman who bears him children.

Welsh women make, as a rule, the most faithful and devoted of wives. Constancy is a virtue conspicuous in the Welsh character, and especially in the women. The obstinacy with which the Welsh cling to the chief remaining relic of the old differences of races—namely, the Welsh language—is a striking illustration of this trait. The disadvantages involved in many cases by the continued use of this language among the people are freely admitted; but they are not sufficient to overrule the blind love of the Cymry for his native tongue, which he is determined shall be spoken in Wales till the last trump sounds. He looks with pain on the fate which has befallen the Cornish language, and which now menaces the ancient Irish and Scotch Gaelic, and he is resolved that the Welsh language shall not thus perish. The Cornish is extinct; the last person who spoke it is said to have been an old woman, Dolly Pentreath, who died in 1788. At least, as Lord Bute not long ago remarked, "it was supposed she was speaking Cornish, for no one could understand what she said." But the date when the Welsh language will be spoken by the last old Welsh woman is beyond doubt very far in the future, and, in view of the fact that it has been maintained for unnumbered centuries essentially unchanged and unimpaired, it is not likely it will die as long as there is a Welsh woman alive. The people firmly believe that there is nothing older but the earth itself, and, though the men may transact business in English, they will always preach and pray and praise the Lord in Welsh; and, what's more, they will make love in Welsh: if they don't, the women won't marry them. Thus woman's constancy is to do its work. The same sort of argument is sometimes jocularly urged regarding the Welsh woman's hat,—that quaint Old-Mother-Hubbard hat which these women alone of all the world have continued to wear throughout the changes of fickle fashion. This hat is undoubtedly very ugly, but—thus does a modern Welsh bard poetize on the subject:

Oh, changeful woman, constant man,
Has been the theme for buried ages;

But here's the truth, say No who can,
 Ye bards, philosophers, and sages:
 Men buy their hats all kinds of shapes,
 Our own Welsh women change theirs never;
 'Tis with their hats as with their loves,—
 Where fancy rests the heart approves,
 And, loving once, they love forever.

Still, it is very clear that the Welsh woman's tall beaver hat is doomed. The pressure of modern taste in dress is too strong to be resisted, and year by year the tall hat gives way. The lamented comedian Charles Mathews, in a conversation with me shortly before his death, said that fifty years ago, when he made his first visit to Wales, *all* the women wore the tall hat. Now, according to my own observation, it is worn only by the farmers' wives and daughters in the rural shires, and only by the maturer ones even among them. I have rarely seen a very young face under a beaver, though comely ones of middle age have frequently been encountered. In Cardiganshire some of the women wear a peculiar cloak-hood, and when, in a shower, this is thrown, as it sometimes is, over the tall hat, the effect is something prodigious. The hat being a matter of a foot high and as solid as a chimney-pot, covering it with the cloak-hood gives the wearer the appearance of having a balloon on her head.

The Welsh are a prolific race, and have large families. The patriarchs of Wales set an example for their descendants in this matter which has been well followed. The veteran Brychan Brecheiniog is as famous for his progeny as King Priam. He had twenty-four sons and twenty-six daughters, and his descendants, I am told, are numerous in South Wales. Another Welsh patriarch, William ab Howell ab Iorwerth, died in 1580 leaving forty-three children, twenty-two of whom were by his first wife, seventeen by his second, and four by his third. His eldest son, at the father's death, was eighty-three years old, his youngest two years and a half. Another case is that of a Welsh farmer who died in 1756 in a valley of Merionethshire, and whose funeral was attended by eight hundred of his direct descendants. Dr. William Parry (executed in 1584 for a religio-political offence) boasted

that he had twenty-nine own brothers and sisters. In the care of their progeny the Welsh women have a mode of carrying them which would teach a valuable lesson to the untutored squaw; and it is a comment which may be properly made here, as illustrating a general fact which has many striking examples, that, while the practice of the American Indians in this regard is familiar to everybody, the no less unique custom of the Welsh mother may at this day be described as a novelty to the vast majority of English readers. The little one sits in a shawl folded to its mother's breast, but with its head free. The shawl passes under the woman's right arm and shoulder and over her left shoulder, and is tucked in at the waist, leaving her right arm quite free, while her left supports the baby with perfect ease, the shawl forming a sort of swing, depending from the woman's shoulders and bearing the greater part of the child's weight. It would be a blessing to the race of women the world over if this fashion of infant-carrying could be everywhere introduced. It gives the woman an erect bearing and renders her burden lighter; at the same time it leaves the right arm at liberty for any task which may be performed with one hand. I observe that English women adopt this custom very quickly after coming into Wales to dwell.

Nowhere in the world have I seen so many very aged women as in Wales. The specimens of female ancientness are to be compared only to the ivied ruins themselves for picturesque interest. Among no other people are there so many well-attested cases of extraordinary longevity. October 29, 1877, died Ann James, at Penon Farm, Llancarvon, near Cowbridge, aged one hundred and five, leaving two sisters in their nineties. At Lampeter, in the same month, an old dame of ninety-nine applied for admission to the workhouse, basing her application on the fact that she "did not feel able to support herself any longer;" and a wag said the board of guardians were not disposed to receive her, on the ground that "our minimum age is one hundred and six." Go into almost any rural church-yard in "Welsh Wales," and you will be struck

with the advanced ages recorded on the tombstones. Except for the mounds of a few babes, there are almost no indications of young persons being buried, or even persons of middle age. Of people who died in their nineties there will be found abundant records. In the year 1874 there were in England (including Wales) sixty-nine deaths of persons who were one hundred years old and upward, *fifty-three* of whom were women, and almost one-third of the number were Welsh. The population of Wales, it must be remembered, is barely one-twentieth that of all England. The oldest of these centenarians were six widows, each of whom was one hundred and four years of age, and all of them Welsh women.

The best of it is that these antique dames are a wonderfully sprightly race. Many of them, it is worth noting, preserve their matrimonial inclinations to a surprisingly advanced age, along with their

teeth and eyes, practically unimpaired. A man named Jones committed suicide at Ty Pwdr, near Cardiff, December 4, 1877, by jumping into a deep pool; and at the inquest it came out that he was about to be married to an old woman past seventy, popularly known as "Betsy Girl," who had jilted him in a fit of coquetry and broken his heart, so that he went off and drowned himself. The wealthy widow Hughes, who lived at Sketty, Glamorganshire, and was eighty years of age, was in August, 1877, married to Mr. W. Phillips, landlord of the Three Salmons Inn, Carmarthen, aged fifty. But a still stranger case is that of a Talgarth pair who were married at Hay in 1879, the bride being past seventy and the groom a youth of twenty-nine. One may not greatly admire marriages of this sort, but it is impossible not to wonder at the Cleopatra variety of the women who make them possible.

WIRT SIKES.

THE HARBOR BAR.

A SHIP has crossed the harbor bar,
The sunlight glinting on rope and spar:
Whither she goes, who knows? who knows?
She carries pearls of lustrous hue,
Costly fabrics from far Hindoo,
A tender maid to her lover true.

The wind has crossed the harbor bar
All armed and panoplied for war:
Whither it goes, who knows? who knows?
It darts on the ship far out at sea,
It tears and rends her with savage glee,
And, lo! a wreck drifts wild and free.

The sea has crossed the harbor bar;
It hears a potent voice from afar:
Whither it goes, who knows? who knows?
Rising upon a land of palms,
It throws a wreck to sea-walled farms,
And a lifeless maid to her lover's arms.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

MONSIEUR PAUL'S HEROISM.

HOW the Blanchards came to be living in the little "American Boarding-House: Fishballs, Buckwheat Cakes, Baked Beans, No. 17 Albert Crescent, South Kensington," is more than I know. They could no more speak English than worthy Mrs. Nesmith, our Cockney landlady, could speak French, and they were as unlike the young art-students who as a rule regaled upon Mrs. Nesmith's American cookery as it is possible to imagine. To us, the art-students, they were a combination of inscrutable mysteries.

Monsieur Blanchard was tall, stout, florid, easy-tempered, and young. Madame Blanchard was tall, stout, and easy-tempered, like her husband; unlike him, she was old and wore a wig,—a stupendous construction, of which she was very proud, and the fabricator of which she took pleasure in recommending to her acquaintance. Why she wore a wig was one of the mysteries; for, after all, she was old only by contrast with her husband, being no more than forty-five years of age, whereas Monsieur Paul was just twenty-one.

That Mme. Blanchard should be very fond of her husband, and proud of him as well, "goes without saying;" that he should be so fond of her was another, and one of the most inscrutable, of the mysteries. Fond of her he certainly was, however,—fonder than French husbands are generally supposed to be of their wives. He enjoyed her society, though he laughed at her peculiarities, which were many, and she enjoyed the laughter, and laughed back again at his boyish pranks; for, in spite of his great stature and his antiquated wife, Monsieur Paul was very boyish indeed.

In this trait, although she made merry over its manifestations, seemed to lie Mme. Blanchard's only trial. "He will never be a hero," she would lament; "and yet he has such surprising capacity! His mother and I used to be so proud of

him when he was little. Such wonderful things he used to do! If he would only exert himself, what a hero he might become!" But Monsieur Paul was inclined to anything rather than to exertion.

The Blanchards were very social, and endured with the utmost good humor the bad French which, in our eagerness to practise that language, we all inflicted upon them. The peculiar favor with which they came to regard me was due rather to the excellent French governess of my childhood than to any attractiveness inherent in myself. Madame Blanchard used to take me out with her shopping or sight-seeing,—that I might interpret for her, she said, but in reality, as was evident, because she liked to give me pleasure. Gradually she came to consider herself my chaperon, since, as she insisted, I was far too young to go about without one.

And thus it came to pass that when the time arrived for the Blanchards to return to France they were very urgent that I should go with them. "You can study art much better in Paris," urged Mme. Blanchard.

"And she certainly ought not to be here alone after you are gone, Julie," added her husband.

"In fact, you are perfectly right, as usual, my child," she replied, patting him on the shoulder.

We had been playing the game which they were pleased to call *vheesk*, monsieur, madame, and I, with dummy for a fourth. M. Blanchard had taken a cold, and was being treated to a *transpiration* by his loving spouse. Hence he could not appear in public, and Mme. Blanchard had implored me to come and help her amuse him.

Paul was wrapped in no end of dressing-gowns and mufflers, and his head was adorned with a night-cap. This decoration he had been inclined to suppress on my entrance, but his wife would not hear of it: "In this shocking climate, mees,

one cannot be too careful, and Paul has been subject to colds from an infant. Impossible to figure to one's self how he suffers! Thank God that we are going back to France!" and she shuffled and dealt with rapid dexterity.

We played in silence, both monsieur and madame intent upon every chance of raking in the two halfpence which invariably formed the stakes,—“just to give one an interest,” as madame said. Very soon, however, observing that the invalid, in the excitement of the game, was in danger of extending his arms too far from the shawls which enveloped him, the attentive wife put away the cards and exhorted her husband to wrap up his hands and keep quiet. It was then that my plans for the winter came upon the carpet, and, as the result of much discussion, so soon as due regard for M. Blanchard's health would permit, after the perils of the transpiration through which he had passed, we all made up our packages, and, bidding farewell to Mrs. Nesmith and her American boarders, drove to the Victoria station to take the night-train for Dover.

Foreign travel was so new an experience to me, having thus far been limited to the journey between Liverpool and London, that I was in a whirl of excitement inwardly, though outwardly very much amused by the multitudinous tribulations which fell to Mme. Blanchard's lot before herself, her valise, basket, umbrella, protégée, and husband were safely locked into a first-class carriage. Even then her anxieties did not cease, for she entertained dire misgivings as to the safety of a certain red trunk, and only her fear that Paul might descend from the carriage and get lost during her absence deterred her from going in search of it. “He got lost once, my dear mees,” she explained to me in justification of her fears when he laughed at them.—“Oh, yes, Paul, I assure you! It was when thou, thy mother, and I went from Metz to Paris at the *Mi-carême*.—He was but an infant, mademoiselle, and we descended to get some luncheon and left him in the carriage with the maid. Imagine yourself, dear mees! We return; the

train is upon the point to depart; all the world is running; and no child to be found! He had descended to seek for us, the maid said. Oh, what horror!”

“And was he never found?” I asked, laughing; for the tragical expression of her face was irresistible.

“At the last moment,—the very last. Figure it! The guard brings him back kicking and screaming.—Oh, you may laugh, Paul, but I assure you I would not go through it again,—not for worlds.”

“The guard would have trouble with me now, I fancy,” says the young man, laughing more than ever; and then there is silence, for the train starts suddenly and speeds away from the lights, the noises, the hurry, of the station into the still black November night.

Madame Blanchard put her feet upon the opposite seat and went to sleep; M. Paul asked my permission to light a cigar, and smoked in silence; I gazed from the window at the lights of London twinkling up from the black chasm below us, and at the long rows of signal-lamps, of every imaginable color and in every possible variety of combination, which guided us amid the inextricable labyrinth of rails along which we were rushing with lightning speed. Across the Thames, over the roofs of houses, and down, down to the wide dark fields of the open country, with their infrequent, far-glimmering lights, faster, ever faster, we flew, with hardly more sound or sense of motion than if we had been upon wings, but with such an intense consciousness of bewildering rapidity as became almost unendurable.

Suddenly through the half-open window came a dash of salt spray into our faces, and we were in Dover, groping our way along the slippery landing-stage, and Madame Blanchard was doubly agitated between doubts as to the safety of our luggage and fears lest we should slide into the Channel, which was lurking in who knew which of the dark abysses to swallow us up? “Though, if one of us were to fall in, mademoiselle, I assure you that Paul would plunge in and rescue her; for he is as brave as

possible, although he has not as yet done anything heroic. But then he would be sure to take cold, and that would be such damage!"

We succeeded, however, in reaching the deck of the crazy little tug which was dancing frantically in the lower darkness without requiring any display of M. Paul's valor. Here we were unceremoniously hustled down a steep flight of stairs into a wretched saloon, already well filled with ladies, and into which sanctum M. Paul was forbidden to penetrate. "He will stand about upon deck and smoke, and attrap a current of air," lamented Madame Blanchard as she spread her travelling-rug over the unwholesome red blankets of her berth. "And after the transpiration— Ah-h-h!" for without a note of warning the steamer had darted from her moorings and was tossing more wildly than ever upon the waves of the Channel. The groan with which Madame Blanchard had become extinguished as she sank into the uncomfortable pen allotted to her was echoed by all our fellow-travellers, who passed at once into various stages of unutterable woe.

The boat labored on through the sea; the howling of the wind, the roaring of the engine, the splashing of the waves, the groans and sighs of the victims, added a sense of horror to our misery. The lantern which swayed from the ceiling spluttered a vexed protest against the state of things, and went out. All our movable effects scuttled about in the darkness. A frowzy steward occasionally looked in, admitting a momentary ray of light from some farther region, then withdrew without a word: our condition was evidently beyond the reach of human aid. As abruptly as it had started the steamer stopped again, and M. Paul was at the door, none the worse as yet for any possible currents of air.

We soon found a haven from all our woes in the railway-train. Madame Blanchard's basket was opened, and disclosed an excellent luncheon, with sundry bottles of wine. This repast served to restore us, as well as to beguile the time

during the leisurely interval of waiting at Calais.

When the train started, my companions settled themselves comfortably and went to sleep. I, never more wide awake, leaned back in my corner and looked out into the night. Slowly the cars jogged along in the darkness: we seemed separated by a lifetime from that rapid flight on the other side of the Channel. Slowly the morning crept on. Through the chill winter dawn I could see the white roads, the endless plains, the clustered villages. I might have been one of "Les Misérables" themselves, so familiar did it all seem. And then, almost before I was aware, we had passed through the suburbs and under the fortifications,—alas! how useless but a few short months before!—and were in Paris. In another half-hour we had rattled through the silent streets, past the St. Vincent de Paul, and the gas-works, and the ruined heaps of buildings left here and there by war, and had stopped at 58 Rue Condorcet. A coal-dealer's wife, in a black cap and smutty face, stepped out of the shop next door to see who had arrived; the baker's boy, with long rolls of bread under his arm, leaned against the wall to stare at us; the *conciierge* came out with the key; and M. Paul, running before us up the two flights of stairs, threw open the door of our apartment and called to us over the balusters, "Welcome to Paris, mademoiselle and Julie!"

In the short winter days which followed we found plenty of occupation. The climate, indeed, was not so great an improvement upon London: it rained almost incessantly, and in our narrow street it was dark by the middle of the afternoon. But Mme. Blanchard had a talent for improving every shining hour, and when it was too bad for the Bois or the Parc Monceaux or—which perhaps I liked best of all—the Buttes Chaumont, there were the Louvre and the Luxembourg and the shops. And Mme. Blanchard would make a rendezvous with Paul at one of the best restaurants for an early dinner, and would take us afterward to the theatre or the opera, where she would comfortably sleep through the

performance which enraptured us, like two children that we were. Or, more frequently, we would go home to dine and play whist; that amusement being Mme. Blanchard's never-failing resource.

There was an old lady who lived on the fifth floor of the adjoining house,—an ancient friend of M. Blanchard's mother or grandmother, or perhaps of some more remote ancestress,—who used to make a fourth at our whist-table. Mlle. Geneviève Picard lived all alone with a white cat and a black snuff-box, both of which possessions were carried out with her on all occasions. The snuff-box was quite harmless, except as Mlle. Picard would occasionally insist upon sharing its contents with a neighbor; and I wish I might say as much of the cat. Mimi was “an original,” as her mistress truly averred. She had an uncomfortable habit of lying upon the hearth-rug, fixing us by turns, like the Ancient Mariner, with her glittering eyes, and suddenly springing, with tail erect and claws extended, at the face of the person who might be rash enough to encounter her gaze. Toward Mme. Blanchard's wig she entertained an invincible hostility, and spent whole evenings in plotting its destruction, creeping stealthily about and watching her opportunity to spring upon it and bear it away in triumph.

Mlle. Picard shared Mme. Blanchard's faith in M. Paul's wonderful capacity for heroism, and was almost equally with her upon the watch for some surprising manifestation of this latent talent. To please his wife, M. Blanchard had resumed the study of the law, which had been interrupted by the war and his consequent absence from the country. He was to go up for examination in the spring, and was expected to distinguish himself on that occasion. It was in vain that he insisted that he knew nothing whatever of law and was far more likely to fail than to win honor: the confidence of his admirers was but fortified by his humility. “Poor Julie! how sorry I shall be for her!” the young man said to me one evening when his wife had left the room for a parting word with Mlle. Picard at

the door. “She will be terribly disappointed when I fail to pass. I wish from my heart that I could do something heroic by way of atonement,—I do indeed!”

“Rescue her from the claws of Mimi, for instance?” I suggested.

“Or her wig, more probably. I wish I had heroism enough to exterminate that beast, but I never could face Mlle. Picard's wrath.”

A shriek broke upon the stillness. We rushed into the antechamber, and beheld, as by a lightning-flash, Mme. Blanchard's agonized countenance and white, unprotected scalp, and Mimi flying up the long staircase, the wig in her mouth, its disorganized curls trailing upon the steps as she sped along.

Without a word M. Paul sprang after her, four steps at a time. He had overtaken her, had penned her into a corner, his hands were closing upon her, when she bounded over the balusters, and, alighting at our feet, fled through the open door of my room and out upon the balcony; for, with the recklessness characteristic of Americans, I had left my window open.

In a moment M. Paul had dropped from the floor above, at imminent risk of continuing on to the basement, had rushed through my room and out upon the balcony, followed by us all, Mlle. Picard, even in this supreme moment, not forgetting to snatch up a shawl and throw it over her friend's hairless head, with a murmured warning against currents of air.

Mimi waited but to see her foe upon her before she gave another spring and landed upon the balcony of the next window. M. Paul sprang after her, regardless of his wife's heart-rending screams. Another leap, another, and another, in which she was closely followed by her pursuer, brought Mimi to the last balcony; for there were none on the adjoining house. The embrasure of the next window, however, was broad and deep. Into it Mimi sprang, and turned to glare defiance at her foe across the chasm, the wig still clutched determinedly between her teeth.

Mme. Blanchard grasped my arm in

agony. "My God!" she cried; "what is he doing?—Stop! Paul, Paul!"

"Hist!" interposed Mlle. Picard; "you but disturb him;" and we clung to each other in shivering horror, while Paul, pressing himself closely to the wall and holding, as it seemed, by the palms of his hands, crept slowly along a slight projection toward the deep recess where Mimi crouched with glittering teeth and glaring eyes guarding her prey.

Hours seemed to pass while we watched the black figure creeping slowly along the moonlit wall. A fragment of mortar was loosened somewhere and rattled to the pavement, congealing the blood in our veins and causing us to tighten our grasp of one another. Then came a daring leap, an ominous growl, a spitting and sputtering, a long-drawn "Me—o—w!" a triumphant "Huzza!" and M. Paul, the cat, and the wig disappeared through the window, the fastenings of which had given way at the unexpected onset.

We had not yet loosed our frenzied grasp upon each other, and still stood shivering in the moonlight, when a white streak flashed from the door of the next house and disappeared down the street. The next moment Paul appeared, waving the wig in triumph above his head. A sorry wreck it was indeed when he brought it for our inspection, and Madame Blanchard was fain to confine herself to her apartment and a *fou-lard* for the next few days; but the immortal genius which had created the fabric sufficed shortly to restore it to more than pristine beauty, and meantime Madame Blanchard solaced herself with sounding pæans over Paul's heroic deed: "Did I not tell you, mees? Did I expect too much of Paul?" And in her delight she would accept of Mlle. Picard's proffered pinches of snuff and sneeze until she was black in the face.

Poor Mlle. Picard was inconsolable over the loss of Mimi, for that worthy quadruped never returned and was not to be heard of, although M. Blanchard went so far as to advertise for her, moved by the sight of the old lady's grief.

Meanwhile, the winter wore to a close;

the spring, nowhere in the world so charming as in Paris, was showering its ecstasies upon us, and the examinations were at hand,—were past, indeed, and M. Paul had justified his own predictions and failed. How his wife would have borne the shock but for her wig it is impossible to surmise. There it was, however, an ever-present reminder of Paul's greatness and a triumphant evidence of the incompetency of his judges. The equanimity with which the young man bore his disaster was but another proof of his superior desert. His wife lavished all sorts of attentions upon him to alleviate his supposed secret suffering, planning every kind of agreeable diversion for the summer after they should have paid their duty-visit to Madame Mère at Metz. For this latter journey they were only awaiting the arrival of some relatives, who were to take me in charge, and who were now daily expected.

We were returning home from the Buttes Chaumont on a lovely summer evening through the squalid quarter which environs that beautiful park, Mlle. Picard being also of the party, when we came upon that most rare sight in Paris, a burning house. It was a wretched little tenement on the outskirts of an open common. The police and firemen were already upon the spot; a *cordon* had been formed to keep away intruders and to pass buckets of water, after the clumsy fashion which still prevails—or did at that time prevail—in that city. Much of the furniture had been removed, and the tenants stood by watching with many ejaculations of sorrow the destruction of their home.

At the moment when our carriage had drawn as near as the police would permit, a little old woman came running up the street, and rushed, panting, at the *cordon*, fiercely endeavoring to break through to the burning building. "My darling, my little pet!" she shrieked; "she is there,—there in the mansard! Let me save her!" A thrill of horror shook us all as the building was seen to rock and threatened to fall. "My Finette!" she screamed again, wringing her hands.

"Save her, save her, messieurs, for the love of Heaven!"

A groan burst from the bystanders. "Impossible!" they cried; "no one can save her now."

Paul sprang from the carriage. "Let me go!" he shouted wildly. "Are you men, to stand there and let an innocent creature burn to death?" He tore through the crowd and dashed into the burning house, regardless of our screams and of the oaths of the police, who vainly sought to detain him.

There was a crash, echoed by a heavy groan from all around: the roof had fallen in. A part of the attic was revealed. "There! there!" cried the woman, "in the cradle! I laid her there to sleep before I went out."

"My God! the poor innocent! It is rocking itself in the cradle," said one of the men, and all the women burst into tears; for we could indeed see the cradle rocking violently and a little white head raising itself from time to time. Then a volume of smoke rolled before us. Paul! oh, Paul! where was he? We hid our faces in agony.

A loud shout burst from the men: "Behold him! He has caught up a blanket! He envelops the little one! He springs to the balcony of the next house! Ah, bravo, bravo!" and a hundred arms are outstretched, a hundred plaudits rend the air, as Paul, all smoke-begrimed and blinded, but guarding the precious treasure most carefully, lets himself down from crevice to crevice and reaches the ground in safety. He hastens to the sobbing little woman, he

extends to her the blanket which envelops her darling. Amid re-echoed benedictions a spitting and spluttering is heard, a streak of white darts from the blanket, and Mimi, with glaring eyes and gnashing teeth and tail erect, alights in our carriage.

"My Finette, my darling, my little one! Saved, saved!" cries the little old woman, springing after her upon the carriage-step.

"You ridiculous old creature!" exclaims the police sergeant; "is it for this you have perilled a man's life?"

"But, monsieur, I have no one else, and she has been such a comfort to me since she came, one night last winter, to my door. Would you have let her burn to death?"

"But she belongs to me," interrupted Mlle. Picard; and indeed Mimi's delighted purrings and rubbings against her face confirmed her words.

The matter was, of course, referred to a *juge de paix*, and terminated in Mlle. Picard's regaining delighted possession of her pet. The old woman was amply rewarded for her goodness to the truant, and we were at last at liberty to drive home.

"To think that it should have been *that* beast, of all others!" whispered M. Paul to me, while his wife and Mlle. Picard recounted and recapitulated his wondrous deeds all the way home.

"And now, at last, the whole world will know of Paul's heroism," concluded Mme. Blanchard as we descended at our door, "for to-morrow morning it will appear in all the newspapers."

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

A COUNTRY TAVERN IN WINTER.

TWO o'clock by the kitchen-clock. At four it will be dark. The dim red sunset of fine days can hardly shine through the December windows, and now a storm is blowing and it is in-

tensely cold. The tavern stands knee-deep in snow. Snow is piled high on window-ledges and sashes, and the rooms are muffled in a peculiar hush caused by the woolly frost on the panes, which

thickened to bold *alto rilievo* when the kettles were boiling for dinner; you have to scratch a hole half an inch deep in order to see out. Nevertheless, "flowers of all heavens" grow in the landlady's windows. A large, dark, able woman, she sews beside her flowers, half remembering the brief dream of summer, so hot while "the corn weather" lasted that the English sparrows gasped with open mouths and lifted wings, half hoping for the first heavenly day of spring when the wind, blowing hundreds of miles from sea to the New York hills, will begin to melt the snow under its icy crust. The remark common to women, "I can't have anything as I want it," is not one of hers. She has made a sitting-room of her ample old kitchen, has fitted it up with a rag-carpet, a cherry bureau inlaid with birch, and a stand having gorgeous brass handles and a pair of green-glass candlesticks, and has moved her kitchen, according to a fashion dear to country wives, back to a little pantry-surrounded room in the rear. From her chair she can hear Ann Smallhoof in the kitchen singing with the voice of a wild bird,—screech-owl, for instance,—

I wants none of your rings nor money,
 Fal de rang,
 De rang edang eday;
 I'm for the man that calls me honey,
 Fal de rang,
 De rang edang eday.

And she can look across the yellow-painted dining-room to a door of the bar-room, which opens occasionally with the announcement, "Two travellers for dinner!" Whenever this happens, the little pot standing full of peeled potatoes in cold water in the kitchen is clapped on the fire, and twenty minutes later those potatoes, mashed, enter the dining-room in the company of ham and eggs and hot coffee. There are long, level roads about Wet Fells and the Malleable Iron-Works where the railroads have killed the taverns, but among the hills a great deal of riding and driving still goes on, and this tavern, on a plateau of the valley, with woody sweeps rising far above it, and below it a cedar-scented stream running in woody beds, lacks no company. Many a traveller breasts the

storm miles and miles for the sake of the landlady's cookery.

Snowy feet stamp on the porch, and in stalks Squire Ford, of the Hills, caught in the storm on his homeward way. He seats himself by the sitting-room fire and tries to find some news that he has overlooked in yesterday's paper. There is a vein of melancholy and irritability about the Ford race; he is not pleased to have to put up at a tavern. A Ford is never in a scrape. No Ford ever catches cold, or has his house burnt up, or is poor, or a drunkard, or cheats. Whatever a Ford does is right and a success. There is old Bill Birkbeck: stepped on his shoestring, fell and broke his hip, and is lamed for life. No Ford goes around with untied shoes. And old Dan Idlet: dropped a stick of wood on his foot, and is bed-ridden after. No Ford drops wood on his foot. The squire should have foreseen the storm.

While he reads, the sitting-room receives another arrival that banishes his peevish looks,—the Melvines of Melvine Farm, belated in the storm like himself. They are a fine couple,—the gentleman with a glow of amber in his white hair, the dame in a rich woollen dress of a beauteous pigeon-blue and wearing blond lace on her silken gray hair. Stiff and rosy with cold, they doff wraps, and talk and congratulations commence, for there never were such friends as the Fords and Melvines; their mere meeting is exhilarating. The founders of the two families came together long ago from Connecticut to New York's wheat-fields, that they might no more need to eat "rye and injin," and their "woods, underwoods, rivers, brooks, and rivolette" were enfeoffed to them from a sachem named Ousamarquin, king of the country of Pocanoreket.

Melvine's fourth great-grandfather was an officer in the French and Indian war, which is fine; but Ford's fifth great-grandfather was scalped in the Pequot war, which is still better. The Melvine families have superior beauty of *physique*, educate their children well, are fond of travel and society, are hard at a bargain and smart at making money. They are

an equable race, having something genial in their very anger, never specially enthusiastic about anything, nor bent on reforms which do not pay, nor distressed by the nakedness of the poor. Our great war did not disturb them. They give some hundreds a year to the Church and go about their business with minds disengaged from thoughts about the Infinite. They are satisfied with their old preacher, who fills his sermons with cheerful and doleful anecdotes in equal parts, interspersed with such phrases as "washings of regeneration," "root and branch," and "pestilence that walketh at noon-day," and makes them emphatic by shaking his forefinger before his nose thirty seconds together, by lifting his fists high above his head and bringing them down with a whack, and by hanging his hands over the front of the pulpit and letting them dangle there.

The Fords are temperate, prudent, long-lived, and hearty; not great readers, but possessing such cool, perfect judgment that they are the ruling minds of their community and are depended on to help in times of trouble. You can lean on their sound sense as if it were a post. They watched the war in agonized suspense. They are of a philosophical turn of mind, and when they ought to be thinking about hogs waste their time in speculating about the origin of the universe.

Mrs. Melvine is a *prima donna assoluta* of this nation. Talk about ability! She has reared a great, beautiful, healthy family, has settled them creditably, has always kept house handsomely, with servants in subordination and constant preparations for company, has read books and newspapers, and has done all without becoming sickly and fretful and without talking about her work, and still looks refined and fresh.

The spirit of the Revolution is still among the hill-folks. They read Wirt's "Patrick Henry" and Jefferson's "Autobiography" and know about the battle of Camden. Squire Ford has a roll of thin brown Continental bills in his writing-desk. He can tell an evening full of fine anecdotes about the Revolutionary

war, related to him when a child by his grandmother, and he remembers how M. de la Fayette on his last visit to America rode a richly-caparisoned canal-boat along the Erie Canal, bowing left and right to the crowd. Mrs. Melvine can sing parts of a song eighty verses long about wearing the hair over a roll. They think American things perfect, and would consider Mr. Henry James a Tory.

As they converse about their old friendships, their grandparents, children, and grandchildren, two engineers who have been looking into the Cedar Holler railworks join them in the sitting-room. The house is filling with travellers, and the landlady perceives that an ample supper will be required. She goes into the kitchen to see how the work is getting on. Ann Smallhoof is performing a *sforzando* passage on the cook-stove. The little maid that helps is digging tooth and nail in her cold corner like a dormouse burrowing through a hill, in the hope that she may warm her chilly frame and doze over a ragged fairy-book by the hearth for a little while before bedtime. She stops, wildly holding a potato in one hand, when the landlady announces, "There will be thirty people to supper."

Ann Smallhoof is old with the anxiety of that moment. "We're working on the clean jump, but we can't get it ready," says she; which is a frightful thought in a house where the meals are always "spat on the minute."

The landlady is equal to the emergency. "Go," says she calmly, "for one of the neighbor women. Go to wunst."

The Neighbor Woman soon comes, with a shawl over her head, and plants herself by the fire. By and by she wipes her nose on the corner of her shawl. She then takes a pin from her mouth. Now she removes her shawl. There is a "wudjuk" of tousled hair at the back of her head, from which protrudes an old "rat" of rusty cambrie burst open and showing its cotton stuffing. Her mind is partially softened by the vat of boiling gossip in which she lives. "I knowed we was goin' to have a bad night; but we has to bear it. I must take some-

thin' against night," she observes. She steps into the pantry, puts a loaf of bread against her greasy breast, cuts off a slice, butters it, overlays the butter with a piece of rich fruit-cake, spreads bits of cheese on the cake, eats the combination off her hand, and chucks the crusts under the stove. She then proceeds to peel a pan of apples.

"Our folks have seven orchards, but we don't waste apples like that," says Ann Smallhoof.

The apples despatched, the Neighbor Woman attacks with violent energy the accumulation of dishes in the sink, dashing glass, dirty platters, knives, and forks together in a pan and clashing them about like bedlam let loose.

"Lauk a mercy on me! It kills me up to see dishes washed so," ejaculates Ann Smallhoof.

"Don't talk to me no more, you sassy thing! I sot up housekeepin' when I was eighteen, I had two children when I was twenty, and ten when I was forty, and two married, and I guess I know how to wash dishes," answers the Neighbor Woman, being of the sort that talks back. "I work for the toppin'est people 'round, and they allers crack me up to the highest notch," she adds.

"Bah! I know who you be and what you do, so you've strained yourself for nothin'. You're grubbin' along just the meanest kind among a mess of poor folks," says Ann in a rage.

"What's out of kilter?" inquires the landlady, appearing in her cooking-apron.

"Me and her is havin' a little spat: we don't quite fadge, that's all. I'll have these done in a jiffy: I'm no putterer," replies the Neighbor Woman.

"If you're mean enough to sneak out of it that way, all right," says Miss Smallhoof.

"I never see the beat!" exclaims the Neighbor Woman. "It's a tedious job to try to work with you, Ann Smallhoof; you're terribly out all the time—big gump—" The rest of the sentence tails off into grunts and groans, and ends with a look of perfectly pulverizing scorn.

"Now, what nonsense!" says the landlady tranquilly.—"Ann, I'll be

oblegged to you if you'll be a little bit folksey; I'm used to likely folks in my kitchen."

Any forcible remark that pricks the conscience is scolding; and this quiet scolding of the landlady's is a power in her house. She retires, and her servants drift into an agreeable conversation about freezing and stuffing sausages and drying pound sours.

The landlady is a woman who does not worry about her rights, which are to run that tavern properly. She does not furnish matches with the cigars and tobacco; it has become a custom with the *habitués* of the bar-room to save up bits of paper, which they lend to each other and blow out to use again and lay up half burnt on little ledges about the bar-room, which is hot and brightly lighted up and smells pungently of whiskey, lemons, and cigars. The looking-glass and the bottles behind the bar shine brilliantly, and a vast circus-poster depicting Mlle. Tourenaire in flesh-colored tights, riding five cream-colored horses together, makes the wall gay.

Ford's boy lounges in one of the worn wooden arm-chairs in a luxury of warmth and anticipation of supper. This is better than his usual evening work of sorting seed-peas one by one at home. Being in a bar-room he considers next to going to a raising, and that is next to going to town. He likes going to any kind of a "doings" except to church: the mere sight of a steeple gives him a dismal sensation; but the talk about bulls' pelts, about "rasslers" that know the hip-lock, and about a show where a man dances with two other men hanging to the hair of his head, enchants him.

The landlady's husband, a little, lean, lazy, watery-eyed man, has a taste for trading. To hear his wife talk, you would suppose he wastes a fortune that way: he did once buy a white pony that turned out deaf. He is dickering for a pipe with a man having a species of whortleberry nose,—one of those strange beings who get a living by sitting in a bar-room without ever having any "money in their clothes." At "the sticking-point of the bargain" the landlord hap-

pens to remember his wife, and stops with, "Tain't wuth it, come to think."

The travellers, in their fur caps, coats, and shoes, look like water-animals as they leisurely remove their furs, on which the snow melts in the hot bar-room air. They are pleased to exchange dangerous cold, darkness, and storm for comfortable rooms, company, and a good supper.

"It's well I have toughed it through; I like to have died of the cooking at Cedarfalls," says one.

"I would come far to this house for bread and butter and water-cresses in summer," says another.

"Our tavern knocks the spots off any tavern round," says Whortleberry-nose.

"Who put this poor, punky log on the fire?" asks one poor traveller, who is so cold he can hardly become warm.

"It's hotter than Tunket here now; there isn't a hole in this bar-room that you could drive a flaxseed through with a beetle," asserts Steve, the hostler, who attends to the fires.

"I say this log is as rotten as Sam Hill. Put some more wood on," insists the Poor Traveller.

"You're froze up tight as Boze outside and in, niggin' along without any greatcoat this weather," mutters Steve.

"You'll be chipper after supper; you won't be tewin' about the fire then."

"How much longer must we mosey 'round here before supper is ready?" inquires the Poor Traveller.

"It begins to fog up in the kitchen now, though they are scant of hands there," replies Steve.

"It will get a quick currying when it is ready," avers the Poor Traveller, who thinks the rest are as hungry as himself.

"We are all on the queue V for supper," says a man in the corner.

"It will take the rag off the bush when it is done," says he from Cedarfalls.

"There won't be a hooter of it left when I'm done with it," reaffirms the Poor Traveller, growing hungrier every second.

The Poor Traveller has brought a piece of news. "You know that gang

of Irish at Ranger Field's Centre?" says he. "The constable went to take one of them chaps last week, and he went to his house, and he went up-stairs, and he caught him in bed; and he got up and tackled him, and they fit, and he fell down between the partition behind the stairs; and t'other he jumped out of window and run like a heater 'round the house, and he out and arter him, and he shot at him, and he took to the woods; and he hain't been heard on sence."

"Who hain't?"—"What's that?"—"What is't?" comes from all parts of the room; and "Who disappeared?" asks the Cedarfalls man.

"He did," answers the Poor Traveller.

"Well, that story is a booster!" up-speaks Steve, derisively grinning.

"Dry up!" says the Poor Traveller in a low, terrible tone.

"Steve, you lay low there; you're too darned uppish," says the landlord.

Steve has much to depress and make him grouchy. Besides putting so many horses out in the cold, his fingers are half gnawed off by the sharp little teeth of the landlady's Grade Durham calf, which he is teaching to drink milk, and which disgusts him by existing at all at the wrong season; and then the landlord continually puts him down.

They are beginning to despair of any supper in this world, when, "Fellows! what do I hear?" cries the Poor Traveller. It is Ann Smallhoof ringing the cracked supper-bell on the porch in the storm.

The landlord carves at a side-table and Miss Smallhoof serves the guests deftly and silently. The landlady sits and pours the tea, and the little maid carries round the cups. The landlady gives the seat opposite herself to one of the engineers, a man of the grand, homely type, immensely large and finely proportioned and very bald, with a fringe of neatly-cut dark hair about his head. He has round, bulging eyes, a pug nose, a round chin, and a look of haughty pride and capacity. His comrade is beside him, and on either side of them are the Melvines, Ford and his boy, and the boarders and travellers

to left and right. Ann Smallhoof is in her element. She has an impudent beauty,—brows black, straight, and meeting, lips composed in assurance, and a complexion that snows cannot blowze nor suns scorch nor rains wash. Her hair is banged up and banged down and puffed and convoluted as if she had turned her head inside out, and she is dressed in her best bib and tucker in honor of the Fords and Melvines. Ann is a "tol'ble smart girl." She takes a magazine, and has a scrap-book full of poetry cut from the country paper about "The Sobbing Winds," and containing adjurations like—

Toll! toll! ye bells!
Knoll! knoll! ye knells!

For supper there are roast turkey and chicken-pie (perhaps you never tried this mixture), turnips, winter-squash, and potatoes mashed by the landlady's own quick, strong hands, and still hot and finely aerated. With them are a catchup that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder, and currant-jelly, and hot biscuits, and red raspberry-jam, and damson plums, and doughnuts, and cheese, and mince-pies, and cream from a Durham which is fed, not on dry hay lying about like a poor housekeeper's stale bread, but on hay cut from the close, fragrant mow with a hay-knife.

"Our Hawk Hill potatoes beat your mixed-up foreign dishes all to pieces," says a hop-dealer near Melvine.

"That is true. I don't like puffed-up cooking," answers a dealer in fancy produce, opposite.

"More people are killed by baking-powder than by gunpowder," remarks the second engineer.

"Mebbe they be," ventures the Poor Traveller.

"I would as soon eat a plumb-bob as a plum-pudding, myself," declares Melvine.

"You would not fear one made by our hostess," says Mrs. Melvine.

"When she's in luck," says Melvine.

"No luck about it: it's all skill," avers the Cedarfalls man. Being in the habit of pounding his opinion into others as if it were a wedge and he a mallet, he con-

tinues: "Good judgment makes opportunity luck. Whatever you leave to luck is sure to go wrong. Those who put in the wheat will have the money."

"Wheat is a good crop when it hits. I have some, but it's a pooty lean year with me, too. I hain't done a lick of work this year to any profit. If it hadn't been for the bean-harvest, my cake would be in the fire," says a man from down Fenn Woods way.

"You want to sell wheat right spang on the minute harvest is done," says the hop-dealer.

"I'm clear provoked I didn't sell ourn then; they'd a gin me some money for it then," says he from Fenn Woods.

"They say prices are picking up," says the second engineer.

"Mebbe they be," says the Poor Traveller.

"You can't believe the putrid and rotten lips of rumor," says a young fellow who has been to hear Bob Ingersoll.

"I can't if I hain't a mind to," responds the Poor Traveller, thinking himself appealed to.

The second engineer, having a joyous nature, and feeling gladdened by the fine aroma of the landlady's coffee, now rolls a laughing eye on his taciturn and rather sad companion, who answers with, "You never had any trouble."

"Well, no; I never had any trouble. My father died when I left college, and I thought that was hard, but after a while I got over it. Then I failed in business, and I thought that hard, but I got over it. Then my son died,—all the child I had,—and I thought that hard, but I got over it."

"Sir, you have taught me a lesson," returns the other. "I remember an exquisite romance of my youth; the remainder of life is dull enough, and I am always remembering *that*."

When supper is ended, the Poor Traveller's head, which at the beginning resembled the planet Jupiter with its thin streaks of hair, has become both remarkably bald and astonishingly frowsy. He says he feels pretty chirk, and, as he is thoroughly warmed, falls, in the bar-room,

into the delicious drowse enjoyed only by hard-working people in their moments of rest. He is walking under the shell-like crab-apple blossoms, under the small white flowers and small green leaves of the mountain-ash, under the unfolding hanging leaves of horse-chestnuts and the ragged tufts and floating tassels of butter-nuts, in a vision of spring, until a lull in the talk occurs which arouses him, when he exclaims, "What! are you all asleep here? Then I'm off to bed!" The others play cards. One sings an inspiring campaign song beginning—

We'll vote for Tinker and Tiggs,
For Bulger and for Wright;
We'll cast no votes for Timothy Higgs:
We'll beat him out of sight.

The Fords, the Melvins, and the engineers spend the evening in the sitting-room, where the second engineer looks at the landlady's photograph-album, wondering how it is that relations are invariably such dreadful-looking individuals.

Quaint old furniture and pictured washbowls and pitchers are in the bed-

rooms. The landlady is rich in queer, ancient crockery and glassware of odd, fine shapes. She keeps bundles of ginger, slippery elm, anise- and caraway-seeds in squat, antique cream-pots, teapots, and sugar-bowls. Some of these are richly flowered in dark, melting blues, some are sprigged in cherry color, some bronzed and gilt-rimmed, and some bear little landscapes and village scenes now changed and forgotten.

Perfect sleep comes with the profound stillness and darkness of the tavern's night. No yelping curs disturb the dark: the stock hereabout is too valuable to permit them. The travellers sleep well notwithstanding that Ann Smallhoof forgets to lock the doors. Robbers are unknown here, though there is a legend among these Presbyterians that a Baptist once stole a sheep from one of them. The kitchen-clock strikes ten in dead silence.

"Go by, says Jeronimy; go to thy cold bed and warm thee."

MARY DEAN.

THE KOURÁSOFFS.

I.

MY acquaintance with the brothers Kourásoff commenced as far back as when I was sub-professor at the Polytechnic Institute in St. Petersburg, and Loris, the elder, was in the Guards, while Vladimir, the younger, was still at the School of Gunnery. These two brothers were commonly mistaken for twins, although Loris was no less than four years older than Vladimir; but, though Nature had made them outwardly alike, she had not failed to mark an extraordinary difference in their characters, and Fortune, having endowed them equally in the first instance, had unequivocally declared one to be her favored child.

Vladimir Kourásoff was by turns morose and sippant. He had managed to

encumber himself with debts even sooner than young Russian nobles usually do, and was, moreover, suspected of inclining to revolutionary principles. The government took good care to be informed of everything Vladimir Kourásoff said and did.

Loris, on the contrary, enjoyed a high degree of imperial favor. He had been sent, at his own request, to take command in one of the disturbed districts near the Turkestan frontier,—a position which he filled to the satisfaction of the government and of the local authorities too, a thing difficult to do. About this time he invented a new fuse, which was approved by the Ministry of War, and for which he declined to accept any compensation, which induced the emperor to

decorate him. He belonged to the true party of order and progress, which seeks to improve the Russ as he is without vainly attempting to turn him into a German or a Frenchman. His estates near Wilna were said to prove by their flourishing condition that emancipation could be turned to the mutual benefit of proprietor and serf. Of his private character my great affection for him makes me speak with diffidence. I can only say that he had a multitude of friends who shared my opinion of him. His manly beauty made him everywhere conspicuous, while his talents and accomplishments were adorned with a singular modesty, which, if it did not disarm jealousy, at least silenced it.

The Russ is essentially democratic: therefore it is not remarkable that Count Loris Kourásoff, one of the darlings of St. Petersburg society, should have for his friend a sub-professor who lived in modest lodgings in an unfashionable quarter beyond the Izaak bridge. Once a year we usually took a journey together; and one summer he accompanied me to Germany on a mission of a sentimental nature, which, if not settled to my satisfaction, was at least settled, and I set myself to forgetting Maria von Spreckelsden as quickly as I could. This proved to be easier than I had imagined; and, though I wept tears of rage, and Maria tears of disappointment, when her father refused to let us marry on my salary as sub-professor, the anguish of both subsided by degrees, leaving only a feeling of placid regret. Maria, who could not talk philosophy so well as I, acted it much better, and in less than a year married Herr Sachs, one of the richest brewers in Bavaria; and when I last saw her I thought I would not exchange the image which dwelt in my heart of my adored Maria in her youthful slenderness for the excellent but stout Madame Sachs, while I am sure she would not have given her brewer for all the professors in Russia and Germany together. But we still correspond (with the full approbation of Herr Sachs), and in our letters call each other Gottlieb and Maria. O youth! O folly! O Maria!

Count Loris frequently complained that my affair with Maria had destroyed his fondest illusions, and that my inconstancy, as he was pleased to call my devotion to my ideal Maria, had made him a sceptic in love. He seemed to take a cruel pleasure in listening to my most harrowing reminiscences, and when we dined together always toasted Maria with a variety of unfeeling remarks.

I had never visited the Wilna estates of Count Kourásoff, but in the summer of 18—, being engaged in making studies of Russian village-life, I presented myself at Ivánofka. Count Loris was at home when I arrived, and was overjoyed to see me. The house was very much like French châteaux of the best class, and maintained in a state of order and repair not always found in Russia. Everything showed a generous but wise expenditure. The village gave evidences of thrift and industry. The communal land, as well as that belonging to Count Kourásoff, was under an excellent system of husbandry. Instead of the complicated agricultural machinery for which the Russian proprietors have a mania, while their ploughs are made after the model of those used in the time of Iwan the Terrible, I found at Ivánofka that they had judiciously improved on their common tools and implements. The barley was of a superior order, and the cattle were fat and well shaped. All the credit of this state of things was awarded to Count Kourásoff. It was he who had given Iwan Tiska a horse when his own died of lockjaw; it was he who had paid Mother Karlitch for her flax when it was all burnt up; it was he who had given them seed in the year of the bad harvest. In short, the inhabitants of Ivánofka regarded Count Kourásoff as the general benefactor of the human race.

The only dissatisfied man in the village appeared to be the parish priest. The contempt in which the "White" or married clergy are generally held is well known, and in this instance the dislike of the parishioners was warmly reciprocated; but, in spite of the head-shakings and evident disgust of my village friends, I had formed a sort of intimacy with the

old fellow, and sometimes amused myself by listening to his hearty denunciations of the souls committed to his charge. Once he said, shrugging his shoulders, "Count Loris is a man of sense, but he treats them like rational human beings when, about once a year, the howling sickness breaks out among them. It begins with some woman whose husband has given her an extra beating,—not a blow too much, I dare say" (the priest was accused of using this method of persuasion on his own wife occasionally),—"and in two days the whole village is howling."

"Well," said I, "what happens then?"

"I will tell you. The first time it broke out, some disguised men—of course I knew nothing of it, you understand," said he, opening his eyes and shutting them again with a cunning look—"took seven of these howling devils in the middle of the night, and, cutting a hole in the ice of the lake, dipped them in two or three times. One of them—old Mother Petroff—died the next day, but that was no great loss: the village has been twice as peaceable ever since."

"The remedy was severe, but does not appear to have been effectual," said I.

"Oh, yes, yes! Now, when they begin to be troublesome,—that is, more troublesome than women usually are,—some fine morning they see a big square hole cut in the ice, and they leave off as suddenly as they began. Women are plagues at best," he continued after a pause of deep reflection.

"Well, little father," said I, still laughing, "if one wishes a picture of the dark side of Russian humanity, I know of no one so well fitted to give it as you."

"I am indeed well acquainted with it in my own parishioners. St. Nicholas help me to abuse them!" said he, piously crossing himself.

But there was for me something more interesting than the village priest or the commune: Count Kourásoff was seriously contemplating marriage. He scarcely allowed me time to make my modest toilet and eat my simple dinner on the day of my arrival before I was carried off to see his *fiancée*. He told me she was Mademoiselle Olga Orviéff, that she

lived at Antokollo,—one of the two fine suburbs of Wilna,—and that she enjoyed a virtual independence, having as her only companion an old aunt quite deaf, nearly blind, and totally incapable.

"I suppose," said I on the way to Antokollo, "that Mademoiselle Orviéff is one of those gentle creatures with whom life flows—"

"As placidly as a canal," said my friend.

"I am gratified to hear it," I replied.

"In marriage one needs repose."

"Exactly," said Count Loris.

"I imagine, therefore," said I after a pause, "she is not one of those superficially gifted women who appear to have minds. Perhaps my description of my beloved Maria may have inclined your fancy to the same type; and, while she embodies my ideas of female excellence, I am sure she never read a book through in her life."

"Mademoiselle Olga reads, I fear; but I can easily break her of that after we are married," said Count Kourásoff gravely.

"Is she handsome?" I inquired.

"She is not ugly," was his laconic answer.

"The shallowness of women makes them easily read," said I; "although I speak with diffidence. My knowledge of them is limited: yours, doubtless, is extensive."

"Far from it," said he with energy; "the more I see of them the less I know of them."

"Then what a frightful risk!" I ejaculated. "My friend, I would not be in your place for the wealth of the empire."

"But Mademoiselle Olga has such soft eyes and such dark eyelashes!" said he. "That comforts me when the recollection of the vagaries of her sex casts me down. After all, if we marry at all, we must marry a woman: the philosophers give us no escape from *that*."

"Too true, my friend; but the philosophers bid us avoid marriage altogether."

"They did not on that account refrain themselves. However, I escaped until

my time came; which is all that any of us can expect. Destiny can overtake all of us,—even you, my gay and youthful professor. But I do assure you that Mademoiselle Olga has most beautiful eyes.”

When at last I was presented to Mademoiselle Orviéff, I experienced a kind of shock at her exceeding loveliness. Her appearance was exquisitely feminine, but there was a fire in her eyes and a curve in her red mouth that showed a spirit beyond her outward softness and delicacy. At first I thought her the simplest creature I had ever met with; but I afterward found her to be the most complex. This knowledge was not arrived at in a day, a week, or a month, but in a long period of familiar intercourse. She was a beautiful revelation to me: for the first time I comprehended the charm of a fine intelligence in a woman. She possessed, without knowing it, a cultivated understanding, but she always appeared to me, in her serious moments, like a child playing at being wise. She did me the honor to exert all her powers of pleasing upon me, while Count Kourásoff looked on amused at her adroit cajolery of me and her determined effort to win my good opinion. She very soon established a remorseless tyranny over me under cover of the gentlest and most insinuating manner. I was her “dearest professor,” her “best of friends,” and meantime she held me in the hollow of her little hand. Her devotion to Count Kourásoff was of the nature of a religion. To me, and to all the world but him, she used all the flattering wiles and pretty artifices that render women charming, but she seemed to feel by a fine instinct that she needed but one art with him,—to be her own true and natural self.

But the destiny to be loved too much and by too many seemed to be Olga's fate. Among those whom her evident preference for Count Kourásoff had not discouraged was General Klapka, commandant of the garrison at Wilna, and at the same time one of the richest men in Russia. He was a man at all times unscrupulous and dangerous to thwart, and a singular complication placed the power of inflicting a terrible revenge in

his hands. Vladimir Kourásoff was stationed with his regiment at Wilna under a sort of surveillance, and General Klapka could add still further to his painful and perilous position. He had more than once intimated to Count Loris that he held Vladimir's life in his hands; and this could be readily believed, for nothing seemed to impress Vladimir with a sense of his danger. He openly and bitterly complained of his banishment from St. Petersburg, and his conduct showed equal levity and recklessness.

I was astonished at the tact and boldness with which Mademoiselle Olga managed so troublesome and dangerous a lover as General Klapka. But Count Loris did not seem disposed to aid her. Whatever anxiety he might feel for Vladimir, he did not on that account do much toward conciliating General Klapka on the occasions—and they were not infrequent—when they met at Antokollo. I made no doubt that each respected the personal courage of the other, but nothing but my friend's coolness under all circumstances and unshaken self-possession foiled General Klapka's evident efforts to disoblige him.

One day Count Loris proposed that we should drive over to Antokollo. It was a lovely afternoon in August, and we went in an open calèche, which we left at the entrance of the grounds. As we walked slowly under the rich and dappled shadows of the beech-trees, we saw a group before us,—General Klapka and two aides in brilliant uniform, and Mademoiselle Olga sitting in a rustic chair lazily fanning herself and holding a gay pink parasol over her pretty bare head. No better foil for her youth and loveliness could be imagined than General Klapka. He was short, dark, and stout, with purplish moustaches and a suspiciously black and luxuriant head of hair. Mademoiselle Olga always described him as looking like a wild beast; and he certainly had a sort of savage glare in his black eyes. He did not appear overjoyed to see us as we made our greetings, but Olga, who had appeared somewhat *ennuyée* before noticing our approach, became all animation.

The two aides, after politely saluting Count Kourásoff and superciliously surveying my plain coat, entered into a deeply interesting conversation with each other. Thereupon Mademoiselle Olga honored me with her particular notice, and, proposing a walk around the grounds, coolly took my arm, leaving Count Loris and General Klapka to pair off together. The latter, though not deficient in breeding, did not respond very cordially to Count Kourásoff's well-bred efforts at a good understanding, and perhaps felt the contrast between his companion's tall and elegant figure and his own middle-aged *embonpoint*. But whether they got on well or ill appeared to matter very little to Olga: she left them to amuse themselves, and chattered on to me in her pretty and entertaining manner.

The grounds were small, but beautifully laid out. We presently came to a bridge over a little stream, and stopped to watch the water tumbling over the rocks at the bottom. Olga, leaning carelessly over the rail, dropped sticks and pebbles into the water, and ended by dropping her fan—a pretty thing of lace and ivory—after them. Of course we each offered to save it, but, with a coquettish imperiousness, she ordered General Klapka to the rescue. The general, highly gratified, tucked his military chapeau under his arm, made his slippery way down the bank, and, stepping cautiously upon the stones, reached out for the fan. In vain: it was just a little beyond him.

"A little farther, General Klapka,—only one step more," cried Olga encouragingly.

"But, mademoiselle, the rocks are wet, and—"

"Ah, Mademoiselle Olga, do not tempt General Klapka too far.—Beware of another step, General Klapka!" cried Count Loris maliciously.

Of course General Klapka took the other step, but it was of no use: a mischievous eddy carried the fan still farther down.

"If you will accept of my services—" began Count Loris, turning to Olga.

General Klapka raising himself to scowl at his impertinent rival, just what I had foreseen happened: there was a plunge, a loud splash, and he was floundering in the water. It was very shallow, and he was on his feet in a moment, but Count Loris, with officious politeness, rushed to his rescue, literally dragging him out, completely drowning the general's angry assurances that he did not need any assistance by protestations of regret and earnest inquiries whether he had received any hurts. Meanwhile, Olga, standing on the bank, anxiously fished for the general's hat, which she triumphantly landed on the point of her pink parasol.

As soon as he was well out of the water, General Klapka sent one of his young officers, who looked as crestfallen as himself, to order their horses; but in the little time that elapsed before his departure Mademoiselle Orviéff seemed determined, by her endless regrets and apologies, not to let him forget his mishap, while, by a singular process of feminine logic, she taxed Count Kourásoff with being the sole cause of the accident. He, after all, had saved the fan, and bore her reproaches with great coolness. When at last General Klapka, sulky and discomfited, rode off, Mademoiselle Olga and the count laughed at him as if they would never tire, and seemed to think his misfortune a source of boundless amusement; but I began to see that there were some tragic elements in this comedy they were playing.

II.

About this time the grand duke Constantine was expected at Wilna, and great preparations were made to receive him; but the revolutionary placards which had appeared there, as in every other town in the empire, became more numerous and audacious than ever. The police, as the case has always been, showed their boasted efficiency by arresting numbers of innocent persons, whom they were subsequently obliged to release; but after every arrest the placards became more violent and taunting. Several officers of the garrison, even, were arrested, but, to

my surprise, Vladimir Kourásoff was not among them. He had suddenly grown prudent; but I cannot say that this change in his conduct inspired either his brother or myself with any great confidence. Of one thing we were both assured, that Vladimir's rash and frivolous character would prevent his being placed in any post of responsibility by the revolutionary or any other party. Count Loris was deeply attached to him, and Vladimir knew very well that his brother's means and influence would be freely used to save him from the consequences of his own wrong-doing.

On the morning of the grand duke's expected arrival the city was alive with threatening cards posted on the walls of the university, the arsenal, and other public buildings. Count Loris and myself paid a visit that morning to Mademoiselle Orviéff, and then joined a throng of eager and expectant spectators at the palace-gates. Vladimir, too, was there, one of a brilliant group of officers who were to receive the grand duke at the entrance to the palace. The crowd was excited, but good-natured, and contained the usual mixture seen in Russia on such occasions,—priests, moujiks, ladies, beggars, and police,—all loudly talking about indifferent things, and below their breath discussing the boldness of the placards.

"One was torn down in St. Stanislas Street at eight o'clock, and before nine there were dozens like it posted all over the town,—on the Cathedral doors, over the Nikolas bridge, everywhere," said an officer with whom I was conversing. As he spoke, I turned and saw Vladimir Kourásoff listening to him with a conscious smile on his countenance.

At that moment a droschky appeared at the extremity of the long street which the police kept clear for the imperial cortège. The horse dashed furiously along, evidently running away, while the driver held on desperately to the reins. On the narrow seat were two moujiks holding on to each other, apparently drunk and unconscious of their danger. They kissed each other and rubbed their beards together, as their habit is in their convivial moods;

but I suspected that they were not drunk, and perhaps not even moujiks. One of them appeared to be urging the already maddened horse still more. "Fly, my dushinka!" ("little darling"), he cried, trying to clutch the reins from the frightened driver. "Fly like wind and lightning to meet our good father Constantine!"

His companion waved a box in his hand. "Fireworks! torpedoes!" he bawled with a yell of drunken laughter, "for the good duke Constantine!"

The horse, suddenly swerving from his straight course, dashed against one of the iron pillars holding a cluster of lamps at the palace-gate. There was a loud cry as the crash of the droschky and the explosion of the box of fireworks occurred at the same moment, and, while every eye except mine was apparently fixed on the spot, I saw Vladimir Kourásoff lift up his hand and affix a placard to the wall and vanish in the crowd. It was done in an instant of time.

As I saw it I walked off involuntarily in another direction, and when I turned and looked back the throng that had lately been so noisy and excited was staring in stupid amazement at the bit of paper securely fastened to the wall.

My first impulse was to seek Count Loris: I felt that Vladimir's fate was sealed,—that in that vast multitude some one besides myself must have seen him. I walked mechanically to the Nikolas bridge, and, looking up, saw my friend approaching, and two men, not in uniform, walking slowly and nonchalantly toward him, immediately in front of me. We all four met in the middle of the bridge.

One of the strangers laid his hand lightly on the count's arm. "In the name of the emperor," said he.

Count Loris, with a cool smile, unbuckled his sword and handed it to him. "I am now, and always, the faithful subject of the emperor's most sacred Majesty," said he.

The man who had hitherto remained silent, examining him carefully, said, "He does not wear the uniform of Count Vladimir Kourásoff's corps."

"That is easily accounted for," replied his companion: "he has a brother who is in the Guards, and a change of uniform is a shallow trick often resorted to."

"Come, my friends," said Count Loris, smiling pleasantly, "do not keep a gentleman and a faithful officer standing here in this piercing wind."

"Come on, then," said one of his captors. "You have plenty of courage: it is well, for you will need it all."

"Farewell, my friend!" said Count Loris, turning to me, and, still smiling, he held up his wrist, around which a slender ring had been slipped,—“the chain of Vladimir Kourásoff,” and walked off.

III.

I went to Antokollo, to the house where we had spent so many happy hours, feeling a kind of horror at being the bearer of such tidings. The arrest of Count Kourásoff, in itself a dangerous thing, became still more so when I reflected that he would be absolutely in the power of General Klapka, who, as military governor, had charge of all the state prisoners. As for Vladimir, I made no doubt that he would improve this chance to save his precious self. It would be some hours, and possibly some days, before it would be found out that they had not captured the real culprit.

Mademoiselle Olga came in, looking gayer and more brilliant than usual. When I told her of her lover's misfortune, this tender young creature exhibited the utmost courage, and only wept when I told her of the handcuffs. But when I expressed my indignation at Vladimir's conduct, she turned on me like a young lioness: he was Count Kourásoff's brother, and how dare I so speak of him before her? I hastily apologized, and added one more to my list of the incomprehensibilities in woman's nature. I offered, at any cost, to carry the assurances of her faithfulness to Count Loris.

"He knows it better than you could tell him," she said, looking scornfully at me. But with her woman's wit she devised a plan by which I could communicate with my friend.

The next morning I presented myself at General Klapka's levée, and, having obtained a few minutes alone with him, I gave him to understand that I knew the state prisoner Kourásoff was Loris and not Vladimir, and, explaining that I had an account which I wished to settle with the former, I obtained permission to present it. General Klapka was ready enough to believe me one of those summer friends who change as seasons change, and the fact that a state prisoner could not alienate any of his property did not make it the less annoying to have claims presented to him.

General Klapka took me to a window, and, pointing significantly to the fortress where the prisoners were confined, said, "I have a question to ask of you. Now, if you attempt to deceive me, in less than twenty-four hours you will have an apartment there."

I bowed silently.

"You are probably aware," he continued, "that I am deeply interested in Mademoiselle Orviéff. Have you seen her since Kourásoff's arrest?"

"Yes," I replied; "I saw her immediately afterward."

"Did she express any fear for him, or show any excitement?"

"Not in the least," said I.

"Did she endeavor to send any message to Kourásoff by you? Examine your recollection carefully, or—"

"No," said I. "I told her I should try to see him: I candidly acknowledge that I asked her if she had a message to send, and she declined positively."

He stood gazing thoughtfully on the ground for a little while. "You may go," he said at length. "Count Kourásoff has not at present any money at his disposal,"—he smiled as he spoke,—“but you may get his promise to pay your principal with interest,—with good interest. And remember, my friend, if you suspect that the prisoner is not Count Vladimir Kourásoff, you will be careful not to speak of it: you will find it best to observe my—requests."

The next day, and many days after, I presented myself at the outer fort where Count Kourásoff was imprisoned, and,

after having been duly searched and found to carry nothing with me but a huge account-book showing Count Kourásoff to be thousands of roubles in debt to me, I was admitted to his narrow apartment, where we would sit at a little table and figure and dispute by the hour. During these apparently stormy interviews, when a great deal of information was conveyed to him about Olga as well as public affairs, the sentry who walked up and down before his open door cast many angry looks at me, and always ushered me out with more haste than civility; for Count Loris had managed to engage the affections of the soldiers who guarded him, as well as everybody else's. My parting assurance to him always was that the mines of Siberia would claim him yet; to which he would respond by saying that no misfortunes of his would benefit me or make him pay my dishonest account.

He had another visitor besides myself. Day after day a priest, whom I knew to be my friend at Ivánofka, but who was apparently fifty years older than in the August before, appeared at General Klapka's levée. He seemed so old as to be nearly imbecile, but with singular persistence he came, always telling some endless tale of the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of the Kourásoffs, and always demanding to see the supposed Vladimir. At last, one day, in a mingled fit of impatience and unusual good-nature, General Klapka ordered him to be admitted to Count Kourásoff, where he talked and mumbled so incoherently that the count appeared unable to understand him and to be quite worn out with him. However, he continued to come at intervals, and his stupidity became a jest for the soldiers of the guard; but Count Loris understood from his wandering talk the exact state of affairs at Ivánofka during his absence.

Meanwhile, the city was in a state of excitement difficult to describe. The arrest of Count Vladimir Kourásoff, as was supposed, followed by that of several other officers and members of families of distinction, created a profound impression; but the government seemed in no

haste to bring the prisoners to trial, and they were treated with extraordinary leniency. There was great surprise manifested at the disappearance of Count Loris Kourásoff; but General Klapka did not hesitate to say that Count Loris knew enough of his brother's schemes to make his absence convenient, if not necessary.

All this time General Klapka was more and more devoted to Mademoiselle Orviéff. She treated him with an indifference that was not devoid of coquetry, but he seemed under a spell. I once asked her if she felt no stings of remorse when she remembered General Klapka's real and disinterested affection, however ungenerous he might be. She gave me a look that was meant to wither me. "If I would sacrifice myself and all that I have or could hope for for Loris Kourásoff, do you suppose I would hesitate to sacrifice General Klapka too?" she said.

"I do not know," I answered dubiously. "Maria von Spreckeldsen sacrificed me to Herr Sachs: I know *that* much."

"Maria von Spreckeldsen!" she said contemptuously; and, clasping her hands behind her back, like a child saying a puzzling lesson, she came and stood before me. "Do you mean to say—do you really mean to say—that the sentiment between you and Maria von Spreckeldsen could be called *love*?"

Now, I thought this was very unkind of Mademoiselle Olga, and showed duplicity as well, for she had always professed the deepest sympathy for me in regard to my Maria, and a profound belief in the depth of my feelings.

"Come," said she, blushing, but straightening up her slim young figure, "do you know that when one loves as—as—"

"As you love Count Kourásoff," I said.

She took his picture from about her neck and kissed it for answer. "Very well, then; but men are so dense! You think that I love like that tedious Maria; General Klapka thinks he can persuade me to love him; while Count Loris thinks—I know not what. My heart is a mystery to every one of you, and to myself as well. Look what General Klapka

brought me yesterday," she continued, producing from a cabinet a picture of him, elaborately set in a small gold frame. She was clever with her pencil and brush, and she had, with childish revenge, touched it up so that the general, who was anything but handsome, looked even uglier than Nature had made him.

I could not help laughing at the ludicrous effect, and, while she held it off at arm's length, she made a contemptuous *moue* at it, besides several unflattering remarks; but she suddenly threw it down and burst into sobs and tears: "I sometimes wonder that I can laugh, for my heart always aches,—always. I feel that Loris Kourássoff stands on the brink of an awful fate. That wretch is capable of anything: he would have him taken out and shot any morning that he discovered we still love each other."

I tried to comfort her, but could not. I too felt a dreadful uncertainty.

"You may tell Count Loris this for me," she said, drying her tears,—*"that I long to see him, and if I cannot see him by lawful means I will see him by unlawful means. I will conspire."*

I repeated this imprudent speech to my friend, who sent her in return a stern command to put all thoughts of conspiring for her and for himself out of her head. I found she had arranged in her mind a very plausible plan, by which she was to penetrate to the interior of the fort, and, taking his place, suffer him to escape; but this fine scheme was brought to naught by the count's peremptory orders.

The weeks dragged slowly along. I had begun to feel even a sort of security for my friend, when all at once a volcano burst beneath our feet. One evening, on returning to the modest apartment in which I had lived in Wilna since Count Kourássoff's imprisonment, I found awaiting me a gentleman who politely informed me that my presence was required at General Klapka's headquarters. I had little to fear for myself, but I felt an alarm for those who were so dear to me; and I had lived long enough in Russia to know that the military governor of a province

can ruin whom he will. I followed my companion with a composed countenance, but a sinking heart. Upon reaching the barracks I was ushered into a small room to await General Klapka's pleasure, my polite captor remaining with me. To enliven my spirits, he dwelt upon the horrors of exile.

"But, my friend," I replied, "exile does not now mean what it did in the time of the czar Peter. There are whole villages of prosperous inhabitants in Siberia, priests, school-masters, clerks, government employes, all exiles, only the emperor prefers them to live in a certain part of his dominions."

"Ah," said he, sighing and shaking his head, "they are those who acknowledged their guilt and threw themselves on the mercy of the emperor. For those who persisted in calling themselves innocent, the mines—the railways—"

"But if I wished to call myself guilty, of what should I accuse myself? Of trying to get a settlement of my affairs with Count Kourássoff?" This view seemed to strike him so forcibly that he left me to my own sad fancies.

The hours dragged on until nearly midnight, when I was awakened from a heavy but troubled sleep before the stove by a messenger from General Klapka commanding my presence. I followed my guide to a small anteroom, where I saw the general at a table in an inner room, reading a closely-written paper. He motioned me to enter, and, rising, carefully closed the door after me. He was simply frightful in his anger. He thrust the paper at me, and I began to read it: it was a minute account of Vladimir Kourássoff's escape, of the true meaning of the visits of the village priest and myself to Count Loris, of Olga Orviéff's faithful devotion to him,—even a copy of a few lines she had once rashly conveyed to him.

While I was reading, he had taken his sword from the scabbard, and was passing the naked blade through his fingers with a sort of murderous delight. "I have you,—the tool,—and in a few minutes I shall have the principal," was the only remark he made to me.

I seemed to have waited hours, when there was a sudden and peremptory knock at the door. General Klapka rose and opened it immediately. Two members of the police and a figure completely enveloped in a large fur cloak stood outside. "Excellency, it was the prisoner who knocked so loudly," began each of the police in a breath; but General Klapka, motioning the prisoner to enter, abruptly closed the door.

The room was well lighted, and the person who entered, walking boldly forward, dropped the cloak, and Olga Orviéff stood revealed. She was in a brilliant ball-dress of pale and shining green, and pearls gleamed softly on her milk-white neck and arms. She made a profound and graceful courtesy to General Klapka, adroitly spreading out her rich train as she did so. "I had not looked for the pleasure of seeing General Klapka when only a few moments ago I was unexpectedly called from Madame Zola's ball," she said with a certain grand air that she knew very well how to assume; then, catching sight of me, she suddenly dropped her stately manner. "You here, my friend?" she cried in a tone of laughing familiarity. "Have you been conspiring too?"

"Mademoiselle Orviéff, allow me to claim your attention first," said General Klapka. I looked at her to see if his infuriated presence had made any impression on her. If it had, it was only to arouse further her fearless spirit. He was still nervously feeling the edge of his sword. "You spoke just now of conspiring: conspiring may bring that white neck of yours into jeopardy," said he, looking as if he would like to try the blade on it.

She drew herself up and arched her proud neck. "Do you threaten me?" she said with cool scorn.

For answer he handed her with a low bow the paper I had read: "Read that, and see if I need to threaten."

She raised it with an air at once careless and coquettish, and, after reading a few lines, burst out laughing. "We are found out," she said, turning to me, "and General Klapka is vexed, I see,

because I sometimes sent a tender message to my lover." When she said that, he made a spring at her which caused me to jump from my chair; but, instead of recoiling, she advanced two steps toward him, as he stood before her panting and furious. "Yes," she said in a clear, high voice, "to Count Loris Kourásoff."

"Mademoiselle, I implore you—" I began.

"What would you have me do?" she said, turning contemptuously to me. "If I am in his power, will anything avail me now? and if I am not in his power, let me say what I please."

"Yes, say what you please," said General Klapka in an intense voice: "it will only bring your destruction a little nearer. If Count— if that—"

"Do not dare to speak Count Kourásoff's name before me!" she cried.

If a man like General Klapka could be cowed by anything, he might be said to have quailed under her voice and presence; she spoke distinctly, and raised her little hand as she advanced nearer him. She stopped abruptly and fanned herself. "Really," she said, "I am losing my temper. You, General Klapka, appear to have lost yours before I came."

"Do you know, Mademoiselle Orviéff, what it is to be secretly communicating with a state prisoner?" said General Klapka, recovering his coolness a little.

"And do you know what it is, General Klapka, to have the discipline of the garrison so lax that a state prisoner can be communicated with, even visited, by his friends and, laughing and nodding her head at me, 'his accomplices'?"

General Klapka could only grind his teeth and mutter, "Communicating with a state prisoner."

"If I could have obtained Count Kourásoff's consent," she continued, casting down her eyes modestly, "I could have entered the fortress, and with the aid of my friend the village priest have actually married the man I love. I wish I had!" she added, suddenly raising her eyes and opening them wide and bright.

If her object was to exasperate him still further, she was succeeding admir-

rably, while he had not been able to intimidate her in the least degree. "Count Loris Kourásoff's life may pay for that wish," he said.

"You forget," she replied: "Count Kourásoff is only under arrest until his identity is established."

"Let him be brought to trial," said he, "and for a thousand roubles I can prove him to be Vladimir Kourásoff. You know what the moujiks say: 'Copecks can buy vengeance even.'"

She turned slightly pale, and he seemed to gloat over this her first sign of discomfiture, when at that moment there was a loud commotion in the outer apartment and a vehement knock at the door. "Open! open!" cried a dozen eager voices.

When General Klapka opened the door, Vladimir Kourásoff walked in. He was haggard and unshorn,—a piteous contrast to the handsome and dashing officer he had once been. "I surrender myself," said he to General Klapka. "I am Count Vladimir Kourásoff. I was in Geneva, safe, when I heard of my brother's arrest. I could not but come back." There was a deep pause. Vladimir continued in a collected manner: "I expected to find my brother exiled at the very least, but when I heard that he was still imprisoned here I communicated with some of his friends in St. Petersburg, who brought the matter before the emperor, and they have his personal guaranty that if I surrender myself my brother shall be immediately released."

I confess I had never expected anything so noble or magnanimous from Vladimir. I sat in speechless astonishment; General Klapka stared stupidly at him like a man in a dream; while Olga began to weep, clinging to Vladimir.

The next morning it was all over Wilna that Vladimir had surrendered himself, and that a telegram had been received from St. Petersburg ordering Count Loris to be set at liberty, but to remain in the city on a sort of honorable parole until the trial of the prisoners came off.

A crowd of his friends and well-wishers, and the multitude of idlers whom such occasions always collect, assembled at the prison-gates in the early afternoon to see him brought forth. My friend the village priest and myself stood next the gate.

"There are the two who so cruelly tormented Count Kourásoff during his captivity," began to be whispered around. Taunts and epithets were freely bestowed upon us, which soon changed to open-mouthed wonder; for when the great gates clanged wide open, and Count Loris with uncovered head walked slowly and gracefully forward, we were the first he saluted and embraced.

Vladimir escaped with a sentence of only seven years' exile, which, through his own good conduct and his brother's influence, was considerably shortened.

Sometimes, when I behold the happiness of the Count and Countess Kourásoff, I say to myself with a sigh, "This ideal life might have been mine with my adored Maria!"

VERA LAPOUKHYN.

POWER-CENTRES.

ON a raw autumn morning, with yellow and scarlet leaves strewing the ground, and bleak winds swirling through the naked branches, in the wretched village of New Elba, in the desolate Adirondack district of New York, there stood by an

open grave a sharp-faced, close-shaven man, who, waving a newspaper in his hand, addressed his scanty audience in these words: "I now see, my friends, why Almighty God, in his divine wisdom, permits the New York *Herald* to exist."

The speaker was Wendell Phillips, the grave was John Brown's, the newspaper was the New York *Herald*, which, with an enterprise rare indeed in those days, had had a verbatim report of John Brown's trial sent by telegraph from Charlottetown, and had thus unconsciously done more in one week for the abolition of slavery than perhaps all the abolitionist journals together in a year. Fancy the late James Gordon Bennett awakened from his grave to be told that posterity was discussing whether he or Horace Greeley had dealt slavery the deadliest blow!

Newspapers, if they truthfully report the events of the day, are agents of civilization, whether they wish it or not. Editorials are read and forgotten. Facts remain and are remembered. It is the news column, not the editorial page, which forms public opinion. In the long run, men do their own thinking, and make up their minds, rightly or wrongly, on the facts which are stored in their memory. Hence the journal which supplies its readers with the largest mass of facts is really the most influential, though its influence may be unconsciously exercised and its editorial columns may be powerless. Of course, as Mr. Whitelaw Reid explained in his excellent lecture on journalism, all facts are not facts in the eye of a good newspaper. The doctrine is at least as old as the *Ars poetica*. There are Western newspapers which seem to contain nothing but murders, accidents, outrages, unctuous details of divorce cases, and horrid minutiae of butcheries. And only forty years ago, when Charles Dickens visited New York, he described the newsboys shouting through the streets, "Here's your *Family Spy*! Here's your New York *Stabber*! Here's your *Keyhole Listener*!" We have outgrown that sort of thing, as our Western friends will outgrow the taste for tales of outrage and blood. The facts readers now want are not the facts which scavengers rake out of the gutter. It marked an epoch when both the *Herald* and the *Tribune* refused to publish the details of the Conkling-Sprague affair at Newport.

When interviewing first came into fashion, newspapers lost more in character than they gained in news. If a merchant failed, a couple of impudent reporters tormented him and his relations with questions so outrageous and so insulting that it made the reader's blood boil. The case was still worse when family troubles brought ladies' names before the public, and enterprising reporters, with muddy boots on drawing-room sofas, thrust their dirty fingers into the tenderest spots in family life, and dipped their pencils into wounds which it was agony to probe. Ben Butler was not far wrong when he said about this time that the freedom of the press was on trial, and it was hard to say what the verdict would be. People certainly would not have long endured so intolerable a nuisance. But James Parton's vigorous diatribe, and the good sense and good taste of the conductors of leading journals, cured the evil in time. There is now a line which interviewers' enterprise seldom crosses. When the cocktail Pennsylvania editor bearded Benjamin Franklin and scolded at him, "I do hope, Mr. Franklin, you will see to it that the liberty of the press is secured in the Constitution," the dry old wit replied, "Oh, certainly, Mr. Jones, by all means. The liberty of the press, corrected by the liberty of the cudgel."

No nation has wrestled so long and so manfully with the problem of journalism as France. Father Prout, in his Irish way, used to say that the French have more newspapers than all the rest of the world, and yet have ne'er a newspaper at all. To political essays, published daily, the French mind has always inclined. Beaumarchais, to the manner born, made his second fortune by cornering the white-paper market just before the Revolution. During the mad days there was all over the fair face of France a malignant eruption of pestilent papers, blood-begotten and blood-craving. Presently Napoleon set the heavy foot of government on their necks, and nothing survived but a lying *Moniteur* and a few wretched sheets edited by vermin like Barère. Louis XVIII. lifted up the

foot, and the whole brood started to life again, like flies which have been buried under the soil, and vociferated so loudly that Prince Polignac undertook to stop the clamor by promulgating the famous "Decrees," which, as every one knows, were the end of him and of the dynasty. Adolphe Thiers, of the *National*, had screamed in his falsetto louder than any other man in France against Polignac's interference with the liberty of the press. But Adolphe Thiers, prime minister of Louis Philippe, found it absolutely necessary for the conduct of the government to place the press under restraint. His successors followed his example, and the Second Empire multiplied the restraints by increased *cautionnements*, warnings, and penalties. Once more the Republic set the press free, and as it stands, politics considered, free it is. But if Father Prout could go now to a news-stand on the boulevard, with its shelf covered wide and thick with a score of morning publications, and ask, "Haven't ye e'er a newspaper here for a poor sowl that wants the news?" the true answer would be, "Not one." There are plenty of printed sheets, full of brilliant political essays, amusing *faits divers* (largely imaginary), and chapters of a novel, but as to news, the whole stand does not contain more real news of the world's progress the day before than Zadkiel's Almanac.

This seems to be the net result of incessant legislative tinkering with the press in France. Plenty of newspapers, but no news. Every leader has his "organ." M. Gambetta has his, M. de Freycinet has his, M. Clemenceau has his, M. de Girardin has his, M. Grévy has his, M. de Cassagnac has his. But when you have read them all you cannot feel any assurance that you know the news. The whole flock do not spend as much money for telegraphic news as one good American daily does. They are not journals: they are pamphlets. They are telephonic wires by which the opinions of their owners and editors are conveyed to the public.

When M. de Girardin started *La Presse*, under heavy bets, if not bonds,

to run up the circulation to forty thousand within a given time, his formula was, "Chaque jour une idée nouvelle." This was good for ideologists; but how about the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, not to say the lawyer, doctor, and merchant, who didn't care a straw about M. de Girardin's ideas, but who wanted the facts, the news of the day before, the price of beef and sugar, the day's calendar in the courts, the latest thing in anæsthetics, to enable them to transact their business intelligently, to hold their own with their rivals in trade, science, or art, and to pass for well-informed men? Would a real newspaper pay in Paris?—a paper which should be nobody's organ, have no axes to grind, and no purpose in life but, Gradgrind-like, to give the facts, all the facts, and nothing but the facts? Surely it might be worth trying.

We of the Anglo-Saxon race have learned a good deal since the *Little Pedlington Gazette* "told the Czar of Russia, and told him for the last time," and since Colonel Jefferson Brick inquired of his English visitor whether the Queen of England, reposing in her gorgeous residence in the Tower of London, had not quivered with emotion when she read the editorial he had mailed to her address. The start was not even between English and Americans. When Sterling and Lowe and Smith and Oxenford and Johnson and Phillips were blazing the columns of the *London Times* with the flashes of eloquence which in their way have never been surpassed, and the editor was covering the civilized world with a net-work of correspondents instructed to report the events of the day at length, and actually authorized to hire a courier and a horse if they had important news to transmit, the American press was officered and written by men among whom there were scholars and among whom there were journalists, but they were few and far between. Mr. Hudson, in his faithful history of journalism, has told how the early struggles of the *New York Herald*, and the energy of the late James Gordon Bennett, set an example

of enterprise in the collection of news and of independence in the expression of opinion, which have since become general. And now, great as was the start which our British cousins had over us, we hardly think we are bragging when we say that in the field of journalism we are not second to them in any respect.

Take ten copies of the London *Times* of recent date and ten copies of the New York *Herald*. Set them side by side and compare them. 1. As to advertisements, a most important branch of news, they seem about equal. 2. In domestic news the *Herald* has two columns to the *Times*'s one. And the quality varies: in the *Times* you will find a full account of the stockholders' meeting of the Midland Railway and a verbatim report of Lord Todnody's address to his constituents in Wales. Similar affairs in this country would be disposed of by the *Herald* in two curt paragraphs. But an accident like that on the Tay would occupy five columns in the *Times* and ten in the *Herald*. Two reporters would be despatched by the English journal to the scene of action, with instructions to send by wire a synopsis of their report, and the rest by mail, while the American paper would send five reporters to the scene, probably by special train, and five more to interview the president, directors, and survivors, with orders to forward every line by telegraph. The British journal allots six to ten columns to the proceedings of Parliament. Its American rival seldom vouchsafes over three to Congress. If a riot occurs, a conflagration involving loss of life, an encounter between men of note, a startling court decision, a surprising discovery in science, an important meeting, the death of a prominent man, an awful accident, you may be quite sure it will be fully chronicled in the next *Herald*, and, just as often, it will not be noticed in the *Times* till the second or third day afterward. Dramatic and musical critics in England, like judges, generally reserve their decisions for a day or two, till they feel the public pulse. The *Herald* always pronounces sentence on the day following the deed. 3. In the foreign

news department the contrast is more striking still. We venture to say that the *Herald* receives more words by ocean-telegraph than the *Times* receives by telegraph altogether. On special occasions comparison would be absurd. When Parliament meets, the *Herald* not only gives a verbatim report of all proceedings, but describes the scene with elaborate minuteness, not even sparing the toilets of the peeresses or the looks of ministers. When Congress meets, the *Times* gives nothing but a brief synopsis of the essential points of the message. And this is not because our affairs are unimportant. It is the same with the meetings of the French and German Parliaments. In England a brief summary suffices; here, a verbatim report, with personal *sauce piquante*, is regularly served up. 4. A few years ago the *Times* far surpassed the *Herald* in the quality of its matter. But now the writers for the latter can fairly compare with their English rivals in scholarship, pith, and style.

In the days when the *Times* was young, it spent ten thousand pounds in unearthing the ramifications of a vast conspiracy by which large sums of money were to be filched from bankers, and thus deservedly earned the gratitude of the British public. But what was this in comparison with the *Herald*'s contributions to geographical science? Has any one ever figured the cost of the search for Livingstone?—of the Stanley expedition from Zanzibar to the West Coast, when two hundred men were paid, fed, and clothed at the *Herald*'s expense for nearly four years?—of the Arctic expedition, consisting of an armed steamship, fully manned and equipped, sent forth for an indefinite number of years, merely to solve a geographical problem?

Why, then, is it that the *Times* has so much power, the *Herald* so little? For fifty years the London *Times* has reigned supreme over an empire of which no one can set the boundaries. It has made prime ministers; it has upset ministries; it has declared war and signed peace; it has commanded reforms and maintained abuses; it has meddled in foreign affairs, generally on the wrong

side, and wielded an influence at Berlin, Vienna, and Paris which native journalists could neither claim nor understand. Even in this country it used arrogantly to assume to nominate Presidents; and, though we hated and reviled it, its influence was felt in the betting. If it had generally been right, people might have justified their following its lead on the ground that it was safer to trust to its judgment than to their own. But it was as often wrong as right. Martin, in his life of the Prince Consort, makes it plain enough that some of the most fatal errors of the British government during the present reign were forced on the ministry by the *Times*. Nothing, however, shakes John Bull's confidence in his paper. The very day after it has led him into one ditch he follows it headlong into another.

It has the merit of being disinterested. Its conductors ask nothing for themselves. What Sir Robert Peel said of it in the letter to Captain Sterling which Thomas Carlyle found and published might have been said of it ever since, and can be said of it now. Mr. Walter is in Parliament, but he is there as the representative of his estate, not of the *Times*. Mr. Delane would never accept office or title, though he swayed this vast machine for a quarter of a century at his own will. Mr. McDonald never received anything from government. Mr. Lowe took office, but he owed his appointment to his previous government service, not to his connection with the *Times*.

But all this can be said of the *Herald* too. In the old dirty days, when newspapers seemed to live to degrade each other and their profession, it was a common remark that the Democratic party had bought the *Herald*. Mr. Bennett used to reply that he was much better able to buy the Democratic party than the party to buy him. He was perfectly right. There was not money enough in the United States to buy James Gordon Bennett, but the Democratic party once, in a way, might have been had cheap. As for money, Mr. Bennett used to say that about one-half what he paid one of his editors was all he wanted. As for office, he never thought of it. When

the miserable sneaks who surrounded Franklin Pierce promised him the French mission, he never said yea or nay until after the election, when they gave it to some one else. Then he taught them a lesson which those who survive still remember. When Mr. Lincoln formally tendered him the same mission he promptly declined it.

Why, then, is it that while the *Times* wields such power in England, the *Herald* seems without editorial influence, not only in the United States at large, but even in its own State of New York? It opposed Cornell, and he was nominated; it opposed Kelly's bolt, and he bolted; it opposed the nomination of Robinson, and he was nominated; it could not even secure the appointment of a recorder for the city of New York. It looks as though we should have to revise our settled notions regarding the power of the press,—at least in this country.

Journalists in the last generation did not consider influence as part of their stock in trade, unless they were organs of a party. The late James Harper, head of the house of Harper & Brothers, was once consulted by a young man who had been appointed editor of a country paper. He said, "Now, sonny, don't you be too wise. If you were a tailor, and a man came to you for a pair of red breeches, it wouldn't do for you to say that red was a bad color for breeches, for, if you did, he'd just go round the corner and get them of the little Dutchman. You would make him his red breeches and keep his custom. By and by, perhaps, his taste would improve, and he would get breeches of you less glaring in color. That's the whole secret of journalism. If people want red breeches don't you try to hinder them." Horace Greeley took a higher view of journalism,—held that an editor should lead his people, and would on no account have consented to the red breeches. Mr. Bennett used to laugh at him and say that his theory was all very well if you were quite sure of being wiser than other people, but if not, what shall you say to the fellow whom you have led into the ditch? AN OLD JOURNALIST.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

IT was supposed beforehand that Mlle. Bernhardt would get a readier and more uncritical welcome in this country than if she had come less loudly heralded. The result has proved that this was a mistake. With the somewhat aggressive independence of our nation, we had an indistinct feeling that we were being dictated to by the rest of the world, and that we would revolt against the dictation if we possibly could. Mlle. Bernhardt had to conquer her kingdom; and she conquered it, I think, rather in spite of all that had been said about her than in consequence thereof. Both the praise and the blame she has received, though often shallow and without definite foundation, have been in almost every case quite sincere and unaffected. It has been almost comical to see the little deference that has been paid to an immense reputation gained in the best-educated city, dramatically speaking, of the world. Our public evidently holds—somewhat differently from the public of France or Germany—that one man is as good a judge as another in art of a dramatic kind at least, that the emotional effect is the only thing to be considered, and that the first-comer may therefore decide upon the talent of a performer as decisively as a critic who has made a serious study of the matter. It is, of course, not necessary that all men save the critics should be dumb, but surely those who speak should have a reason to give for the faith that is in them, should have arrived and not jumped at their conclusions, and should be able to retrace with some clearness the steps by which they travelled. There has been a great deal of jumping at conclusions, both favorable and unfavorable, about Mlle. Bernhardt, and in view of that fact I wish here to give no abstract statements about her talents and peculiarities, but rather a record of the personal impressions from which my conclusions have been drawn.

Adrienne Lecouvreur, the part in

which she made her first appearance here, is a character that admits of various interpretations. In the cardinal point of artistic *conception*, therefore, as distinct from artistic *rendering*, it may go far to characterize an actress. As Mme. Modjeska played Adrienne the character was one of softness and appealing grace. Her aloofness from the world seemed due to a shrinking sensitiveness, and her entire devotion to Maurice de Saxe was of a piece with all her impulses. As I saw it rendered by Geisteringer of Vienna, on the other hand,—one of the foremost German actresses of emotional parts,—the most prominent characteristic was a proud reserve amounting almost to *hauteur*. Her love for Maurice stood out in strong contrast to the general tenor of her nature, and became, in consequence, I think, both more impressive and more pathetic. In the complete surrender of so strong and self-reliant a character there was an element of dramatic effectiveness, well within the bounds of complete likelihood, which was wanting to the more commonplace conception of Modjeska. The Adrienne of Mlle. Bernhardt differs from both of these. In the first act, before her life has been seriously troubled by her love, we have the picture, not of a proud and stately woman, nor of a gentle and clinging one, but of a gay, high-spirited, and enthusiastic girl, whose delicious coquetry is as natural and womanly and irresistible as are the other exemplifications of her somewhat fantastic nature. The radiant delight with which she throws herself into the rehearsal in the greenroom scene is as strong a contrast to Geisteringer's dignified absorption in her work as it is to Modjeska's almost sentimental mood. We can believe that the Adrienne of Geisteringer would have been worshipped by old Michonnet, the Adrienne of Modjeska loved and cherished by him with almost fatherly tenderness, while the Adrienne of Bern-

hardt would have enthralled and captivated him by the dazzling graces which covered but did not hide the true womanly heart that lay beneath. The love-scenes with Maurice are similarly characterized, and are exquisite indeed. The famous "Deux Pigeons" may always be quoted hereafter as an example of the very quintessence of natural and touching art. When Adrienne first doubts her lover, the rendering is equally good. The feverish excitement which anxiety and distrust would bring to such a temperament is wonderfully portrayed all through the last acts. The weak point of the performance is the one which should be the very strongest,—the recitation in the salon of the princess, where Adrienne taunts her rival under cover of the quotation from "Phèdre." The feverish excitement here grows almost hysterical. The recital is weakened by a somewhat spasmodic intensity, and the taunt is too evidently personal. To my mind, the whole conception of Geister's advantage. Her stern self-repression, her stony calm, the almost judicial way in which the taunt was delivered,—as though it were justice and purity that spoke, not merely a jealous woman,—were most impressive. This scene is the one point in the play where grandeur is required, and the one point, not where Mlle. Bernhardt quite fails, but where she falls short of what her ability up to that point had led us to expect.*

Thus far we have considered the nature of her conception only. To the question of her rendering I shall return in the sequel, for it will be best, I think, first to give a slight sketch of the way in which she conceives some other parts.

In the first acts of "Frou-Frou" Mlle. Bernhardt shows us the most perfect possible picture of a giddy, frivolous girl, ex-

* Madame Seebach, who until her retirement from the stage was the greatest actress in Germany, has been a famous Adrienne. It is probable that her conception of the part has become traditional and is followed more or less closely by Geistering.

quisitely high-bred always and dignified, therefore, when occasion demands, but as feather-headed as one can well imagine. This conception of the character is preserved throughout. In the third act, where her jealousy is aroused, it is not the deep passion of a woman, but the unreasoning rage of a child who finds itself supplanted where it had thought always to reign supreme by no effort of its own. She desires to regain her lost position in her household, not so much because she really cares for any of the things she has lost as because she vaguely feels herself defrauded and her importance lessened. The knowledge that the fault has been her own does not soften but exasperates her further. The scene with her sister in its frantic yet childish passion well exemplifies this. There is no intense love shown anywhere for her lover. When we see her in his company in Venice, her feeling seems to be that of gratitude for his affection and pleasure at his presence rather than the feeling of a woman who for his sake has counted the world well lost. And her death appears to be the result of isolation and of the loss of everything of every kind that she had held dear, of self-pity and of regret, rather than of remorse in the true sense or of passionate grief for her dead lover. The conception, as I have said, is admirably consistent throughout, and is rendered with admirable clearness. The type of character is not a high one, of course, and is not even redeemed by any noble traits. While the character admits of no such diverse interpretations as does Adrienne, I am well aware that there may be a conception of it differing from Mlle. Bernhardt's. There may be more of the woman and less of the child put into the part, a nobler cause of anger given and a nobler sort of penitence displayed. The character, indeed, is often rendered thus, a sort of radical change or sudden development being supposed in *Gilberte* after the beginning of her troubles. But to my mind Mlle. Bernhardt's conception is truer to the intention of the authors and more logical according to the text. We can only understand *Gilberte's* idea that, though she loves her lover, she is yet able to love her husband

also, in the light of the fact that she does not love either of them very deeply. Only such a conception as Mlle. Bernhardt's justifies the frivolity of her questions to the baroness when they meet in Venice and of her dying words; only this the constant solicitude she shows for herself and herself only. It is "pauvre Frou-Frou" all through the play, even in the scene where she tries to prevent the duel, for her great fear is, not that her lover may lose his life, but that *she* will in consequence be obliged to live forever with the horrible memory that "a man has been killed for her sake." And, indeed, can the turning-point of the drama, the cause and manner of her elopement, be reconciled with any conception of the character that would make it a whit more noble or more womanly or more responsible than it seems in Mlle. Bernhardt's hands? Such a conception might be finer and more impressive in places: it could not, I think, be so consistent throughout, and, therefore, so entirely satisfactory and artistic as a whole.

An admirable pendant to Mlle. Bernhardt's "Frou-Frou" is her "Dame aux Camélias." * Here we have a character which at first is frivolous too, but frivolous in how different a way! It is not the rippling gayety of a shallow but innocent girl: it is the light-heartedness of a worldly, self-conscious woman. Artistically and truthfully enough, however, Mlle. Bernhardt makes it just as spontaneous and natural as the other. She is absolutely true to the idea that Marguerite first becomes tender and repentant when she first begins to love. There is no hint of forced merriment or unnatural excitement in the first act. Even the fact of her incurable disease is taken lightly, as a matter of small moment. We have, it is true, a glimpse of some dissatisfaction deep down in her heart,—a necessary prelude to the love that is to follow,—but it is called forth by Armand's words, and until she speaks to him we do not suspect it. Her self-pity is not

covered from sight when she appears to be gay: it is absolutely forgotten by herself for the time being. It will, I think, be granted that this is a truer and at the same time a subtler conception than the more conventional one which we have usually seen. It is impossible to refer in detail to the innumerable touches with which Mlle. Bernhardt defines it, yet each plays a necessary part toward making it forcible, clear-cut, individual, and impressive. She does not flutter and sentimentalize on the surface of things, but shows us a strongly-marked character as it might actually appear. Rather morbid touches of sentiment are put into the first part of the play by almost all actresses, and appeal forcibly to the unthinking emotions of the audience. But every such touch makes the character less true to life than it is in Mlle. Bernhardt's hands, and so decreases its worth as art. She shows us a noble nature not merely tarnished, but stained through and through by an unworthy life. At first, as I have said, she is frankly gay, and even after she loves Armand the consciousness of transgression is hardly felt, except as it must affect her future. She appreciates the deformity of her past because it shuts her out from the fullest sharing of her lover's life. He is the beginning and the end of her conscience. If she cannot have him, one existence is the same as another to her. The shame of leaving him consists in the fact that she is leaving him and apparently ceasing to care for him, not in the fact that she is returning to her old life. I am aware that this conception of the part is necessitated to a great degree by the mere following of the original version instead of the travesty to which we are accustomed on the English-speaking stage. The moral callousness runs through all the characters, and in most of them is simply repulsive, though doubtless very true to life. So would also be the character of Marguerite in the hands of an average actress. It takes a talent as delicate as Mlle. Bernhardt's to make the heroine attract us very strongly and yet be so true to nature, glossed with no exaggerated, improbable remorse or morbid,

* For some occult reason the management sees fit to retain the Anglicized title of "Camille," though it is utterly inappropriate to the French version, in which, of course, the heroine goes by her original name of Marguerite.

"stagey" sentiment. There is, I repeat, no attempt to palliate the corrupted side of her nature, but relief is found in the wonderful force with which the other side is shown intact in its womanly charm. We do not see a woman who is supposed to have touched pitch and not been defiled, but a woman who was intended for a noble life and who is still noble in spite of the undeniable corruption of one part of her nature. Both aspects of the character are simply and naturally conceived, wrought out with innumerable delicate touches, not with rough, exaggerated lines. There is no hint of effrontery or defiance in Marguerite's transgressions. She has merely been living in an impure atmosphere, and first realizes the fact when her lover's affection brings her a breath from a purer world. And then the contamination is scarcely realized as evil in itself, for it has eaten its way into her soul and is as much a part of her being as is the physical disease which threatens her existence. And the nobler side of the character is just as delicately worked. There is no excess of sentiment shown, still less is there any sentimentality. The artistic balance is so admirable throughout that, though the character is moulded on the conception of a very peculiar individuality, it seems more than possible or even probable. We feel it as an artistic *creation* in the truest sense, as an actual, individual woman visible before us.

Apart entirely from the questions with which I have here to do,—questions of truth to nature and consequent impressiveness as art,—it must be evident that there is a sterner moral pointed by such a rendering as this than by our soft, morbid, and unnatural version. We may have each our own opinion as to the advisability of representing such a phase of life and such consequences upon the stage, but if they *are* to be represented it is surely well to give them thus, stripped of all sentimental unreality; it is well that our sympathies should be excited only by the really noble side of the character, and not by a romantic halo thrown around the other. And not only the kind but the force of Mlle. Bernhardt's personation makes it less pernicious

than the weaker ones that we have seen. All such, being less strongly marked and less individual, strike us as being somewhat in the nature of types,—parables of life apt for universal application. We are affected as by the sub-title of the American edition, "The Fate of a Coquette," and may be led to think that of this sort are all the coquettes of the world. From such false conclusions arise in great part the immoral effects which are attributed to the play. There is little danger of such results from Mlle. Bernhardt's rendering. Here we may or may not sympathize with Marguerite Gautier and the shipwreck of her life, but she is a person to us, and not a type. We judge her as such, and are not inclined to condone the faults of her comrades in the belief that they must of necessity possess the same virtues and the same sources of attraction as herself.

In "Phèdre," of course, Mlle. Bernhardt must bring an entirely different side of her talent into play. The conception is as coherent and artistic, as finely felt and as clearly expressed, as in the plays just noticed, but it is, I think, less admirable, less adequate in itself. A character, though mythical, which has come down to us through so many ages, which the world has known by heart since its very infancy, acquires a certain individuality which is almost historical in its demands upon our credence. The surprise is, therefore, greater than it could be in any more modern play if we see a performer not only varying the old conception, as every great performer must vary everything she touches, but forming a radically different conception for herself. As art, however, is a thing entirely apart from history, and only slightly bound by traditions even of an artistic kind, we have no right to find fault with any conception for such a reason as this. A character on the stage is like a picture in a frame. If consistent with itself and with the general laws of nature, it fulfils all the demands for consistency to which it is amenable. We must judge it on its own merits, simply as an isolated work of art. If to do this we wish to bring it into comparison with other artistic con-

ceptions of a similar character, it must not be to ascertain whether it is like them in kind, only whether it can be called as great in its own way. I do not, therefore, call Mlle. Bernhardt's conception of Phèdre inadequate because it is different from our old idea of the part, but because it seems to me intrinsically less fine. It is not only different in kind, but, I think, inferior in quality. For ages the world's idea of Phèdre has been that of a grand, suffering, and terrible figure, majestic in her sin,—which itself gains an element of grandeur as being a visitation from the gods,—majestic in her anger when she upbraids Œnone, and majestic in her exit from the world. Even the involuntary tenderness she betrays toward Hippolyte is grand and terrible, no less than her suffering when the moment has passed. Mlle. Bernhardt does not fail to render this idea, for she does not at all attempt it. She desires from the beginning to give us something entirely different. The whole character is turned into another channel, becomes appealing, pathetic,—super-feminine, so to speak,—instead of majestic, terrible and sinister. From the moment when the fragile, swaying figure enters and we see the worn, almost nervous excitability of the face, our pity is aroused, but not our terror or our strongest sympathies. We scarcely need be told of any superhuman agency to explain the infatuation of so emotional and febrile a creature, and it strikes us, indeed, as a machinery quite out of proportion to the end desired. There is force in the conception, but not in the way of grandeur or nobility: it is in the way of emotional intensity, of imaginative wildness and feverish passion. It is not the noble and terrible creation that Rachel's must from all accounts have been. We are not awed by an image of shattered majesty and stately penitence. Our hearts are wrung at the spectacle of a nature fine in quality but weak in fibre, delicate and pure and gracious in the past, as we may well believe, but pathetic and not dreadful in its present sin and agony. The creation is vivid, coherent, and individual, it fascinates the eye and holds the memory, but

a great creation I do not think it is. It does not satisfy the intellect when we ask what Phèdre should be, and it does not thrill the heart as the fate of Phèdre should thrill it.

I have already implied that there is a distinction to be drawn between the more intellectual and the more artistic side of an artist's endowment, though the two meet, of course, and intermingle to a great degree. This distinction holds good no less in dramatic than in all other art, the intellectual factor concerning itself with the conception of the subject, the artistic factor with the rendering of that conception. It is the first-named that has thus far been considered with regard to Mlle. Bernhardt. Let us turn now to the second and see how she is able to realize the conceptions her mind has formed.

It is hard to know just where to begin when attempting to describe her methods, and to illustrate them fully one would need to go through her plays scene by scene. I hope it is hardly worth while to say that she does not fall into any of the more palpable sins which we see fit to condone in most of our performers, but which would not be tolerated for an instant on the French stage. She never plays to her audience, never loses her absorption in her part, never exalts herself at the expense of her colleagues, is never negligent,—never, in a word, anything but a loving and a conscientious artist. A fact perhaps better worth noting is that she never makes "points" in the popular sense of the term, never improves the occasion for a telling emphasis sure to take with the audience, but not strictly demanded by the truest art. The effectiveness of her work to those who look for genuine art is owing just to this reticence, which does not distract the eye from all minor points to fix it with undue intentness upon one or two of a more striking nature, joined to a fine intuition which sees value in every word no matter how apparently trivial, and to a wonderful by-play which makes every instant of her presence on the stage add one more touch to the vivid portrait that is growing beneath our gaze. A painter would say, I think, that her work,

while preserving all the local color, is deliciously "in tone."

It is futile to attempt a description of this artistic poise, and almost equally futile to speak of her by-play, which does so much and yet is so delicate and so impalpable. Not only its quality but its immense quantity is remarkable. We must be alert indeed to grasp it all in its swift development when we first see her in any character. I do not think that a novice in the theatre, or one who had gone there for emotional enjoyment only and had not been trained into artistic sensitiveness, could be sensible of its perfection or realize its richness. As I heard it said one day, rather crudely but with a keen relish, "Mlle. Bernhardt acts more in five minutes than any one else in five acts." The artist-hand is shown, of course, in the fact that this profusion of detail never hinders but always helps our comprehension of the main points in the play and the main outlines of the character. No detail is given for its own sake, but each because it can play a part in the general effect. To use again a pictorial comparison, the work is as "broad" as it is delicate. It is not the talent of a modern "Pre-Raphaelist" who loves details for themselves and forgets the whole; it is the genius of a Lionardo or a Holbein who makes the detail of art rival the detail of nature and yet leaves the completed work as massive and coherent as a work of nature's own.

If I say that Mlle. Bernhardt's art is exquisitely natural, equally far from all "stagey" affectations and all false idealism, I must not be understood to mean that it is "realistic" as we are accustomed to use the word. It is natural in the only way that art of any kind may dare be natural,—not by copying the methods of Nature to produce her effects, but by simulating those effects with strictly artistic means. No true art of any kind ever copies, ever aims at literal transcription. It selects, modifies, interprets, translates, and so reproduces and intensifies. We must submit to the crudeness and unpleasantness and inconsistencies of life; we should never suffer such things in dramatic art; we should never be content

with an awkward gesture, a harsh intonation, an imperfect bit of elocution, or a repulsive death-scene. Ugliness, of course, is a constant subject for art of every kind, but it must be so treated as not to be unpleasant, much less disgusting. One must study life, of course, to portray it well, but it may be well—i.e., literally—portrayed and the acting never rise for one instant into the domain of fine art. Our feelings may be touched or shocked, but so they may be by a hospital scene or a newspaper anecdote. And so-called realistic acting is not fine art any more than these. With such exhibitions we may not even compare the exquisite handiwork of Mlle. Bernhardt. She is an artist to the finger-tips, and so her work is not only true, but beautiful,—not only in conformity with her rôle, but in conformity with the claims of eye and ear and artistic sense to be satisfied all through.

One example must suffice, though many suggest themselves. This sensitive taste is nowhere more strikingly exhibited than in her handling of Marguerite Gautier. It is necessary, of course, to mark the point that she is not *grande dame*; but how subtly it is done, without slurring over the fact, as our more timid actresses are apt to do, yet without having recourse to a single broad and palpable touch! It is impossible to call Marguerite anything but refined, ladylike, dainty, and exquisite. There is no possible shade of coarseness; the evil is internal, and does not appear upon the surface. There is as much delicate reserve in the way it is expressed as in the sparing way Mlle. Bernhardt uses the external signs of Marguerite's physical malady to indicate its ravages. We hardly perceive as such the minute touches by which the effect is given,—the slightly careless greeting, the little air of self-consciousness, not too marked to be entirely pleasing, the left hand given once in place of the right, the faint and quite ladylike tone of good-fellowship. And in the marvellous scene with the elder Duval the same effect is wrought by entirely different means,—by the pathetic, almost humble, dignity of her protest against an insult received in her own house.

I must give a word now to the means

with which nature has furnished Mlle. Bernhardt in order that her work may be so well executed. Her physiognomy does not show the least trace of Jewish blood either in color or in form. Neither is it a type that we should call French, but it seems to me, especially in the shape of the cheeks and eyes, to be distinctly Russian. Dignity is given to her very slight figure by a sufficient breadth of shoulder and by a regal carriage of the head and body. The poise of the small, well-shaped head with its auburn hair is perhaps her chief beauty. The face has an irregular yet attractive profile, but the cheek-bones are very high, the line from ear to chin too prominent, the mouth wide and the lips thin, though her beautiful teeth go far to redeem these last defects. The charm of the face does not lie in its conformation, but in its intellectual power and an intense expressiveness, depending not only on the eyes and smile, but on every feature and muscle. Mobility of countenance, the actor's most valuable stock in trade, is present to a remarkable degree, and is well under control. Her grace of movement and attitude is a delight to the eyes and a complete satisfaction to the artistic sense. I have never seen anything to approach it either on or off the stage. It appears to equal advantage in the fluttering of *Frou-Frou* and in the statuesque drapery and marble poses of *Phèdre*. Her voice is unrivalled in its kind,—pure, flexible, and sweet as the note of a bird and expressive as Wilhelmj's violin. But it is not a voice capable of great tragic intonations. It is too high-pitched to compass the deepest and most terrible notes. This is shown, for example, in "*Phèdre*," where she upbraids *Cenone*; and I think that in all similar passages the effect would be the same. The accents are passionate, not terrible; and the scene is emotionally, not tragically, impressive. She may thrill us with her voice; she cannot overawe and terrify. Her elocution is unusually fine even for a French actor. From the simplest colloquial phrase to the formal verses of Racine, which become living and flexible and natural without losing their rhythmic character, there

is not a fault to be found. Once more, she is a thorough artist, and the whole is implied therein. Even in the matter of her clothes this is seen. They are elaborate and effective, of course, but they are not unduly so. We have no sensation as of millinery for its own sake, no display that attracts attention from more vital things. Her whole appearance on the stage is not only refined, but high-bred in the extreme. The dainty yet almost queenly carriage, the thoroughbred step, the marvellous voice, and the expressive countenance make us forget whatever physical imperfections go therewith. She is very charming, and we neglect to ask, what one always must ask about an actress, "Is she beautiful?"*

If we try now to sum up the impressions derived from the plays I have mentioned,—few in number, but covering a wide field and fairly representative,—we must conclude that Mlle. Bernhardt cannot be ranked among the greatest actresses. Both faculties, that of conception and that of execution, must exist in their very highest form in the endowment of an entirely great performer. While Mlle. Bernhardt's executive faculty is unrivalled as far as her voice will carry her, I do not think that she is equal to the creation of the grandest tragic parts. She would not fail in them, as we understand the word failure. She could never give a faltering or an indistinct conception or a mere copy of some one else. I cannot imagine her anything but original, artistic, and interesting. But she would inevitably recast such conceptions in the mould of

* It is deeply to be regretted that Mlle. Bernhardt's admirable art and picturesque appearance are not seen in a better setting. That the company is poor, that her acting with it cannot be just what it has been with the company of the *Francaise*, we acknowledge with a sigh. But we do not submit so readily to the disappointment of finding the scenery and stage-fittings, at least in New York, not only poor, but wretched. In "*Phèdre*," for example, they are absolutely squalid. In *Adrienne* we have an impression that the actress takes a morbid pleasure in dying in her own kitchen, so utterly is her figure out of consonance with its surroundings. Scenes that ought to add themselves to the effect of the performance do not even furnish a harmless background for Mlle. Bernhardt, but go as far as scenes well can to entirely spoil her effectiveness.

her especial talent, and, however good in another way, they would cease to be grandly tragic. This talent of hers is of an exceedingly sensitive, clear-seeing, and subtle kind. Entirely to appreciate it we must remember her great versatility, must consider her repertory as a whole, and must reflect that she can pass with ease from a perfect Frou-Frou to an impressive and remarkable if not an entirely satisfactory Phèdre. To all versatility there must be limits, however, and Mlle. Bernhardt strikes hers toward the more lofty extreme of her profession. She may with propriety aspire to all except the most sublime and tremendous parts. There could be no part too typically frivolous, too slender, to escape her. There could also be no part too tender to become her, too delicate, too poetic, too fantastic, or too pathetic. Nor do I think it beyond her power to realize the most intense and thrilling characters if their strength is what we call emotional and not strictly tragic. Was it not in "Hernani," for example, that her greatest Parisian success was gained? Her talent is essentially feminine: an element of virile force she cannot supply. Absolute grandeur is just beyond her range, though she can be finely majestic on occasion. She can call out all the emotions to which the human heart responds save only those which are summoned by the sternest voice of tragedy. All emotions of a little lower grade—those of pathos and passion, those aroused by simple dignity, by naive grace, or by coquetry of the most bewildering kind—come quickly at her call.

When I say in conclusion that it is as an executive and not as a creative artist that Mlle. Bernhardt merits the most unqualified praise, it need not be decided that inspiration is lacking to her and that we see only the results of immense study and of careful training. The artistic, realizing faculty is as innate as the imaginative, conceiving faculty. It must be cultivated by the most strenuous efforts, but it can never be supplied by cultivation. Mlle. Bernhardt's artistic sense is as truly a gift as any creative sense could be, and in enjoying its results we are

not enjoying the fruits of mechanical toil or even of intellectual cultivation, but of a rare individual endowment. And when we find fault with her in other ways, when we say her creative force cannot cope with the highest things, it must be remembered that she is a person who may not be judged by any but the severest tests. To say she is not a great actress in the fullest sense is to say that there have been greater actresses. It is far from putting her in comparison with good though not extraordinary artists, such as Madame Modjeska, for example. Much worse than this is done, however. To any one who looks upon the dramatic stage as the vehicle for the display not only of emotional intensity, but also of a most delicate and powerful form of fine art, it is a little distressing to hear her compared every day with performers who have not even mastered the rudiments of their art. There is some comfort, however, in an old story which may be quoted here. "There is no such thing as good wine or bad," said a Frenchman one day; "it is all a matter of taste, and no one can prove that his taste is the truest. I gave one of my laborers a bottle of fine Burgundy a day or two since, and he declares that it is not half so good as his thin and sour *vin ordinaire*."—"Very true," replied his friend; "but let him drink your Burgundy for a fortnight and then send him back to his own stuff. He will like it no better than you do, and will never again dream that it is the best." So, I believe, it will be in regard to Mlle. Bernhardt's art. It is a little too subtle, too self-restrained, too full yet delicate, for our undeveloped taste. But after seeing her half a dozen times let us go back to the performers with whom, perhaps, we have been comparing her unfavorably and try how they will strike us. I am much mistaken if there will not be a very great revulsion of feeling, and if some of the actors we have long admired will not seem to have retrograded a thousand degrees and to have grown flat, stale, and unprofitable.

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

BURIAL OF AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

(PICTURE BY BRIDGEMAN.)

DOWN the silent, sacred stream,
 Slow, with muffled oar, doth float,
 Freighted with the dead, a boat;
 Dusky forms upon it seem
 Like strange figures in a dream,
 As they float.

Far away the river vast
 Gleams like burnished silver pale,—
 Pale as that pure sky whose veil
 Seems upon the waters east;
 On the long, low hills the last
 Red gleams fail.

Dark against that stainless sky,
 Dark against the shining stream,
 Stand those mournful forms that seem
 Wrought in bronze. And, lo! a cry
 Slow doth rise and faint doth die
 On the stream.

Kneeling women, crouching low,
 Loosened locks of wild black hair
 Streaming o'er their bosoms bare,
 Beat their dusky breasts in woe,
 Lift their dirge with wailing slow
 Through the air.

This dull heap of sullen clay,
 Wrapped in cloth and winding-sheet,
 Confined close at head and feet,
 In the drifting sand they lay:
 Debt of Life to Death they pay,
 As is meet.

But the river's ample breast
 Scarce is troubled by their oar,
 And that level, lonely shore
 No long echoes can molest,
 Nor disturb the peace and rest
 Which it wore.

Down the ancient stream have gone
 Countless boats as mournfully;
 Loud lament and agony
 Countless times have made their moan;
 But the river still flows on
 To the sea.

GEORGE FERRARS.

A MIDWINTER ROMANCE.

MRS. GRANT-FERGUSON was a woman of ideas.

"She must be eccentric, this lady," said Professor Keller to Carl Gilson as the two walked down-street together. "And why does she bear a double name? Who was Grant-Ferguson?"

"Entirely a mythical personage, composed of the memories of two deceased husbands," answered Carl lightly. "She keeps both names because she wishes to behave with strict impartiality."

"Ah!" said the professor with his simple seriousness. "Then she is indeed a singular woman, to be so faithful. I should not myself object to becoming sixth husband to such a marvel."

At which Carl laughed. He had introduced the professor at Mrs. Grant-Ferguson's house, which was well worth seeing, for a like union of fashionable decorations thrown together as if by accident could scarcely have been found anywhere else in town.

Mrs. Grant-Ferguson herself was no uninteresting study. Of a romantic temperament, the first stage of her life—as wife of Richard Grant, a vender of odds and ends—had been spent in two stuffy rooms over the store, where in the intervals of work necessary to carry on their small establishment she read novels and dreamed dreams. Richard died while she was still young; and when her black curls and sparkling eyes attracted the notice of John Ferguson, soap-manufacturer, like a woman of more shrewdness and less romance, she smiled and sighed and flattered until she triumphantly led him away captive in matrimonial chains.

Ferguson, much to his own surprise, made an immense fortune by speculation, and in his turn died and left it for the widow to spend. Then it was that her nature expanded in full luxuriance. Instead of second-rate novels she read Swinburne and Rossetti, and, as other hints of predominating literary tastes reached

her, pronounced George Eliot, "full of divine philosophy" and referred to Macdonald as the "leading philanthropist of the day." She filled her house to overflowing with all that money can buy, and, if people made critical remarks, Carl Gilson was ready to answer, "Say what you will, everything is there,—pictures, statues, velvet, and tapestry; and if the woman doesn't understand the art of combination, surely it isn't her fault."

When all her preparations for embarking on the stream of fashionable life were complete, she sent to a far-away New-England town for Janet Ayres, her husband's niece, to act as companion, general assistant, and pet to her ladyship. The Ayres were poor, and Janet's life had been a tame one: so the family decided it would be tempting Providence to neglect a chance of giving their little girl a sight of the world. She came, and Mrs. Grant-Ferguson eyed her critically, noted the plain alpaca dress, modest hat, and well-fitting gloves, and said, "Why, my child, how nice and prim you look!—a dear little old maid." Then her glance sought the face with its brown eyes and hair, firm red lips, and clear skin brown as a berry, and she kissed her again, crying, "Almost pretty, too! At least, you're peculiar-looking, and that is more than positive beauty. I am sure you will suit me to a charm."

Mrs. Grant-Ferguson would not have chosen to chaperon a beauty. It was far from her purpose to set youthful charms beside her mature ones, and Janet attracted little attention except from elderly gentlemen, who liked her natural ways and quiet good sense, or from an artist now and then, drawn by professional zeal to study her face with its dark, rich coloring. It never occurred to her that it could be otherwise. She was an unconscious little creature, and her head remained unturned by the fascinations of the life into which she had fallen.

"Why," said her aunt to Carl, "the

child reads her chapter and says her little prayer as calmly after coming home from a ball as if she were in her own sleepy home."

Carl was a handsome, indolent fellow, an amateur in half the popular arts and sciences, which is the polite equivalent for the old "Jack-of-all-trades." Indifferent, half cynical, and chivalrous to the backbone, he spent his days in wandering from pictures to music and books, occasionally dropping down into the midst of society, where he was sought and admired in the same ratio in which he sneered at the vagaries of fashionable life. When Mrs. Grant-Ferguson's star was in the ascendant, and all the small world was talking of her fabulous wealth and eccentricities, he met her, and, amused by her peculiarities, but attracted also by her thorough good nature, he attached himself to her as escort and privileged frequenter of her house. Everybody wondered, but no one knew just how he regarded her. To a witty acquaintance who joked at her expense after a party at which she had committed some slight offence against polite usage, he replied grandly, "We have eaten her salt: excuse me if I do not join you in dissecting her character," and bade the overawed witling a ceremonious "Good-morning."

"I have a new idea, Mr. Gilson," said Mrs. Grant-Ferguson one day. She sat negligently before the fire playing with the crimson tassels of her gown, for she had discarded all outward reminders of the late Ferguson and just now affected an Oriental magnificence of costume. "Balls are common, and parties stupid, and I've been racking my brains for a novel and unheard-of entertainment."

"And you have found—what?" asked the young man, lifting the golden line of his straight brows inquiringly.

"Well, Janet has been reading the *Pickwick Papers* to me, and the description of that visit to the country-house, wherever it was, struck me as being altogether delightful. Now, this is my plan. The colonel" (she always alluded to the late Ferguson by this title,—a pleasant little fiction which by constant repetition

she had almost come to believe, though the mild Ferguson had never warred against anything more formidable than the opposing powers of trade)—"the colonel had a large country-house at Belmont which has been left for years in charge of an old couple there. Now, suppose a party of us—eighteen or twenty—go down there and spend a week just after Christmas. Wouldn't it be odd and delightful?"

"A capital idea," said Carl approvingly. "I think people would be immensely pleased."

"Do you, really? Then the only thing is to go ahead and carry it out. I dare say the house is a tumble-down old pile by this time, and bare as a barn; but great fires in every room will light it up. If there are stoves, they must be taken away. We'll try to do it all up in English style,—have great suppers with joints of meat, and pig roasted whole, and foaming tankards of ale. Do give me some ideas. Can't you and Janet arrange something new and-bright? Janet is extremely good for planning."

Carl glanced at the quiet young girl on the other side of the fire, who scarcely ever opened her lips when he was in the room, and whom he let alone accordingly. "The girl doesn't want to talk, or she can't," he said after his first meeting with her. "In either case, I will not make a martyr of her."

"Perhaps it would be well to let loose a flock of sheep in the woods, in default of any other game, and have a hunting-party," she said with a quiet sarcasm which made Carl look at her in surprise.

Mrs. Grant-Ferguson received the proposal in simple good faith. "I am afraid we can't do that," she said thoughtfully. "If it were only foxes, it might do; but anything else—No, Janet; we must give that up."

Janet repented when she saw a gleam of mischief in Carl's eyes, and would not answer it. She was always loyal to her aunt, however much the latter's vagaries offended her own good sense. "I didn't mean that, auntie; but I never have much sympathy with aping foreign people and old times. If we are as patriotic

as we pretend, why shouldn't we be content as Americans, and live in to-day?"

"You agree with Emerson?" said Carl, looking at her with still more interest.

"Only so far as Emerson agrees with me," answered Janet.

The select few to whom Mrs. Grant-Ferguson gave her invitations were in raptures over the plan, and preparations were carried forward in hot haste. A small regiment of servants was at once despatched to make investigations and repairs, and Janet carried on a one-sided correspondence, full of commands and countermands, with the chief of them, until the house at Belmont must have resounded with the execrations of bewildered Jeemeses, Bettys, and Bridgets. Carl showed more interest in the scheme than he usually did in merry-making, and held frequent consultations with Janet.

"Do whatever you like, but don't come to me," said the widow, waving them away. "I claim credit for the original idea, but I never could go into details."

So the two fell into the habit of talking together in Carl's almost daily calls. Once they made a plan of each day's doings, from skating to dances, and Janet grew merry over it, while her aunt listened with pleased indulgence, congratulating herself on her own wisdom in introducing the girl to a kind of life so well calculated to bring out her most attractive qualities.

"She has a delicious laugh, this 'nut-brown mayde,'" said Carl to himself as he went home.

Mrs. Grant-Ferguson and Janet went down to Belmont before the day set for the guests to arrive, rejecting Carl's offer to accompany them as general assistant. "No; you will be more useful if you will take charge of the party on the way," said the widow. "We will be there to receive you."

Nature was propitious, for when the pleasure-seekers left the cars the night was clear, the sky flooded with moonlight, and the lonely roads beaten into crisp, hard snow-tracks. Every one was hilarious, and their spirits rose until the staid officials of the little country station stared at them in surprise. Twenty minutes

of hunting for baggage and settling feminine flounces and wrappings in the great sleighs, an hour's ride, and they drove up to the old house,—a sombre pile shut in by dismal firs and cypresses, but now ablaze with lights. The great hall-door swung open and disclosed Mrs. Grant-Ferguson majestic in black velvet and diamonds and radiant with hospitality, while Janet stood in the background, a bright spot of color in the old-fashioned room. No matter in what gala array she appeared, she was always a domestic picture, and so quiet in a way peculiar to herself that one would have been at a loss to know whether to call her timid or self-possessed.

"It is going to be a success," thought the hostess, drawing a sigh of relief as the gayly-attired troop poured down to dinner, and again, more emphatically, when they sat at the long table glittering with its modern wealth, in high contrast with the bare walls of the room. "It is a success," she pronounced two hours after, when from her chair of state she watched them dancing in the old kitchen, while the music came mysteriously from an unused bedroom where the players had been stationed.

"I am inclined to think your ladyship a genius," said Carl, sauntering up and giving himself as nearly his usual lounging posture as it was possible to do in a straight-backed, old-fashioned chair. "It makes a picture worthy the hand of a real artist. See how the bright dresses and faces light up the bare boards and rafters. Look at Keller: isn't he like an old Norse god with his deep-blue eyes and lion's mane of hair? Leonora Humboldt, too, is simply magnificent. Did you ever before see such purple-black hair or a turn of neck and shoulders like hers?"

"She is very handsome," returned the lady prudently. "But don't admire her too much: I have views for her which must not be interfered with by compliments from you non-marrying men."

Carl's lip curled an imperceptible bit under his moustache before he said coolly, "Ah! do explain. I should be sorry to frustrate any deep design of yours."

"Well, I'll tell you," said the widow with a sudden gush of confidence: "I am so much of a woman that I must have my match-making plans, and I have thought of two romances which I am determined shall be well under way before we leave here, because it isn't once in a hundred times that such an opportunity presents itself. In the first place, I want Tom Cheney to fall in love with Leonora; and then there are two others who must be mated. Of all the men here, it seems to me Professor Keller needs a wife most. These Germans are domestic, you know, and I think he would be very happy in a home of his own. Now, whom do you think I mean to give him?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I know of no one over whom you have such power of life and death as to lead her blindfold into matrimony except your fair self," said the young man with cool impudence.

"Nonsense! I don't mean to assume control of the affair: I shall only make it easy for them to come to their own conclusions. You can't guess? Why, my Janet, to be sure! You are surprised?"

"Yes, I must confess I am."

"Well, I own I am generous, to be willing to give Janet up, but everything must yield to my love of a love-story. I know he likes her, she is such a quiet dear and makes such a pretty picture by the fire sewing. He has been in two or three times to read German poetry, and really seems to admire her. Of course you won't say anything? And would you be so good as to find Janet for me? I want to ask her about breakfast."

Carl found her in the dining-room unpacking an extra supply of silver.

"Does auntie want me?" she asked as he came in. "Thank you; and don't wait for me, please. I'll come in a moment."

He did wait, and when she was ready drew her hand through his arm. "Your fingers are like ice," he said so impetuously and unlike his usual self that she looked up in surprise. "You will get your death in this breezy old house."

"Why, it is perfectly warm," ex-

claimed Janet. "There is a fire in every room."

"Never mind; you must not take cold," he insisted again; and Janet was in a glow all the evening from his tone more than the fires, and forgot what an unnecessary caution it was. There are times when we like unreason.

Professor Keller had been dancing with Miss Humboldt, and when he resigned her to an artist in a velvet coat ("Which we tolerate because he is undoubtedly a genius," said Mrs. Grundy) stopped for a moment by Carl. "Isn't she a Brunhilda?" he said, tossing back his tawny hair. "Ah! such women as she inspire the poets. No wonder they named her Leonora: she would be royal throned on a pile of lion-skins. But how unlike are women! Now, there is a dove," turning to look at Janet, who stood watching the dancers, gently keeping time with the quiet movements of her fan.

Carl made no answer to the professor, but went over to Janet and asked her to give him the waltz that was just beginning.

"Thank you, but I seldom dance round dances," she said with a little hesitation, a flush creeping into her cheeks.

"You will make an exception to-night for me?" he pleaded.

"I would rather not make exceptions for any one," she answered with a quaint dignity; and Carl liked her the better for being in a way unapproachable, while he found a satisfaction in the thought that if she did not waltz with him she would with no one else.

So the days went on, and each one was a triumph to Mrs. Grant-Ferguson. Her plans prospered famously. The Morleys flirted with the Howards, Miss Duncan made exquisite sketches of winter scenery, and any one who prided himself or herself on a special talent had ample opportunity for displaying it. They played "Crambo" sometimes of an evening, in which Harry Ritter—a poet in a small way—distinguished himself. Half a dozen young ladies who had brought their music played it to their hearts'

content; Leonora sang divinely, and Tom Cheney was as devoted to her as even Mrs. Grant-Ferguson could wish. It was whispered that she intended to go on the stage and give her voice and beauty to the public; but this she did not confess.

Finally the company became aware of a small domestic drama going on in their midst, and watched its progress furtively, but without in the least understanding its meaning. The two most prominent men of the party, Professor Keller and Carl Gilson, had apparently devoted themselves to the most insignificant woman, Janet Ayres. In neither case did it seem to imply positive love-making. The professor was certainly cool about it, and Carl had attached himself to her in such a matter-of-fact style that Janet could not decide within herself whether it was a more exclusive attention than he gave to other women or simply because, being her aunt's friend, he felt a proprietary interest in all that belonged to her. Mrs. Grant-Ferguson herself was not shrewd. She accepted all incense as burned for her own nose, though it might be at the shrine of another.

Gradually the professor grew pale and distraught. He did not join heartily in amusements, but sat usually by Janet, sometimes talking, but oftener watching her hands, which were seldom without some pretty, feminine work.

"Did you ever see a man so changed?" whispered the widow to Carl triumphantly. "If he isn't in love, then I'm mistaken in the symptoms. I'd give—oh, I'd give a fortune to know if Janet likes him. Quiet little mouse! she is too deep for me to fathom. You are a student of human nature: watch her and tell me what you think."

"Madam," said Carl with an emphasis that made her start, "I must decline taking part in the affair in any capacity."

Mrs. Grant-Ferguson shrunk within herself quite humbly, and did not allude to the matter again.

Carl walked away anathematizing himself for having shown mere personal feeling in what she had taken for a delicate

sense of honor. "What business has a man to prowl round a girl quoting poetry and talking sentiment?" he said to himself. Then, still more ashamed for being ungenerous, he ordered a horse and rode to the village in the face of a stinging blast, but came back with the evil demon still unexorcised.

"Will you join our skating-party, Mr. Gilson?" asked his hostess graciously from the head of the table that evening. "We can't allow you to refuse, though you were absent when the arrangements were made."

"I shall be delighted, of course," answered Carl mechanically, casting a quick glance at the side of the table where he overheard the professor saying in a low tone to Janet, "Skates? Allow me to sharpen them;" and, do what he would, he could not help feeling half disgusted. "If the man is in love with her, why can't he behave like a sensible being?" he thought. "Why need he look so pale and woe-begone? She can't be what I believed her, or she would laugh at him."

"Of course I couldn't trust myself on skates," the widow continued. "It would furnish excellent fun for you, I've no doubt, but I am not quite generous enough to give you that entertainment. Professor Keller has extemporized a chair on runners, and two benevolent gentlemen have agreed to push me. If I get chilled and come home early, that must not break up the party. Stay as long as you like, and then come back to a hot supper."

When they started, Carl took the widow in charge, and at the river placed her in the chair which Dwight and Mitchell, her devoted satellites, were eager to push. Then he buckled on his own skates and started off leisurely; for, by the kind of accident which in such cases passes for fatality, Janet and the professor were just in front of him. He admired her trim, compact figure and clean, graceful strokes, and then lost sight of them among the others.

Half an hour after, skating into a cove, he heard his own name shouted breathlessly, and, turning, saw Keller in hot

pursuit. "I wanted to see you," he panted as Carl paused. "I've been making up my mind to ask for advice for some days past. You are a man of honor and a man of the world: you can tell me what I ought to do."

"Well, suppose we skate along together," said Carl, surprised at such a headlong address. "But what have you done with Miss Ayres?"

"Oh, she is with her aunt. Tell me, Gilson: I must speak or die." Carl began to look with amazement at the excited German. "Suppose you loved a woman, the most beautiful in the world, and you heard she was engaged to another man, but felt all the time you could not give her up: what would you do?"

Carl was silent. "Now is your time, old fellow," he thought, "to prove yourself a man of honor and let him win her if he can." Then, in a husky voice, "Do you know she cares for some one else?"

"Herr Gott, no! If I did, I should be mad,—crazy. They only say so, and she seems—ah! she seems—to prefer him; and then how can I intrude myself? I resolve again and again that I will not trouble her, and then I blame myself that I did not."

"Well," said Carl slowly, "I should think the one thing to do would be to ask her whether the report is true or not. If it is, you have no more to say; if not—"

A look of relief visible in the moonlight came over the professor's face. "Ah! that is reason, and so simple! Thank you, my friend! I go at once;" and he darted away.

"Well," said Carl again, "I should call that lunacy on skates; and here," as he took his own way down-river rather feebly,—“here is idiocy.”

Not far beyond the next corner he saw a figure quietly seated on a log that came through the ice: it was Janet.

He went up to her. "You must get up at once. You will take cold," he said almost roughly. "Why are you here?"

"I was only resting. Auntie went

home and insisted on my staying; but I think I shall disobey orders and go back now if you will take off my skates."

A quick, unreasoning desire came over him to take her away before the professor found her. Before many seconds had elapsed the skates were in his hand and he was by her side on the road home.

"Did you see the professor, and did he ask your advice?" she questioned innocently.

"What do you mean?" said Carl, almost stopping short.

"Oh, you think I know nothing about it," she went on with a little arch laugh. "Well, he came to me first, and I gave him my humble opinion, which he received with the frank remark that a man would know what a man ought to do, and he should ask you. I can guess what you told him, and now I suppose he has gone to Leonora."

"Leonora! Is it she he is raving about?" said Carl in rather a dazed way.

"Certainly. Who did you think it was?"

"You!"

"Oh!"

Two monosyllables, but they expressed so much that as a result Carl instantly put his hand over hers and held it there, and Janet did not object, while both hearts beat tumultuously.

When they came into the avenue of firs and cypresses he paused and said, "You advised the professor: advise me on the same subject. If I love a woman, 'the most beautiful on earth,' to quote the professor's words, shall I tell her so?"

"I think I would," answered Janet hardly above a whisper; and—he did.

The skaters came in before midnight, and at the supper-table everybody was radiant. The professor drank the health of the universe in the bitter ale it was Mrs. Grant-Ferguson's whim to have, and Leonora's face was so alight that Miss Duncan could not eat, but only look at her and think what a study she would make,—a Helen alive with divine beauty, a glad, love-thrilled Venus.

There were two confidences that night,

—one when the professor took Carl aside and whispered with emphasis, "I am your friend for life! You were right, and without your advice and the counsel of that good little Miss Ayres, who has stood my friend through it all, I could not have done it. She loved only me; she thought I did not care for her, and so smiled on him while her heart was aching. Ah! to think I was such a stupid brute as not to know!"

Carl waited until Mrs. Grant-Ferguson was alone, and then said, "I want five minutes' talk with you, my friend."

"Only five, then," she answered good-naturedly, holding up her watch. "See, it is half-past one."

"It can be said in three minutes, if you like: I love Janet, and she has promised to marry me."

There was never a more entire collapse

than Mrs. Grant-Ferguson's. She sat down and looked at him with ludicrous amazement, saying only, "Well, I never!"—a colloquialism that had been scrupulously denied her lips since Richard Grant's time.

Carl laughed: "I am sorry you are surprised. I would have asked permission in due form, and you could have had the satisfaction of giving your blessing beforehand, but, to tell the truth, Fate got ahead of me."

"But the professor?"

"The professor is engaged to Leonora Humboldt."

Mrs. Grant-Ferguson only gasped; then she rallied, and said with resignation, "Well, it is more romantic so than it could have been any other way. Yes, I believe I am glad, and I do hope you'll be happy."

L. K. BLACK.

AMONG THE CHEROKEES.

THE Cherokees are the largest in numbers and the most advanced in civilization of what are termed the Five Nations in the Indian Territory. They have a regular system of government, modelled upon the State formation in the Union, the principal chief and second chief holding positions analogous to those of governor and lieutenant-governor, a legislature, an executive council, judiciary, board of education, and all the machinery of representative government. They have churches,—supplied not by missionaries, but by native preachers,—schools which are taught by Cherokee young men and women, orphan asylums in which every orphan in the nation receives a home and an education, and, in short, all the outward signs and institutions of a civilized people. The personal condition of the tribe is a checkered one. Perhaps one-third of the seventeen or eighteen thousand titular Cherokees are full-blooded Indians, speaking the

native language and living in the woods without much thrift or advance in civilization. The remainder are of more or less mixture of white blood, with the exception of about two thousand negroes, the descendants of the slaves acquired in Georgia, who live on terms of practical equality with the Indians, except that the two races do not intermarry. The half-breeds or mixed-bloods include every variety of intermixture up to the almost absolutely white, and every grade of education and wealth up to graduates of Eastern colleges and the owners of large ranches or well-stocked trading-stores. Their residences rise from log cabins to handsome and comfortable brick and frame houses. As a whole, the condition of the Cherokees does not differ greatly from that of the rural population of the neighboring counties in Missouri and Arkansas, although the restrictions of their reservation make them somewhat more isolated. Having spent some time

among them, I present a few pictures from the various phases of their life.

One morning in August I started from Fort Gibson, with saddle-bags and rubber coat for baggage, for a visit to a neighborhood inhabited chiefly by Cherokees of full blood. My guide was a young half-breed who spoke both English and Cherokee. Our road led out from the old town of Fort Gibson, and its long barracks and government buildings stood out sharply against the sky, crowning the summit of a hill swelling up in smooth and green ascent. We made rapid way over the rolling prairie dotted with feeding cattle and with patches of cloud-shadow gliding over its sunny expanse. Ere long we came to the woods, and passed under the shade of gigantic cottonwoods and sycamores, whose massy pillars showed great patches of white where the bark had peeled off. Crimson Virginia creepers climbed up dead trunks fifty feet in height and shook out from the summit their crowns of blood-red blossoms. A dense undergrowth of cane and brush shut us in on each side, and the air was oppressive with the exhalations of dewy vegetation. Nimble and shining lizards darted out of the road, and we passed a heavy trail in the thick dust where a great snake had dragged himself across. Occasionally glimpses of the clear stream of Grand River would be seen through the trees, its bluffs, with their steep brown sides, mirrored in the silver water, and a water-hen or a white crane cleaving its way with broad wings and dangling legs across to the narrow beach of shining pebbles.

At a place of slippery rocks through which a sinuous rill wound its way my guide looked along the ground for traces of blood, and told the story of an Indian vendetta one of whose tragedies had but lately occurred at that spot. Sam Osage, a half-breed of wealth and prominence and a member of the national council, was riding along in his wagon late in the afternoon on his way home with supplies purchased at Fort Gibson. Two men rode up at headlong speed from the rear and shot him with revolvers in the back. They dragged him from his wag-

on to the ground, cut his head nearly off with the desperate slash of a bowie-knife, and finished their work by riding their horses rough-shod over his dead body. Then they rode away, leaving the patient mules to stand until a passerby came upon the dead body stark in the moonlight. It was an act in a vendetta carried on for generations. Return Foreman had been killed in the street at Tahlequah, the capital of the nation, in the winter, and Sam Osage had thus expiated his share in the murder. A few months after I had ridden over the place of his assassination, Jesse Foreman, one of his slayers, was shot through the window of his cabin and killed, to be in due time avenged.

After some hours' ride we emerged from the woods into a small prairie three or four miles wide. It was a wilderness of the rankest grass, with wild sunflowers reaching their golden heads, about half the size of the common sunflower, above it. The guide rode ahead in the narrow trail right across the prairie, the red feather in his hat, his long black hair, and his body and arms, clad in a calico hunting-shirt of bright stripes, oscillating to the high and springy steps of his pony in its rapid gait over the broken path. As my horse followed, the long grass swished along his sides and against my high-booted legs like the rapid rush of a wave past a boat in a head-sea. The undulating surface of the broad savanna was steeped in a yellow light, and the glittering drops from a recent shower lent a sparkle that was perceptible over the whole expanse. A bird rose up and hung with hovering wings over a bunch of sunflowers and sang with sharp and twittering note. Two or three dark buzzards sailed on grave and sweeping wings far overhead. White and compact clouds, gleaming with the golden light of the sun, slowly floated in the clear blue sky. The fresh air blew in wafts, and all the scene breathed of light and life.

After many a long mile,—it is a proverb that Cherokee miles were measured with a coon-skin with the tail thrown in,—as a saffron sky was flaming with the

beams of the setting sun, we rode up to the fence of a low log cabin from around which the dogs came pouring in savage greeting. From the rocking-chair on the piazza rose the tall form of a man some sixty years of age, clad in butternut shirt and pantaloons, and barefooted. A helmet of high-rising and massive folds of iron-gray hair framed his thin and aquiline countenance. I was greeted with a hearty shake of the hand and seated on the raw-hide seat of the chair from which my host had risen, while the ponies were led out to be staked where they could feed their fill on the abundant grass.

My host was sheriff of one of the districts into which the nation is divided, and had never been out of the Territory since his arrival with the tribe from beyond the Mississippi in 1832, except during the war, when he was a soldier in one of the Union regiments. He was reticent of speech, keen-eyed, and with a quickness of movement giving evidence of being ready with his hands, as he need be in his office. The house and surroundings were a fair specimen of the average Cherokee home. The house was of logs, divided into four rooms dimly lighted by small windows. The furniture was of the cheap manufacture of the States. There was a Connecticut clock, and prints of an exceedingly gaudy "Prairie Belle" and Columbia weeping at the grave of Washington in very long-waisted grief; a shot-gun or two stood in a corner; a long rifle hung over the great stone fireplace; and various navy revolvers with brass mountings hung by their belts to nails or were lying on the mantel and table. The piazza, roofed with split oak staves, extended in front of the house, and here the table is set and the family live for six or seven months in the year. A high Virginia rail-fence surrounded the yard, in one corner of which rose a wilderness of hollyhocks with great blossoms as large as dinner-plates: one of the stalks yielded twenty-one feet to the measure. Pigs of all sizes ran about the yard, and chickens, ducks, and turkeys skirmished across the piazza. Dark and heavy

woods drew a dense curtain around the house, and the thick underbrush, extending up to the fence, seemed struggling to swallow it up again into the primeval wilderness.

After our supper of fried bacon, biscuit, and coffee, the night began to close around us. The stars gleamed out, and by and by the yellow moon was seen rising behind the gigantic head of a tree that towered above the forest, showing through the foliage in patches of gold; the fireflies glittered like drops of gold in the long grass, and the whirring shuttle-pulse of the locust filled the air. As we sat over our corn-cob pipes I learned that my host was the owner of hundreds of cattle that feed the year round on the prairies in summer and in winter in the thickets and cane-bottoms. He had a hundred acres of corn, and wheat and oats in plenty for his own use. He had hogs uncounted, and a few sheep that suffered severely from the wolves. He had lived at the same place since the war; which is a rather long time for continuous residence for a Cherokee, to whom all the lands are common, and who can build his cabin on any spot not actually occupied by another. He had three children, all educated in the Territory and teachers in the national schools. For hours I listened to details of Cherokee life and to incidents of the war, which in this region took the form of bushwhacking of the most savage sort, and of the life, scarcely less dangerous than war, in the pursuit of horse-thieves and criminals which his office involves. It was a singular experience to meet a man to whom bloody encounters, wild night-rides, and perilous adventures were but a part of the routine of daily life to which nothing of strangeness or romance was attached, and to hear him speak of them as incidentally as of the operations of his farming or stock-raising. But perhaps it was not really more strange than the use which renders the backwoodsman blind to the wild beauties of forest or prairie, or makes the sailor see nothing in the grandeur of the coming storm but a premonition of hard work. Finally we

retired, my host, perhaps from some old custom, sitting on the floor at the door of the room until I had stretched myself on the bag of stuffy feathers that formed the bed.

In the morning we rode along the banks of a creek and followed blind trails through forest and prairie, coming here and there upon the cabin of a full-blooded Cherokee. The owner of the cabin was usually found seated on a rude bench in the shade, with something in his air that reminded one of the stillness of a wild animal in its form. He was seldom above medium size, and often below it, with irregular features not bearing the family likeness perceptible in a powerful and highly-blooded race like the Sioux. Some of the faces were sharply aquiline in contour, but the prevailing type was rather Mongolian. All were of a dark rather than coppery color. A few guttural monosyllables comprised their conversation with my guide. Near every cabin was a small patch of corn, just sufficient to make bread for the family. A specimen cabin contained a bed made of four posts with a raw-hide stretched between them, a few stools and cooking-utensils; the floor was of puncheons or split logs, laid with the flat side uppermost. An old army-rifle hung convenient to hand, and a calico dress or two were suspended from pegs on the wall. The "plunder"—to use a Western phrase meaning household furniture—was very scant, but all was remarkably neat, more so than the rather slatternly housekeeping of some of the half-breeds. The women varied in appearance, sometimes gaunt and thin, with unlovely countenances, and with lank gowns dangling about the limbs as they flitted away behind the house or stood gazing from the darkest corner; and again with shapely and regular outline, massive black hair crowning a low forehead, and lustrous opal eyes. The children were few, seldom more than two or three in number, often with beautiful infantile countenances, the strong Indian features softened to the contour of youth, and with a hue of clear bronze instead of the dead and burned color of their parents. They

gave little sign of the joyous life of childhood; their faces wore a grave aspect too settled not to be habitual, and their large dark eyes had a solemn gaze, as though born with the knowledge that they were the last of a perishing race. It was the expression that Matthew Arnold saw in the face of the gypsy girl on the Isle of Man, and his question,—

Who taught this pleading to unpractised eyes?

Who hid such import in an infant's gloom?

Who lent thee, child, this meditative guise?

What clouds thy forehead and forebodes thy doom?—

finds its answer in the melancholy natural to an oppressed and decaying race. Something, of course, was due to the presence of a stranger and a white man; but I have good authority for the statement that the Cherokees have lost much of their native sociability and vivacity. Their national sports, their ball-plays, native dances and ceremonies, which were in vogue within living memory, have now fallen almost entirely into disuse, and they seem to spend much of their time in vacant dreaming, as though the shadow of coming extinction had fallen upon their lives.

There are specimens of another notable class to be seen in the Cherokee country, although not of its people. The border horse-thieves and refugees from justice make for the line of the Territory and plunge into its woods for safety. Sometimes, if notorious outlaws, they remain in the nation, fortifying log cabins, taking native wives, and in some instances forming a community, such as exists at a place called Denmark, in Coo-wee-skoo-wee district, where a number of desperadoes, ex-guerillas, and bushwhackers of Missouri and Arkansas, too conscious of well-earned vengeance to risk life in the States, live in defiance of United States or Cherokee authority. The notorious Kinch West, whose name will be a bugbear to frighten the babes of Southwest Missouri long after he is dead, lives there with his life in his hand and keeping it well. A band of more desperate and lawless men, more skilled in the warfare of the bush, and more blood-stained, probably does not exist on earth. Being white men not

admitted into the tribe, they are not amenable to Cherokee authority, and the United States marshals, whose duty it is to remove them, have thus far left them undisturbed. Most of the desperadoes, however, hurry through the Territory from Kansas and Missouri to Texas, seldom committing any depredations upon the Indian population.

We met a specimen of this class near where the Grand, the Arkansas, and the Verdigris Rivers form a junction, a few miles below Fort Gibson. We were riding out in the early morning, and had halted on the bluffs to look at the beautiful scene. The clear stream of Grand River came sweeping down from the north, under the high bluffs, reflecting the shadows of the giant trees in its silver depths. A flock of black buzzards, disturbed at their morning drink, flapped up from the pebbly beach on heavy wings. Coming down at right angles with the Grand, the stream of the Arkansas flowed with a broader and darker surface, the line where the clear waters of the Grand sank beneath the mightier stream being clearly marked in a diagonal line from bank to bank. Far up the straight reach of the Arkansas could be seen the wooded point at which the waters of the Verdigris poured into its tide. Across from where we sat on our horses a green prairie sloped like a lawn down to the water's edge of both sides of the triangle formed by the Grand and the Arkansas, and the sun gleamed upon the white covers of two wagons that seemed like sails to the low flat-boat slowly taking them across to the southern shore, where the cabin of the ferryman stood at the edge of its cornfield.

The sounds of a horse's hoofs caused us to turn our heads. A young man, mounted on a fine sorrel horse bearing evident marks of having been overridden, came in sight, and halted instead of riding on and up to us. He unslung a rifle from his back as if to examine it, pulled a torn straw hat a little lower over his eyes, and asked in a coarse and husky voice, "What river is that?" We told him, and as we rode past he looked at us with a sidelong glance. Small eyes

twinkling as rapidly as those of a hunted animal, a thin, yellow beard as of a youth who had never shaved, irregular teeth, and a great scar across the gaunt cheek, were features of a face evidently that of an outlaw. A long lariat at the saddle-bow for picketing his horse, a roll of blankets behind, and the rifle, showed that he travelled independent of human shelter, and his ignorance of the locality that he had come from a long distance. His evident uneasiness indicated that probably horse-stealing, more dangerous than murder in the West, haunted him, and that visions of vigilantes and a rope dangling over a limb came suddenly upon him at every surprise. When we turned to look again, after riding a short distance, he had disappeared in the thicket.

Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee nation, is a small town of five or six hundred inhabitants nestling in the lap of encircling hills. The capitol building, a large brick structure like an ordinary Western court-house, occupies the centre of a square shaded with trees. As we rode in one morning, long rows of horses and mules bearing alternately men's and women's saddles stood hitched to the fence around the capitol, and a large number of young men and young women were moving about the streets or passing in and out of the building. The ladies were dressed in civilized fashion, and there was nothing to distinguish them from their sisters of the States save an occasional darker tinge of the skin and a more vigorous freedom of movement. The young men were not, perhaps, so trim, and there were more pistol-belts, long hair, and high boots than across the line, but all wore an air of intelligence. It was the annual teachers' institute, and the eighty teachers and a still larger number of applicants were, with few exceptions, born and educated within the limits of the Cherokee nation.

The place of meeting was in the senate-chamber, a large, barren room scantily furnished. The superintendent of education, a half-breed of much intelligence, and showing a large preponderance of the Indian in his long gray

hair and regular features, presided at the desk. Before him were ranged rows of young men and young women with faces bright for the most part with intelligence and interest, listening to an instructor who was explaining his method of teaching grammar. He spoke with enthusiasm and evident practical knowledge, and the attention was close and critical.

In the evening there was a discussion whether the nation should establish a normal school. Sensible, practical, and even at times eloquent remarks were made on both sides of the question. Toward the close there was a call for Chief Ross, and a slight, gray-haired man with Caucasian features rose in the centre of the audience and proceeded to speak in measured tones. He was opposed to the establishment of a normal school, preferring that there should be such a department attached to the high school. Toward the close his remarks rose to a calm and weighty eloquence as he spoke of the progress made by the Cherokees since they arrived in the wilderness, quoting with modest pride the words of *Aeneas*,—"Of these things I was a part,"—and with the pathos of advancing age bequeathing the heritage of effort for the preservation of a down-trodden people to the young teachers before him, upon whose exertions the advancement and safety of the nation would largely depend. Seldom on so slight an occasion have I heard words of so weighty and dignified eloquence.

There are sixty-four public schools in operation in the nation besides the orphan asylums, and the average attendance of pupils was reported at twenty-six hundred. Every effort is made for the education of the full-blood Cherokees in the English language, and a system of compulsory education was one of the subjects discussed at the institute as something within the reach of possible legislation by the national council. The schools are supported by the interest of the fund derived from the sale of the lands of the tribe in Georgia and held in trust by the Secretary of the Interior. In the absence of demand in other professions, the best

and brightest of the Cherokee youths devote themselves to teaching; and the flower of the tribe was represented at the institute.

A mile or so from *Tahlequah*, on a slight eminence, stands a brick building surrounded by a colonnade of white pillars in the so-called Grecian style of fifty years ago. It is the old Cherokee orphan asylum. The annual examination took place during the week of the teachers' institute. At an early hour carriages and wagons commenced rolling over the dusty road, and horsemen and horsewomen ambled in the same direction. The numbers who came from thirty and fifty miles and more were astonishing. In fact, the examination at the orphan asylum is a sort of gala-day for the upper class of Cherokee people.

The large school-room was closely filled with an attentive audience. The space in front of the desk was occupied by the orphans, some eighty in number, in about equal proportion of boys and girls from six to fifteen. The boys were clad in coarse, neat garments of a uniform pattern, and the girls in plain muslins. Like the rest of the Cherokee people, they were of all shades and characteristics, from the almost pure white with blond and curling locks to the pure Indian with bronze skin, high cheekbones, and long black hair. On more than one of the white faces were stamped the characteristics of the wild border rover, and the supple forms and restless movements were equally indicative of their descent.

Some of the most adventurous spirits have found homes and mingled their blood with the Cherokees, from the days of the early colonists to the present time, and more than one name indicating such lineage is to be found among them, from *Alexander Ross* to *Sam Houston*. The Cherokee nation feeds, clothes, and educates all its orphans, and when they leave the asylum they have an equal right to the rich lands of the tribe, which are held in common. No stigma whatever attaches to them from having been the recipients of national charity, and altogether the orphans in the Cherokee nation are more

fortunate than those of any civilized nation in the world. The number is large in proportion to the people, from the accidents of life and the desertions of roving fathers, and many, in addition to those of the asylum, are adopted or supported in private families. The classes recited in the various branches of an English education in a creditable manner. A class of young girls from twelve to fifteen years of age read compositions fully up to the standard of a Western seminary, and we were informed that two years before three of them did not speak a word of English.

The sun had not yet risen when we started on a long ride across the prairie. The bright morning-star shone in the east, and there was a soft light just beginning to be visible in the horizon. A lighter breath stirred in the air as of the coming dawn, and the cattle were beginning to feed. The shrill chirp of a bird was heard from a solitary bush. Soon the sky began to blush with a rosy light and the stars began to grow dim. A fresher waft of air blew over the vast undulating expanse of the prairie, still dark, and our horses threw up their heads and moved with a quicker life. Then golden spears darted up from the rim of the plain, and the blood-red edge of the sun came into sight and grew into the fiery golden ball. The faint mist that enveloped the plain curled away, and long shadows stretched out from the solitary trees. The horses darted forward in fresh and rejoicing gallop as the horizon grew wide under our eyes and the green prairie stretched around like the sea.

After some hours' ride, we struck the welcome shade of the woods. The wild dove cooed with soft, complaining murmur, and the wood-bird that makes a sound something like the ringing of a ramrod down a steel barrel was heard in a thicket. Presently we came to a sharp incline, down which we rode in zigzag way to a dark bayou that lay in a motionless pool between steep banks, with great trees that almost interlaced their branches overhead. Patches of silver dotted its surface where the sunlight penetrated

the thick canopy. The form of a garfish several feet in length was seen darting away at the sound of our tread. To the right the bayou spread out into a wide lagoon, covered, like a velvet carpet of the richest dye, with the green leaves and the large white flowers of the water-lily, with their calyces open to the sun. A blue water-hen hurriedly flapped over its surface, and myriad dragon-flies sported like flying needles in the golden light.

About noon we arrived at the place where we had been told a barbecue was to be held,—a solitary court-house of logs,—but there was none in sight. After rapid riding around in search of "sign,"—*i.e.*, tracks of wheels or footprints of horses,—we heard through the woods a smothered sound with a prolonged cadence, such as comes across the still sea from the sailor singing the "Arethusa" or some other fore-castle lamentation. We rode rapidly in the direction of the sound, and, plunging down a declivity, came upon the gathering in a thick grove. A shed, with a roof of thickly-matted boughs, had been constructed, and under it was gathered an audience of some two hundred. The women and children were in the centre, and the men outside on benches or scattered under the trees. An old Indian with long gray hair was seated under a tree, his eyes fixed on vacancy. Striped hunting-shirts, leggings, moccasins, and a shawl around his head made his picturesque costume. On a bench was a row of Indian girls with necklaces as large as birds' eggs. There was a group of negro women with gay handkerchiefs around their heads, hushing a nest of noisy pickaninnies. An old man, perfectly white, with long nose and shaven face, like a hard-featured Tennessee mountaineer, sat by the side of his fat Indian wife. All races and shades were mingled in the assemblage.

A fat-faced, bald half-breed with a gray moustache announced to all who understood English that they were expected to come forward and contribute in order that the ladies might have a smoke, and the same invitation was ex-

tended in Cherokee. Then a gray-haired Indian arose and commenced speaking in a very deliberate voice. The characteristic of Cherokee oratory is its exceeding calmness. I have never heard a Cherokee speak rapidly or with excitement. A great number of syllables in the language have a similar sound, which gives a monotonous effect, and the sentences are exceedingly short, with a rising inflection and strong accent on the concluding syllable. While the speech was going on, wild whoops were heard on the other side of the hill, and finally a young man burst down the declivity, followed by three or four others. There was a general flutter among the women, but he was soon caught and led away screaming and whooping in drunken rage,—picturesque with tangled hair, white shirt, and crimson sash. Some whiskey had been smuggled into the gathering, and a sheriff's posse, well armed, was soon riding around in search of it. With this exception there was not a pistol or even a knife among the audience, all arms being laid aside at such gatherings. Quiet was restored, and when the Indian had concluded his speech a negro with snaky curls commenced. He soon warmed to his work, and made the echoes ring with a high, piercing voice as he sprang about with the sudden gestures of a Guinea warrior. The substance of his remarks was the evil that would fall upon them from the loss of their land, which he expected would follow the success of the opposite party. The meeting was one of the Ross party, and just previous to the quadrennial election for principal chief. The party is otherwise known as the "Pin" party, or nationalists, and its members are supposed to belong to the secret society of the *Kee-too-who*. The *Kee-too-who* is a society formed among the Cherokees before they left their homes in Georgia, *Kee-too-who* being the name of an old town among the Cherokees and the *Kee-too-who-gah* its inhabitants, and the name has been transferred to the society and its members. They are called "Pins" from a peculiar manner of wearing a pin in the lapel as a distinguish-

ing badge. During the war the purposes and effect of the society were similar to those of the "Union League," or the "Red Strings," in the Southern States. The political parties in the Cherokee nation are the descendants of the factions formed at the time of the removal of the tribe to the Indian Territory, which separated during the war, the Ross party going North under the famous old chief John Ross, and the Ridge party South under the late General Starred Watie. After the war the ex-rebel Cherokees were readmitted to citizenship on returning within a specified time. Both parties cling with equal tenacity to the present mode of tenure of land, and there is not and will not be for some time any considerable number willing to change it. Personal ambition, family feuds, and questions of national administration have their share in the politics of the Cherokee nation, but in none of the speeches did I hear friend or opponent spoken of by name, much less any of the personal abuse so common in political campaigns in bordering States.

At intervals during the speaking hymns were sung in Cherokee with the falsetto cadence of camp-meeting gatherings among the whites. The hymns were translations from the Moravian hymnology. The Indians have little of the musical capacity of the negroes, and the melody was rather tame. At the conclusion of the speaking the audience formed a hollow square, with the women outside. A hymn was sung, and the man at the upper corner shook hands with his neighbor and passed on to the next, followed by his successor, and so on, each one falling into line after having his hand shaken, until the last one had joined the procession and each had clasped palms with the whole assemblage. Then they marched in single file down to a spring, where an ox had been roasted in slices spread on poles lifted about two feet above a trench full of coals. Coffee and biscuits were served out, and all ate until they were satisfied. Then there was mounting: two girls on one horse; a man with his wife behind and a boy spreading his little brown legs

and hanging on behind her; young men whooped and spurred their wild ponies until they reared and charged hither and thither, and finally all had disappeared this way and that in the woods. Night fell long before we reached home. The cicadas sang with shrill and ceaseless chirp, and the melancholy tu-whoop of the screech-owl was heard in the woods. The heavy malarious vapor struck a chill into our heated bodies as we plunged and splashed through the bayou. On the prairie

The white mist like a face-cloth to the face
Covered the earth, and all the land was still.

The late moon showed dimly its silver disk in the sky. A light far ahead on the trail glimmered like a ship-lantern at sea. Soon it grew broader into a camp-fire, and on the air came the faint notes of a violin. We presently came upon a family camped by a rill that wound its

way through straggling bushes across the prairie. The flaming fire wore a yellow halo in the mist, and the figures had a sort of ghostly film to their garments as they moved about it. A light in the white canvas cover of the wagon gave it the aspect of a great Chinese lantern. The violinist was a middle-aged Arkansas traveller, with a pipe in his mouth, and he leaned back in a cane-bottomed chair and sawed away at "Old Rosin the Beau." A limp woman turned the bacon in the frying-pan and gave occasional admonitory shakes to the coffee-pot. Two or three children stood and stared at us, and a mule staked near by lifted his voice in a long hee-haw of welcome. It was like meeting a ship at sea. We hailed and went on, leaving them at anchor, as it were.

A. M. WILLIAMS.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

The Irish Revolution.

"It is not a revolt: it is a revolution." True, there is not in Ireland even the semblance of a revolt, but this only renders the situation more ominous. A revolt would be quickly suppressed: the means are at hand, the resolve would not be lacking, the constitution and the laws, instead of becoming inert, would in such a crisis assert their highest powers and maintain their efficiency. But how to deal with a people which, without coming into open conflict with the supreme authority, evades its operations and ignores its existence, is, even for despotic governments, one of the hardest of problems. Under a constitutional system it is by its very nature insoluble without an abandonment of the principles on which the government is assumed to rest. If in 1861 the Southern States had

maintained an attitude of passive resistance, it seems impossible to imagine how the Union could have been preserved. The difficulties of the English government are not the less because Ireland was originally a conquered country, owes its freedom to extorted concessions, and remains virtually a subject province. This only renders the situation more complicated. Ireland must be treated as if its people were one with that of Great Britain, as if the union of the two kingdoms were a real incorporation, as if together they constituted a nation, when in point of fact this is not the case. All the efforts made during the present century to obliterate the traces of the past, to efface distinctions, to weld the two countries together and infuse a spirit of unity into the people, have failed to produce their intended effect. Never was the failure more apparent than it is at present. There have been times when the

Irish people made loud demonstrations of loyalty. O'Connell was accustomed to parade this feeling in the midst of his agitation for the repeal of the Union. When the Duke of Wellington spoke of the Irish as "aliens," the imputation was resented with rhetorical vehemence by Sheil: if an English statesman were to use the word now, Mr. Parnell would be ready to echo it. All accounts assure us that throughout the greater part of Ireland England is mentioned and thought of only as a foreign country and the queen as a foreign sovereign.

In a recent magazine article written with the purpose of proving that the Austrian empire, in distinction from all other European countries, does not constitute a nation, Mr. E. A. Freeman pointed to the lack of any common sentiment of race or community of political interests and aspirations in the people of Vienna, of Prague, and of Pesth. As contrasting illustrations he cited Paris, Lyons, and other French towns, but took good care to say nothing of Berlin and Munich or of London and Cork. That the Austrian dominions are held together only by a common sovereignty is an obvious fact which no one has ever thought of disputing. But their position in this respect, though remarkable, is not unique. What is unique is the position of France, with a national unity so perfect that no internal struggle or changes of government tend in the least degree to weaken or impair it. Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia have one bond of union which is lacking to Great Britain and Ireland. Each of them recognizes the actual sovereign as its rightful ruler. Their struggle with each other is not for independence, but for superiority. There is no such acknowledgment and no such contest on the part of Ireland. What it aims at, if not directly, yet avowedly, is separation.

No one supposes that this object can be attained. England must continue to hold Ireland under all circumstances and at all risks. Nevertheless, the present agitation seems certain to produce effects different from those of all preceding ones. It is no longer a question of the

removal of disabilities, the extension of equal rights. The grievance for which a remedy is sought by methods that differ from rebellion only in being more effective, and for which a remedy is promised by the government even while resisting these methods, is not political, but social, and concerns not the Irish people alone, but, in a less degree, the English people as well. A radical change of the land tenure in Ireland must prepare the way for a similar change in England. The French Revolution had the effect of bringing about such a change in most countries of the Continent. The Irish revolution may be trusted to bring it about in Britain,—perhaps with the ultimate result of creating a real union and a common national sentiment.

George Elliot.

THE babel of criticism that assails a great writer during life is generally hushed beside an open grave. It is impossible that contemporaneous criticism should be impartial or definitive, and now the time has come, not for revising it, but for letting its echoes die away. Only

a self-sufficient thing,
An intellectual All-in-All,

would venture to break the silence by an attempt to anticipate the verdict of posterity. This is especially true in the case of George Eliot, whose qualities have been so strenuously debated, whose influence is compounded of so many elements, and whose writings not only test to the utmost our intellectual discernment, but probe the depths of our consciousness. To readers capable of appreciating their various demands, the question of their precise rank in literature will seem neither an easy nor an important one to settle, and all talk about them borrowed from the vocabulary of logic and metaphysics, with the design of ticketing off their qualities and deficiencies by some absolute standard, little better than the veriest jargon. The common sentiment of such readers rejects the notion that these writings are to be categorized and estimated simply according to the requirements of the class to which they ostensibly belong. No other works of fiction—unless we include books which,

like "Wilhelm Meister," assume the form without accepting the limitations implied by it—have possessed that power to console and sustain which Matthew Arnold finds characteristic of all true and high poetry. There have been few periods when this power has been so rare, few when the need for it has been so great. Mighty voices from the past still speak to us, but those of the present must always seem loudest; and they will move us less in proportion to their compass or sweetness than by virtue of their penetrative quality. How that of George Eliot will affect a future generation, how it will blend with the chorus of the ages, cannot be determined now. Enough for us that it is one of the two or three in our own day that have reached to the recesses of our nature.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

Caste in American Society.

EVERYBODY has heard of the famous short chapter headed "On Snakes in Iceland" in some apocryphal history of that country, and consisting of the single line, "There are no snakes in Iceland." This is the first thing suggesting itself on taking my pen to write upon caste in this country, and tempts me to begin and end with, "There is no caste in American society. But doubtless a slightly less brief treatment of the subject is in order, since there are so many people who by continually making the charge have come to believe it well founded. They are people, however, of limited experience and observation, for no others would dare affirm that people are debarred from the best society—that of the cultivated and refined—simply because their hands are less white and soft than those of persons who do no work, or because they are poor in worldly goods.

Go where we may in this country among rich people, we shall find associating with them on equal terms those who earn their bread by some calling which would exclude them from English and continental society. In European countries there is a barrier between rich and poor, because education and elegant manners are unattainable except by

the wealthy. In this country the free schools, the newspapers and magazines, and the numerous cheap editions of standard literary works, popular lectures, evening singing- and dancing-schools and literary societies, render a varied culture possible to ambitious youth.

What the American people dread is a bore; and those who are dull in society will not be sought merely because they are poor; but let them be free from servility and possess accomplishments that enable them to be entertaining, and they will never be shut out from what is really the best society in America. As for those whose wealth brings them nothing higher than what is called social ambition,—the passion for outshining others in dress, upholstery, and decorations, and whose whole talk is of these things, mingled with superficial discussions of art, the latest art-craze or collecting mania,—these are as effectively excluded from the *best* society as are the ignorant poor. For under a democratic government wherever are found the leaders of art, science, and literature there is the best society and the noblest school of manners. Those belonging to this class are never exclusive. They like those who can gather "sweetness and light" from their environment, and will seek them whether living in cot or in palace. Above all, they like those who can talk well.

There is a lady living in a little four-roomed cottage in the environs of Boston whose name is well known to literary people. She depends wholly upon her own exertions for the support of herself and children, and does all her own housework, yet her cottage is the focus of the best society of the locality. A gentleman calling there recently was received at the door by a daughter of the lady, who told him her mother was too busy to be called, but that he could see her in the kitchen if he pleased; and he followed her to that room. The lady greeted him without the least embarrassment, though she had on a big apron and her sleeves were pinned back to her shoulders. She was cutting a pumpkin into strips for pies; and there sat a venerable gentle-

man gravely paring the strips to the accompaniment of brilliant conversation. I was asked to guess who this gentleman was, and, after several fruitless attempts, was told that it was the poet Longfellow. While the pumpkin-paring was in process, another distinguished poet called, and he also insisted upon being impressed into the service. It was a dreary day outside, and no one cared to leave the pleasant cottage, so they all stayed to lunch, one of the *piés* forming the *pièce de résistance* of the occasion.

Speaking of this incident afterward, the lady said, "My friends are kind enough to come to see me, though they know I cannot leave my work to entertain them. Visiting and work must proceed together, and when I set my callers at work with me we are sure to have an agreeable time."

To be sure, some would say this is not society, understanding by the term pretentious drawing-rooms and elaborate entertainments; but if that be not society where men and women of solid culture meet and hold "high talk," where wit, humor, and good-fellowship create a bracing, elevating, moral atmosphere,—if that be not society we had better invest the term with nobler meaning.

M. H.

Dinners and Dinner-giving.

THE "green-grocer" who figures so largely in English novels as an assistant when families of moderate means indulge in the unusual extravagance of a dinner-party is very probably a retired butler who has married a cook and gone into the vegetable line. "A handy man" of the same sort to step in on occasions of state and arouse the tame domestic forces into methodical and spirited action would be a very convenient person here. It is, of course, a matter of no moment to people of unlimited means, with butlers, cooks, and waiters, all the markets of the world at their command, and pantries overflowing with rare china, crystal, and silver, to decide on proffering a gorgeous entertainment to their friends. The young couple, on the contrary, who, wholly unconscious of difficulties and dangers,

make up their minds to give a little dinner-party, open up a vista to the imagination. The thing is feasible. They have a dining-room of medium size; their table will seat ten comfortably; they have a pretty set of French ware, with a dessert-service of India china; they have napkins and glasses in profusion, and a handsome silver *épergne*,—one of their wedding-presents. With everything thus under their hand, as it were, what could be easier? This is the young wife's estimate. The man naturally considers the dinner itself more important, and mentions a possible *menu*, which she readily accepts. She is an adept at whatever she undertakes, and the cook is not only good-natured, but ambitious, she declares. So the eight invitations are given out and promptly accepted.

"I rather dread it," says the young wife. "I begin to be afraid it will not go off well."

"The thing is to give them a capital dinner, and it is sure to go off well," replies the husband.

This is excellent advice: much like Monsieur Prudhomme's, who tells his friend who is writing a play to make it sparkling and witty from beginning to end and it is sure to succeed. So many small details make up a dinner which goes off well. The husband does the marketing, and is certain that he has performed his part. But the cook, used to a pair of chickens and a bunch of celery, is appalled and falters, quite in the mood of Mrs. Crupp before Copperfield's memorable dinner, when she suggests to him that he shall buy everything from the pastry-cook, thus leaving her at full liberty to concentrate her mind on the potatoes and cheese. With a cook to propitiate and also to instruct, the young wife finds plenty of lions in her way. She begins to dream about failures,—of greasy, flavorless soups, of half-done or burnt roasts, of tasteless *entrées*. The only part of her dinner which she looks forward to with complacency is the dessert, which she orders with much satisfaction from the confectioner. When the day arrives and the difficulties and dangers of the mere provision for the meal are confronted and

overcome as much as may be, there still remains what is to a woman at least the task of tasks,—the drilling of the waitress. What is a dinner without a skilled assistant? An untried waiter is like a raw recruit; one can never tell what his action will be under fire. Both coolness and courage are requisite, besides promptness and despatch. It belongs, too, to the table-attendant to give the dinner that air which amounts almost to æsthetic charm. All these things are so important to the hostess; yet the sublime indifference with which the husband looks on her terrors, or rather refuses to look on, detaching himself from any interest in such meaningless details!

Her mental attitude during the last half-hour before dinner, after the guests have begun to arrive, is heroic. How are things progressing in kitchen and dining-room? When she goes out to dinner, her trained eye sees something wrong at once. But it is no longer success, no longer conquest she is bent upon now: it is merely living through and tiding over these present difficulties. "To smile and smile" while the attendant spills soup or gravy in passing it, her eyes arrested by some magnificence of toilet among the guests; to keep up lively conversation through the terrible interval which ensues after the discovery that no ice has been served for the champagne, while the servant is heard in the distance slowly and painstakingly cracking it into bits of the right size; to have the *pièce de résistance* turn out a failure, and get a savage look from the indignant host in consequence,—these penalties have to be borne, and are not favorable to the display of wit and vivacity. We once attended a dinner where, when the fish ought to have been brought in, the servant appeared with a look of pallor and fright. The hostess was called out, and returned to say, laughingly, that the fish had been sent up by the cook, but had mysteriously vanished; the platter was there, but no fish. The birds which were to follow were not done, and there was half an hour to be spent before the courses could proceed. Ultimately, the fish was discovered stuck fast to the top of the dumb-waiter, which had been sent

up with such an impetus that it leaped off the dish, and, being covered with jellies and sauces, was glued fast to the under side of the shelf.

L. W.

The Tyranny of Buttons.

AMONG all the possible arguments for woman's natural inferiority to man the only one having real force has never been formulated: this is her meek and unquestioning submission to buttons.

The buttons of the male habiliments are always coming off,—notably before breakfast, when the average husband is about as amiable as a bear with a sore head. At this time, if he finds a button loose, he gives it a "yank," and then looks about helplessly for his victim,—the first woman coming into his field of vision. He holds the button up before her, says it has "come" off, and she is expected to sew it on straightway. Generally the victim is his wife; and though the baby may be crying and the breakfast preparations in need of supervision, while the tyrant himself has nothing on earth to do but make his toilet, and has, moreover, sewing-materials right before him on the bureau or dressing-table, he never rises to the conception of his possible competence to supply his own wants. Woman, in his eyes, is the preordained supervisor of buttons; and a delicate consideration for her rights and prerogatives is his motive for relegating the task to her; at least this is the way he apologizes, when in a playful mood, for his lack of deftness with the needle, which, as a rule, is wholly the fault of the women who had charge of his boyhood. They should have taught him to replace the buttons he is forever wrenching off with his rude fingering. One or two lessons about the time the boy begins to go to school, a little work-box placed in his room containing needles, thread, two or three kinds of buttons, and an open-top thimble,—the only kind that ever should be worn,—and the problem is solved for a lifetime; for whatever one is accustomed to do from childhood one does easily and dexterously. Women have shown their ca-

capacity for accomplishments and attainments supposed to be exclusively masculine. It is time for a corresponding display of ambition and adaptability on the part of men; and they cannot make a better beginning than by learning to sew on their own buttons.

M. H.

ART MATTERS.

Museums.

THE museum seems likely to be as typical of the artistic instincts of our generation as is the cathedral of the artistic instincts of the Middle Ages. The relation which the two things bear to art in the abstract is indeed characteristic of the difference between ourselves and the mediæval builders. They were artistic in a creative way, and their genius expressed itself in structures which, though not relating in any way to purposes of art, were in themselves among its highest products. Our generation is primarily appreciative rather than creative; and our feeling finds expression in buildings which—while more or less good as more or less successfully adapted from those of other days—are chiefly valued, not for themselves, but as storehouses for the reception of treasures collected far and wide. The most interesting question that assails us when we contemplate the artistic future of our nation is whether this appreciative spirit will be a bar to true creative ability, or whether it is laying the only foundation possible for that ability in modern times. Those who look upon the years to come as a necessary repetition of the years gone by—somewhat modified, but fundamentally resembling them—are distrustful of our eager desire to know and to love all that has been done, and of the eager welcome given by us to ideas and methods of the most diverse kinds. They assert that former artistic generations, though of course intensely appreciative, were so in an instinctive and not in a cultivated way; that they did not reason and study and instruct themselves, but saw and felt and loved, and so created. And they add with truth that every such generation was

only appreciative of its own form of art, and was dead, or would have been dead, to all the merits of an alien form. The greatest artists of all time have been men intensely local in their natures,—men to whom the art of a totally different time would have seemed monstrous or unmeaning. What would Ictinus have said of a Gothic cathedral? And could Erwin von Steinbach have rightly judged the Parthenon? So, these reasoners conclude, as we impartially love and honor all forms of art, our instincts are not native and genuine and characteristic, but to a certain degree forced and artificial. There will forever be a bar to our having a distinctive national art, for such an art must be above all things spontaneous and local.

The opposite party holds that to do well the future had better abandon the methods of the past; that the day of instinct has gone by in art as in all things; that eclecticism is to be the religion of the future, and that a broad and cultivated appreciation is its prophet. This latter theory seems to me the truer as well as the more cheering one. But, however this may be, the appreciative sense is certainly the one that is developing itself most strongly among our people to-day, and it would be worse than useless to try to check its advance. If not given good food it will nourish itself on bad, and then there will be no chance whatever for healthy production to ensue. It is a wise foresight and not a foolish pampering of a transient fashion that is leading the citizens of every large town throughout the country to gather such crumbs as they may from the table where the rich nations of Europe have been feasting for centuries, and to provide places where they may be duly set before our own public, starved far too long and now clamoring for a morsel. Centralization may be a good thing very often in the matter of art-collections; in small countries like France and England it has accomplished much that could not have been done so well had a general distribution of treasure been attempted. But for our country and our time and the desires of our people it does not seem so well

adapted. We must remember that there is a universal provision for the first æsthetic cravings of Europeans in the countless relics of other ages which are everywhere about them,—in their churches and houses, and often in the very dress and household utensils that have come down through generations. The inhabitants of our towns, however, must depend for any smallest glimpse of art upon the presence in their midst of objects specially collected for the purpose. Originals of ancient and renaissance art are not to be had in numbers. It may be well to keep such, if possible, in the great cities, to which will come of necessity all serious students of art. But of casts and good reproductions and admirable works by modern masters there will never be any lack. There will be enough to “go round” even in a country so large as ours. And their presence in every important town will be the best possible—the only possible—preparation for a sincere and appreciative study of the great classic originals when they are afterward visited where they may be found,—in small numbers in our chief cities and in vast quantities abroad. M. G. V. R.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

A Village Skeleton.

EVERY elderly village, like every respectable family, has its skeleton, which the old Settler brings out to air under favoring circumstances.

The Commercial Tourist lighted upon Milford below Chicago, and found its old Settler and skeleton by the stove of a grocery-store. The south-bound train was not yet due. “Have a cigar,” said the Tourist to the Settler, having finished business.

“I smoke a pipe,” replied the Settler, stuffing his finger into the bowl of one. They made the air blue around the stove. The loafers huddled toward this red-hot iron, and heard the wind off the prairies whoop around corners.

“Cold snap,” said the Settler.

“Below zero in Chicago this morning,” said the Tourist, lounging against a coun-

ter, and looking like a young bandit chief among his followers, though the kerosene lamp illumined a modern “enterprising” grocery-store.

“Five degrees below, here,” said the grocery-keeper with authority, “this morning. Jake, put some more coal in the stove.”

“Tain’t nothin’ like as cold as the winter before the cholery season,” observed the Settler, looking fixedly at the candy-jars. “Sugar Crick froze to the bottom that year. Davis’s boy was herdin’ cattle on the prairie when it first set in. Ther’ come a sudden snow-storm, and he wandered three days and three nights. Wasn’t himself when they found him, and like to lost his feet and hands. Froze as stiff as stakes. Country was pretty new then. The mail-hack didn’t get down from Middleport for two months. Sights of sleigh-ridin’ and break-downs.”

“Hadn’t they any good sleighs?” suggested the Tourist.

“Oh, yes, plenty good. Mostly jumpers made out o’ saplin’s and boards. Any man could make one.”

“He means dances,” said one of the retainers. “Used to call ’em break-downs up this way.”

The Settler gazed at this retainer over the bowl of his pipe. “Do you think the man don’t know nothin’?” he put tranquilly.

The retainer observed with despatch that he had often heard the Settler say that the cholera summer was a hot one.

“So it was.” The old man gazed upward through his smoke. “As hot as the winter was cold. I never want to see another cholery summer. They talk about the yellow fever, but they orto been in Milford in ’55.”

“How did cholera get here?” inquired the Tourist. “You hadn’t any railroad or travel.”

“Ther’ was some travel in the hack. But John Lyon brought it from Middleport. He was up with a load o’ water-melons. He was took on the way back, and died in the wagon. His boy drove home. None o’ the family would go nigh the wagon, so he laid in it all night.

Blakeslee was the only man that would bury him.

"Blakeslee was took the next night. Clark kept the old tavern. The men-boarders all slept in a room the whole length of the second floor. About thirty beds in that room,—a row along each side. I boarded there then. Come onto the old Milford stamping-ground and clerked in the first drug-store. The boarders called that big room the Grand Prairie. They made it lively, and was always playin' tricks on each other. But the night Blakeslee was took you could 'a heard a pin drop in the Grand Prairie when Clark come up the bar-room staircase and stuck his head above the floor and wanted to know who'd volunteer to go and nurse Blakeslee. We all expected some other fellow would do it. Every sneakin' one of us pretended to be asleep. 'Won't none of you go with me?' says Clark. 'If you won't, I'll go by myself.'"

"Clark was a good 'un," said the forward retainer.

"Yes," said the slow Settler, puncturing him with a gaze. "And he went. First a head bobbed up here, and then another bobbed up there, and we all said it was too bad. It *was* too bad. Clark and his wife did a good deal of nursin', but they never took it. Blakeslee he died.

"There was a couple of brothers livin' in that old Mefford place,—the log house that's like to tumble down: has double doors 't opened with a string and a latch. I forget their names. Heard one was down bad, and thought I'd go in and see how he was, anyhow. But I *didn't* stop when I went from supper. When I started back to the tavern, the doors of this here house stood open, and I'll never forget the sight. The men had been hard drinkers. The one that had the cholery was dead, and the other was drunker 'n a fiddler, and he was swearin' by all that was out his brother should have one more drink: so he put a glassful of liquor to the dead man's mouth and poured it all over him. I never felt so queer in my life.

"Well, sir, the cholery spread like wildfire. Folks livin' in the timber died,

and didn't get buried till long after. Whole families died together. The sickenin'est thing, though, was the Cole family. They lived on the prairie, about five mile southwest o' here. There was the old man and his second wife and two sets o' children,—seven, I think. Lemme see. There was four in the house—no—eight in family. The old man and three of the children died, and the woman was so scared she started with her step-daughter and two of her own to the neighbors'. On the way one of the children took sick and died in its tracks. The men buried it afterward right where they found it. This scared the woman more than ever, and pretty soon her other child, a little feller not much more'n a baby, took it, and she wouldn't stop to do nothin'. She just left it on the scorchin' prairie and put for the neighbors' as fast as she could drag; and she died at the neighbors'. But the girl she stayed by the little thing, and wouldn't leave it till it died. The girl was the only one o' the family that lived. She's that Maria Cole,—married Dixon's boy,—old Hi Dixon, across the crick. She lived till about a year ago. Her man's married again.

"Well, sir, a lot of us had to bury them. The little fellers on the prairie we dug holes for there. But when we come to the house, it was too dreadful to go into. One girl was layin' across the door-step. We could see a boy on the floor. We throwed ropes and pulled her out and buried her. But we talked it over, and concluded there was nothin' for it but to burn the house. So the others was burnt in it."

The Commercial Tourist grabbed his sample-case. His practised ear had heard the whistle. "Glad I wasn't on this route in '55," he said to the Settler.

"You may be," responded the Settler, subsiding to tranquil enjoyment of tobacco, while the loafers began to shuffle up to see the train.

"Good deal of meanness comes out in a time like that."

"Yes," said the Settler, as the locomotive's snore approached; "takes all kinds of people to make a world, you know."

M. C.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Japan and the Japanese.*

It is to be hoped that no one will be deterred from reading these volumes by the notion that Japan and the Japanese are sufficiently familiar topics and have even become somewhat of a bore to the average intellect. We have, it is true, been pretty well surfeited with accounts, accurate and otherwise, of the constitutional changes and sudden development of the country during the last decade, and have properly marvelled at these effects on what we had been used to consider the stagnant life of the East, of contact with a civilization so utterly alien and diverse, so complex in its structure and so changeful in its aspects, as that of the West. Americans in general have watched these phenomena with more interest than Europeans, partly because our own government had taken the lead in opening Japan to foreign intercourse, and partly perhaps because, not being under the necessity of concentrating our attention on particular foreign nations and watching jealously their movements and designs, we are able to observe them all in a dilettante-like spirit and to fix our gaze on whichever happens to move curiosity or offer food for contemplation. Few of us are in the state of ignorance which prompted members of Parliament, and people who had been crammed for civil service examinations, to inquire of Miss Bird if there were any hope of the abolition of slavery in Japan, and whether the country did not now belong to Russia, having been recently ceded to that power by China. We may even be supposed to know that the Mikado and the Shôgun were not respectively the "spiritual" and "temporal emperor," or the Daimiyôs a race of monsters with an abnormal number of arms as well as of swords. It might, in fact, be possible to enumerate a multitude of details in regard to Japan which have been forced upon our attention, saving us from the necessity of evolving a conception of the

country and people from our moral consciousness. But there is a wide difference between knowledge of this kind and the clear and vivid image to be obtained from descriptions such as Miss Bird has here given us. These have the effect of half persuading us that we have seen the things described with our own eyes. They give us the impressions of the writer just as she gathered them; her own unflagging animation breathes life and interest into every scene and incident, and that feeling of companionship is thus enlisted without which the reader of a book of travels, whatever instruction or amusement he may derive from it, has no added sense of insight and comprehension akin to that which comes with personal observation and experience. Moreover, the greater part of the ground over which Miss Bird leads us is entirely unfamiliar, no foreign traveller having followed the same route or depicted scenes so remote from the chief centres and a life so little affected by their influences. In her long journey through the interior of Northern Japan she was herself the object of an eager and oppressive curiosity to swarms of people who had never seen a European, and who, from the deficiency of roads and of means of transport, had scarcely any intercourse or direct communication with the inhabitants of other provinces. The condition, habits, and ideas of the great mass of the rural population are thus revealed to us, if not with any fulness of detail, at least in distinct outlines and suggestive glimpses.

In one respect the Japanese people might seem to offer a very simple and easy subject for ethnological study. They are a singularly homogeneous people, without any apparent mixture of races, any striking variations of dialect, or any such diversities of manners, conceptions, and usages among different classes or in different sections as would be found in almost any Western nation. But this homogeneity is itself full of perplexing contrasts. Their deficient *physique* and their mental alertness are equally remarkable. Miss Bird pronounces them "the ugliest and most pleasing people, as well as the neatest and most ingenious," she has ever seen. Of short stature, with con-

* "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan. An Account of Travels on Horseback in the Interior, including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrines of Nikkô and Isé." By Isabella L. Bird, Author of "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," etc. Two volumes, with Maps and Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

cave chests, and "leanness without muscle," they might be supposed to present all the outward signs of degeneracy; and as "the religious faculty appears to be lost" among them, as lying, and, except among the married women, licentiousness, are almost universal, and as the climate, though varied, is generally enervating, there would seem to be no lack of influences to hasten their decay. It is not, however, the Japanese, but the original occupants of the soil, who, in spite of the humane efforts of the government to save them from this fate, appear destined to speedy extinction. This people, the Ainos, who have now dwindled to a few thousands scattered over the island of Yezo, the climate of which is cold and bracing, are in most respects the opposite of their conquerors. "The men are about the middle height, broad-chested, broad-shouldered, thick-set, very strongly built, the arms and legs short, thick, and muscular, the hands and feet large. The bodies, and specially the limbs, of many are covered with short bristly hair. . . . The foreheads are very high, broad, and prominent. . . . The eyes are large, tolerably deeply set, and very beautiful, the color a rich liquid brown, the expression singularly soft, and the eyelashes long, silky, and abundant. . . . The teeth are small, regular, and very white. . . . The features, expression, and aspect are European rather than Asiatic." Their blood is untainted with disease, and they die only of bronchitis in old age. Their *morale* is scarcely less remarkable. They are "truthful, and, on the whole, chaste, hospitable, honest, reverent, and kind to the aged," while their frank and graceful courtesy is more pleasing and noble than the ceremonious and often servile politeness of the Japanese. They are superior to the latter even in some elementary points of material civilization, having houses provided with doorways and windows, and beds raised above the floor. Yet these gentle savages, whose qualities would seem to realize Rousseau's conception of man in a natural state, are pronounced by Miss Bird "uncivilizable, and altogether irreclaimable," while the ugly and demoralized Liliputians who have triumphed over them by craft or force of numbers call them "dogs" and refuse to associate with them. Their own scanty traditions are of a canine origin, but one might rather guess them to be survivors of the Golden Age or meek descendants of a race of unappreciated poets. As to the Japanese

themselves, one is puzzled by the monkey-like springs with which they seem to be gaining the topmost rung of the ladder of civilization. It is not merely the intelligence and energy with which they are adopting—not indiscriminately, but with a wise selection—the inventions and improvements of modern science that excite our astonishment. They appear to have solved some of the problems which are still the despair of European statesmanship. There is throughout the country a total absence of beggars and disorderly characters, complete security for life and property, rapid detection of crime, liberal provision for education and medical aid in remote districts. The peasant-proprietors, who are now the chief owners of the soil, have "a generally satisfied look," and "their spade-industry turns the country into one beautifully-kept garden, in which one might look vainly for a weed." There are in some places "*apparent* poverty and *real* dirt and discomfort;" but laziness is unknown and drunkenness is rare among this class. "There is no country in the world in which a lady can travel with such absolute security from danger and rudeness." The accommodation for travelers, "minus fleas and odors, is surprisingly excellent." The native dishes are abominable to an unaccustomed taste,—raw slices from a squirming fish being among the choicest delicacies,—but extreme cleanliness in cooking and serving food is universal. Yet in their persons the people generally are utterly filthy. They sleep without removing their clothes, in rooms hermetically sealed, men, women, and children huddled together and breathing the same vitiated air. Soap is never used, and the baths are unclean and intended not for purification but for sensual enjoyment. Absolute nakedness is common in summer, and not confined to the lowest class. "Could there be a stranger sight," asks Miss Bird, "than a decent-looking, middle-aged man, lying on his chest on the veranda, raised on his elbows and intently reading a book, clothed only in a pair of spectacles?" On the other hand, nothing can exceed the refinement of manners common to all classes, and displayed both in public and in private life. In the most crowded places no rudeness or indecorum is to be seen, and there is no occasion for the services of the police. Children are never noisy or troublesome. "Filial piety is the leading virtue in Japan, and unquestioning obedience is the habit of centuries.

The arts and threats by which English mothers cajole or frighten children into unwilling obedience appear unknown." The taste of the Japanese is nearly faultless in all that concerns their own architecture or decorative art, but "they seem to be perfectly destitute of perception when they borrow ours." The institutions, however, which they have borrowed from the West are, in many cases, improvements on the original models. The Imperial College of Engineering is the most complete and best equipped in the world. The museums and hospitals are admirably arranged and managed, and there is a prison at Hakodaté, in Yezo, which would seem to have no other fault than that of being a too desirable place of abode. The eagerness with which Young Japan is assimilating the culture of Europe and America appears to be insatiable. The only difficulty with the college students is in convincing them of the necessity of recreation. Christianity, it is true, makes no headway, either among the common people—who, while retaining certain forms and superstitions, have no real religious belief—or with the cultivated classes, which aspire to stand on the same level as our own savants and enlightened thinkers. Yet even here Miss Bird finds some favorable signs, in the reception of Christianity "as a life rather than as a doctrine," and the fact that "various forms of immorality are recognized as incompatible with it."

We have left ourselves little space to notice Miss Bird's descriptions of the scenery, which are always fresh and never overlaid. Her visit to Northern Japan was made in a very unfavorable season, the rain being almost incessant, yet she is able to write that "in a journey of six hundred miles there has hardly been a patch of country which would not have been beautiful in sunlight." "Snow-slashd mountains," slopes "smothered with greenery," and plains cultivated with an exquisite minuteness, form a combination which would scarcely be met with in any other country. Owing, however, to the absence of animals for milk, draught, or food, the fields and farm-yards have "a singular silence and inanimate look." In Southern Japan she found spots of easy access, but scarcely known to foreigners, that seemed to realize her idea of Arcadia. "Good roads," she tells us, "are the most urgent need of Japan;" and the statement is fully confirmed by the record of her own experience. Of the cheerful and indomitable spirit with

which she encountered perils and discomforts from this and other sources it would be impossible to speak too highly. She is in many respects a model traveller. Her enthusiasm never wanes, her sagacity is rarely at fault, and, while sparing the reader all needless or egotistical details, she wins and holds his sympathy and admiration by her unconscious display of the best womanly qualities united with a vigorous intellect and a resolute will.

Recent Novels.*

Thomas Hardy is a writer who obstinately refuses to be classified. We have been trying for years, as his books made their successive appearance, to define him to ourselves, to find a name for the singular charm in which everything coming from his pen is steeped, to take the exact measure of his genius. When he first brought his fresh, quaint, country produce into the English literary market it was rather the fashion to speak of him as a rural Dickens; but the cap never really fitted. The only literary influence we can perceive in his work is that of Shakespeare, and, perhaps, of the older dramatists and poets as well, and faint traces of such influence in no way mar his originality as a writer, particularly as the spring is one not much frequented for inspiration by his contemporaries. There is no one among these to whom Mr. Hardy comes sufficiently near in scope to render comparison easy. This is the day of the novel, and he is not a novelist, but an idylist, a poet in prose, with at the same time a power of construction and character-drawing which would make his books excellent novels if he had not chosen to make them something else. He has genuine humor and unforced pathos; his scenes and characters, while they answer to nothing in the experience of the majority of his readers, are yet so vividly imagined and so strongly infused with personality that they stand before us as alive, and it is only by an after-thought, if at all, that we inquire into their historic probability. There is no coldness in his writing; the artistic rime which decorates Mr. James's pages never touches those of Mr. Hardy, which are warmed through and

* "The Trumpet Major." By Thomas Hardy. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"Washington Square." By Henry James, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"The Head of Medusa." By George Fleming, Author of "Kismet" and "Mirage." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

through with feeling and tinged with the flush of a sort of personal delight. His sympathy with his creations is indeed so strong as sometimes to injure his command over them. He picks his words daintily, with the care of a poet rather than a purist, and he has been known to take such joy in a trait or situation as to repeat it for the second or third time with equal relish.

That such things arose from no paucity of imagination his latest book would conclusively prove if it had not been plain before. "The Trumpet Major" contains no single character so intensely and dramatically conceived as that of Eustachia Vye in "The Return of the Native," nor anything so highly picturesque as the landscape of that book; but it is on the whole a more equal, more mellowed work, and in spontaneity of fancy it is unsurpassed by anything which Mr. Hardy has heretofore done. The scene shifts quickly and easily, and incidents are dovetailed together with an untiring ingenuity which suggests a Chinese romance. The characters and emotions are not made up from a single trait, but are composed of intricate parts which are harmonized and blended in a single whole. In the principal emotional scene of the book, that between Anne Garland and the Trumpet Major in a ruined abbey, the pathos is so softened and sweetened by humor that to laugh heartily, as we find ourselves doing, in the midst of the sadness seems not incongruous. This spirit of tender, genial humor fills the volume, giving to its comedy the depth of a gentle philosophy. The landscape has not only color, but reflections, atmosphere, and light. The people breathe fresh air and walk upon solid ground. When we reflect that the book goes back to 1803, and that in a remote district where historical records must perforce be meagre, its vividness seems simply marvellous. It could have been achieved only by the imagination of a poet; though tradition seems to have been studied by Mr. Hardy with the enthusiasm of a ballad-hunter. The introduction of public events of the time is very charmingly managed in "The Trumpet Major," and gives it a broader outlook than its predecessors, though the scene is still laid in the remote field which Mr. Hardy has chosen for his own.

How high a place his novels hold it is impossible to tell as yet. They do not go far enough below the surface, and they are perhaps too special in their character, to be ranked with the master-works

of fiction, and it may be that they are not impersonal enough to be in the highest sense "artistic." The fact remains that Mr. Hardy has created, not manufactured, many beautiful and unforgettable things, and the personal feeling and charm of his books are qualities far too precious to be banished by higher exigencies.

While Mr. Hardy baffles and hoodwinks criticism, Mr. James continually challenges it, and in so doing himself furnishes its weapons by the conscious subtlety of his writings and the constant demand which they make upon the reader's subtlety of perception. Readers will often disagree in regard to his books, one class preferring his earlier, another his later style, and still another regarding him altogether askance; but the question does not really affect the characteristics of the author; it is rather one of individual preference, or perhaps of chance, some persons having passed beyond the *culte*, while others have the zeal of new converts. As to the actual features of his writing there is little difference of opinion. Mr. James has been weighed in the most exact critical balances, and has had his every quality and defect accurately and unanimously counted to him. We do not open his new book to see whether it is good or bad, for long experience and nicety of perception have secured for Mr. James an immunity from failure which the possession of far higher gifts would not alone have insured him. It is not a discovery to habitual students of his work that his characters lack roundness, or that he is not a robust writer. Had he been destined ever to produce a novel after the established English pattern, we should doubtless have had such a work in "Washington Square." Here Mr. James has made what is superficially a new departure. He has followed the track of custom so far as to select a situation solid and practical enough for the literary purposes of Mr. Trollope, characters which are in no way exceptional or problematic, and a *dénouement* so natural and so easily foreseen as to be almost a surprise in the case of a writer from whom we have come to look for the bizarre and the unexpected. But except these few outward and visible signs there is nothing to distinguish "Washington Square" from its predecessors. It is not a whit more substantial or realistic, and it is no less fine in touch. The chief result of this compromise with commonplace appears in a certain perfunctory air which the book wears. Even its epigrams suggest habit rather than

spontaneity, and we feel as if the author had cramped his opportunity for being brilliant and *spirituel* when he planned a novelette containing only one character who is professedly clever. Even this personage, Dr. Sloper, suffers from isolation and lack of friction, and somehow fails to impress us as sufficiently luminous for a man who has absorbed the entire epigrammatic power of one of Mr. James's books. He is too consistently ironical. We should be sorry to think (though we believe certain wounded countrymen of the author regard Mr. James himself as an attestation of the fact) that the natural affections are killed by irony, as those of Dr. Sloper and his daughter appear to have been. There is a rigidity of purpose, in fact, about the whole book which strikes us as over-conscientious. The drama is absolutely confined to four personages, who uphold their respective and somewhat dreary rôles with stoical firmness and resignation. No minor characters appear upon the scene to break the singleness of the effect, and the inference is irresistible that in 1840 (the time at which the story is laid) solitude reigned in Washington Square, and all its houses, save one, kept their shutters hermetically sealed.

The author of "Kismet" and "Mirage" has made a decided step in advance of those clever productions in her latest book, "The Head of Medusa," in which the cleverness is less uncomfortably apparent as an end and is employed legitimately to strengthen the other attractions of the story. The interest is more sustained, the characters are defined and grouped with a surer hand, than is the case in either of the former books, and the conversation of the Roman-Americans who figure in these pages is much more entertaining and less loftily transcendental than the talk, as we recall it, of nomadic tribes of Bostonians under the shadow of the Sphinx. The author's style, too, is strained of some of the wordiness to which it was persuaded at first by excess of fluency. The plot is an ingenious rearrangement of an old situation, somewhat fanciful, but resting upon a surer foundation than the bubble on which the *dénouement* of "Mirage" was placed. A noble, enthusiastic girl, momentarily fascinated by the attractions of a handsome foreigner, awakens to find that she has married a man mentally and morally far beneath her, while simultaneously the discovery forces itself upon her of a deeper feeling for a young Amer-

ican, like herself of an eager, unselfish temperament, whom she had known before her marriage. The situation is complicated by the fact that her chosen counterpart is throughout ignorant of the love he has inspired, and is himself in love with the heroine's friend, whom he ultimately marries, and further by the existence of a third *prétendant*, whom we are apparently expected to look upon as the man whom she ought to have loved and married. It is an effective situation, and would be still more striking if told in a more restrained and less conscious manner. But the book is pitched too persistently in one key, and the climax of mental anguish is too much prolonged. The characters are always at a high pressure of emotion. They remain for whole chapters at that phase of mental excitement so often described by novelists, though in actual life remarkable for its rarity,—the point at which the mind,

by being so overwrought,
Suddenly strikes on a sharper sense
For a shell, or a flower, little things,
Which else would have been passed by.

Undoubtedly this and other automatic conditions are phenomena of psychology, and proper material for fiction, but they are weakened by being used so unsparingly. We get the impression, not of real feeling, but of imitation and strain after the emotion proper to the occasion. We catch, in fact, echoes of several novelists in the book, though there is plenty of original power and intensity at the same time. Were George Fleming as deeply indebted to Mr. James as the *Saturday Review* suggests, the wicked little sketch of an international novelist in "The Head of Medusa," one of the brightest things in the book, would have in it something of ingratitude. But we do not perceive any undue measure of his influence, and the character of her talent would rather place her among writers of the school of Miss Broughton, than whom she has less passion and more cleverness and sophistication.

Illustrated Books.*

Two illustrated books which reached us too late for notice in our last number claim a word of mention now. Mr. Gib-

* "Pastoral Days. Memories of a New England Year." By W. Hamilton Gibbon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"The Lovers of Provence: Aucassin and Nicolette. A MS. Song-Story of the Twelfth Century." Translated into English Verse and Prose by A. Rodney MacDonough. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

son's beautiful volume, of which he is both author and illustrator, appears in a cover so bright with Christmas color that it begins already to wear a last year's aspect, like the remaining Christmas cards in a stationer's shop after the holidays. The contents, however, are fresh enough to last a long time, although the four seasons cannot be quoted as a very novel subject. It is less hackneyed in art than in literature, and serves here to bring in a round of graceful sketches representing New England country scenes. A decorative treatment prevails in the designs, and many of the themes are chosen from among those smaller beauties of nature which are readily adapted to decoration, —wayside flowers, and vines, insects, or grasses. In a charming full-page fantasy, with which the volume opens, Mr. Gibson has borrowed a hint from the Japanese fan and used it with great skill and effect. A branch of pale-petalled blossoms is projected out of space across the top of the page, overhanging a silvery landscape which is thrown entirely into distance by a handful of fluffy dark pellets representing birds, who come tumbling down the picture seemingly in advance of the foreground. The texture and even the very tint of apple-blossoms are suggested by the engraving, which is among the most delicate work of this kind ever produced. Many of the landscapes are very beautiful, particularly the moonlight and winter scenes. Two or three of the latter give effects of snow in the forest, gray snow crusted over by the frosty air and ready to crunch under the foot. The cycle of country life is by no means as fully represented as the changing landscape: there is little that is vivid or characteristic in the way of village festivals or farm-occupations. The woodland pictures remain the most attractive, and such is their charm that we close the book, after having turned its leaves leisurely, with a satisfaction akin to that of returning from the woods with arms full of rustic treasure.

The story of Aucassin and Nicolette has had a career hardly less strange or eventful than that of the lovers themselves. After travelling down from the twelfth century in a single old French manuscript, it has suffered translation, first into modern French and thence into English, and been adorned with the nineteenth-century trappings of holiday art. There is even a certain doubt whether the manuscript preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale be not itself an

alteration from the Provençal, though M. Gaston Paris, in his appreciative preface, argues for the French origin of the romance. Even "after so many deaths" the old *chanteable* is still alive, with a certain youthful charm; we can still discern something of the sweetness which has kept it so long, and find a pleasure in its poetry. This is partly due to its form, which is that of prose recitation, breaking at regular intervals into song, a form so poetic and so natural that it appears almost incredible that it should now exist only in this one specimen. Translations of antiquated or dialect poems have a *raison d'être* which those of modern and more intricate poetry have not, for they bring within reach of all readers who care for the thing at all what was before accessible only to a very small number of special students in the language, and they also serve as commentaries to a certain extent. The artlessness of old ballad verse, too, seems to coax translation, and by the use of simple and old forms of language it is possible to imitate faintly its attractive quaintness. No translation whatever can move us as it is the province of poetry to move, or inspire the conviction which all true poets give us that the thought could never have been uttered through any other words than those by which it is expressed. In "The Lovers of Provence" the prose, being more literal, retains more of the troubadour spirit than the verse, though both are very carefully and daintily rendered. It is so entirely in this spirit that its beauty lies that we can hardly imagine its being enjoyed nowadays by any but a small number of readers. In their youth troubadour songs and ballads delighted old and young by the interest of their story, but there is left to their remains only a reflective critical interest. Time turns the gallant to a monk. The American publishers of "Aucassin and Nicolette" have done handsomely by it. It is finely printed on thick paper on which "a rivulet of text meanders through a broad meadow of margin." The etchings furnished by M. Bida for his own French version are translated into wood engravings, and supplemented by some engravings after Mrs. Foote and other American artists, which are very finely executed, but do not keep so closely to the vivacity and ingenuousness of the original as M. Bida's drawings do. The childish Nicolette of the French artist is more the Nicolette of the story than Mrs. Foote's languid, graceful maiden.